

Breakaway

Tori Amos

No I don't expect
You to forgive me this
Siding with the soldiers who say
We cannot win the day
A theatre of war the frame
Inner conflicts now reign
Their intent: division till
There is no side to take

You feel betrayed
I feel played
By our so called friends
Not the friends we should have made

So when the story ends
And the stage goes dark
And we both can hear
The writing on the wall
Then I beg the bard
To write another scene
Because you're the one
Who taught me to believe
There is something more
That I need to say
I should have said it though
I should have said it though
Before yesterday
Before your breakaway

This jungle is dark
But full of diamonds
That can cut and exploit
With just a whiff of blood
"Faith in spades" in us
So what were the odds
Our hand of hearts would have to fold
To their flush of clubs

You've been betrayed
And I've been played
At least they made me exit
Through their chopper on the stage

So when the story ends
And the stage goes dark
And we all can hear
The writing on the wall
Then I beg the bard
To write another scene
Because he's the one
Who taught me to believe
There is nothing more
That I need to say
I should have said it though
I should have said it though
Before yesterday
Before your breakaway