

Ode to My Clothes

Tori Amos

Somewhere in the hills of Ireland
There's a Prada bag
and somewhere down the lane
there's a dog in Gucci lace
and sometimes I think that I
will lose sleep at night
cause it's hard, yes it's hard
to say goodbye to my clothes

My clothes
nobody knows things like my clothes
my telephone life in the back of my jeans
nobody knows how I feel today
how I feel today

So now, now that there gone in the hills of Ireland
So long, So long
this was an ode to my clothes