

# Snow Cherries From France

Tori Amos

I knew a boy who would  
Not share his bike  
Oh but he let me go sailing  
I swore that I  
Could survive any storm  
Oh then he let me go

"Can you launch rockets from here?"  
Boy I've done it for years  
Right over my head  
And when I promised my hand  
He promised me back  
Snow Cherries from France  
All that summer  
We traveled the world  
Never leaving his own bck garden  
Girls I didn't know  
Just what it could be  
Oh but he let me go sailing

You question me  
"Can you ride anything?"  
Lord do you mean like your mood swings  
Invaders and Traders with  
The best intentions  
May convince you to go  
"They look like pirates from here"  
Boy I've been one for years  
Just keeping my head  
And when I promised my head  
You promised me back  
Snow Cherries from France

All that summer  
We traveled the world  
Never leaving his own bck garden  
Girls I didn't know  
Just what it could be  
Oh but he let me go sailing

And then one day he said  
"Girl it's been nice,  
Oh but I have to go sailing"  
With cinnamon lips  
That did not match his eyes  
Oh then he let me go