

Daisy Dead Petals

Tori Amos

Daisy dead petals
That is her name
She's in her phone booth phase, so
Underneath the shade of a peppermint tray
She can turn it out
With a heal on
She just rides into town
Knowing what they'll say
Knowing they're around the corner
Got a crack in
Got a crack in some strange places

Daisy dead petals
That is her name
So maybe she tastes like a hamburger maid, well
These dead petals, honey
Brought me here
She said
These dead petals, honey
Brought me here

Dancing on a dime
Hearing mother cry
Maybe she's around the corner
Got a crack in
Got a crack in some strange places
On my back with
On my back with some dirty dishes

Falling down, falling down
All over the river
Falling down, falling down
Falling down
Wish what I'm feeling
Could go on like this forever
Falling down, falling down
Falling down

And since we're down
Might as well stay
Might as well fry some eggs
And wave to the shade of the peppermint tray
She's a new friend
Not a skeleton
To ride into town
Knowing what they'll say
Knowing she tastes like a hamburger maid, but
These dead petals, honey
Brought me here
She said
These dead petals, honey
Brought me here