

Putting the Damage On

Tori Amos

Glue

Stuck to my shoes
Does anyone know why
You play with an orange rind
You say you packed my things
And divided what was mine
You're off to the mountain top
I say her skinny legs could use sun
But now I'm wishing
For my best impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause, boy, you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage on
Yes, when you're putting the damage on
Take it high, high, high
Don't make me scratch on your door
I never left you for a banjo
I only just turned around
For a poodle and a Corvette
And my impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause, boy, you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage on
Pretty when you're putting the damage on
Take it high, high, high
High, high, high I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost passing through
I said I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost passing through
It's just your ghost passing through
And now I'm quite sure
There's a light in your platoon
I've never seen a light move
Like yours can do to me
So now I'm wishing
For my best impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause, boy, you still look pretty
To me but I've got a place to go

I've got a ticket to your late show
And now I've got to worry
'Cause even still you sure are pretty
When you're putting the damage on
yes, when you're putting the damage on
You're just so pretty
When you're putting the damage on

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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