

# Ode to My Clothes

Tori Amos

Somewhere in the hills of Ireland  
There's a Prada bag  
and somewhere down the lane  
there's a dog in Gucci lace  
and sometimes I think that I  
will lose sleep at night  
cause it's hard, yes it's hard  
to say goodbye to my clothes

My clothes  
nobody knows things like my clothes  
my telephone life in the back of my jeans  
nobody knows how I feel today  
how I feel today

So now, now that there gone in the hills of Ireland  
So long, So long  
this was an ode to my clothes