

# Thoughts

Tori Amos

Thoughts right now  
I picked up a magazine  
Ohh, here we go  
Fifteen hundred years  
Fifteen hundred years right here  
Burning witches, burning books  
Burning babies and their looks  
Yes, indeed  
Burning everything that's sacred in my jeans

Thoughts right now  
She's been everybody else's girl  
Thoughts right now, now  
Thoughts right now  
Right now  
Am I here?  
Am I here?  
Never here  
I'm never here  
I'm never here  
I'm never here  
Never a bird  
Or a flower in the tree  
Or the pain of the respect thereof  
Yes, indeed

Thoughts right now  
What will become of me?  
Become of her?  
Become of we, babe yeah?