

# 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