

Sister Janet

Tori Amos

Master Shamen
I have come
With my dolly from the shadow side
With a demon and an Englishman
I'm my mother
I'm my son
Nobody else is slipping the blade in easy
Nobody else is slipping the blade in the marmalade

All the angels
All the wizards black and white
Are lighting candles in our hands
Can you feel them
Touching hands before our eyes
And I can even see sweet Marianne

Sister Janet
You have come
From the woman clothed with the sun
Your veil is quietly becoming none
Call the Wanderer
He has gone
And all those up there are making it look so easy
With your perfect wings
A wing can cover all sorts of things

All the angels
All the wizards black and white
Are lighting candles in our hands
Can you feel them
Touching hands before our eyes
And I can even see sweet Marianne