

## Baker Baker

Tori Amos

Baker Baker  
Baking a cake  
Make me a day  
Make me whole again  
And I wonder  
What's in a day  
What's in you cake this time

I guess you heard  
He's gone to LA  
He says that behind my eyes I'm hiding  
And he tells me I pushed him away  
That my hearts been hard to find

Here there must be something  
Here there must be something here here

Baker Baker can you explain  
If truly his heart  
Was made of icing  
And I wonder  
How mine could taste  
Maybe we could change his mind

I know you're late  
For you next parade  
You came to make sure  
That I'm not running  
Well I ran from him  
In all kinds of ways  
Guess it was his turn this time

Time thought I'd made friends with time  
Thought we'd be flying  
Maybe not this time

Baker Baker  
Baking a cake  
Make me a day  
Make me whole again  
And I wonder  
If he's ok  
If you see him say hi