

# Putting the Damage On

Tori Amos

Glue  
Stuck to my shoes  
Does anyone know why you play with an orange rind  
You say you packed my things  
And divided what was mine you're off to the mountain top  
I say her skinny legs could use sun  
But now I'm wishing  
For my best impression  
Of my best Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
Cause boy you still look pretty  
When you're putting the damage on

Don't make me scratch on your door  
I never left you  
For a banjo  
I only just turned around for a poodle  
And a corvette  
And my impression  
of my best Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
Cause boy you still look pretty  
When you're putting the damage on

I'm trying not to move  
It's just your ghost  
Passing through  
I said  
I'm trying not to move  
It's just your ghost passing through  
It's just your ghost  
Passing through  
And now  
I'm quite sure  
There's a light in your platoon  
I never seen a light move  
Like yours  
Can do to me  
So now I'm wishing  
For my best impression  
of my best Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
Cause boy you still look pretty  
To me  
But I've got a place to go  
I've got a ticket to your late show  
And now I'm worrying cause even still  
You sure are pretty  
When you're putting the damage on  
Yes  
When you're putting the damage on  
You're just so pretty  
When you're putting the damage on