

## Apollo's Frock

Tori Amos

Put me back in the cold  
I'm going to Antarctica  
It feels like these days,  
Our old meeting place,  
In an LA cafe  
Or on the Serengeti,  
The hunt has not Begun.  
Cause I am tired of you taking from me  
And I have let you eat from the fruits of my tree  
I am not the one to turn into a Laurel wreath  
For the last time you have crossed my line

You could never see  
You could never see  
Apollo's frock  
Was always as beautiful  
Always as beautiful as  
The saddest rainstorm  
Apollo your frock  
Was always as beautiful  
Always as beautiful  
As your sister's  
That your light shined on

How can you think you've won  
When there can be no winners  
The soul has been lost  
Of the bow and quiver  
Do you remember  
Well I remember  
Amid the clashing of swords  
I'm losing you in my rear view  
And I have called the Shekhina in  
And the ninefold and a few other friends  
You and your predators were warned  
If the cubs were drawn in  
For the last time you would officially  
Cross my line

You could never see  
Never see  
Apollo's frock