

# After All

Tori Amos

Please trip them gently  
They don't like to fall  
Oh by jingo  
There's no room for anger  
We're all very small  
Oh by jingo

We're painting our faces  
And dressing in thoughts from the skies  
From paradise  
They think that we're holding a secretive ball  
Won't someone invite them  
They're just taller children, that's all  
After all

Man is an obstacle  
Sad as a clown  
Oh by jingo  
So hold on to nothing  
And he won't let you down  
Oh by jingo

Some people are marching together  
And some on their own  
Quite alone  
Others are running  
The smaller ones crawl  
But some sit in silence  
They're just older children that's all  
After all

I sing with impertinence  
Shading impermanent chords  
With my words  
I've borrowed your time  
And I'm sorry I called  
But the thought just occurred  
That we're nobody's children at all,  
After all

Live till your rebirth  
And do what you will  
Oh by jingo  
Forget all I've said  
Please bear me no ill  
Oh by jingo

After all