

Wildwood

Tori Amos

Wildwood
Poppies
Wildwood
Touch me

Behind the birches whirl
The bongo boys in their summoning
The sound seeds now
In the fingers of the eastern breeze
Where the sleepless wait
For her ascent from the perilous pit
She said "The only way to change our fate
It is to make it rain"

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Past the Alders and the Oaks
Through the Willow Grove snakes the Ivy's gift
Which taught you can't escape anguish
But how to live with it
Then reports from the robins
Form in you an inner radiance
It's as if they fused with a spirit you knew
Who's come back again

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Off the pilgrim's path
With the talisman he placed in my hands
With its magic mapped from winter's past
It leads the way
After 3 long months endured with her absent
Over dragon lines we walked the current
A labyrinth
With little green corn shoots
Now in abundance
As the forest celebrates
She says "Make it rain
Wildwood
Poppies
Wildwood
Touch me
Touch me again"