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Home On The Range: Cherokee Edition

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Fsus4} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{Oh} \quad \text{Well} \]

give me a home
Jackson made deals,
where the buffalo roam
a thief down to his heels,
and the

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \]

ante lope play
long trail of tears,
where the Smokies could hide
a dis

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Mmm, Home, we know it's not Caroline
home on the range the Smokies always
line your home is your home bride the range may be
hide Cherokee for some but not in my eyes.

fine we know it's not Caroline
eyes
Yes, yes
American
Hey, ah, American
Oh who discovered your ass?
The white man came,
this land is my land, this is your land they sang.

Coda

day, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

day, and the skies are not cloudy all day.
Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Well Jackson made deals, a thief down to his heels,
Had a long trail of tears
The Smokies could hide Cherokee bride,
Her brave was shot yesterday.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Mmm, we know it's not Caroline
Your home is your home the range
May be fine for some but not in my eyes
Home, home on the range
The Smokies always hide
Cherokee bride but in her eyes
We know it's not Caroline.

Yes, yes America!
Hey, ah, America!
Oh, who discovered your ass?
The white man came, this land is my land,
This is your land they sang.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day,
And the skies are not cloudy all day,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Song For Eric
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Freely

I wait all day for my sailor and sometimes he comes.
See you over hill and dale

Riding on the wind I see you
know me, you know me like the nightingale.

"Oh, fair maiden, I see you standing there."
Will you hold me for just a fair time. The

tune is playing in the fair night. I
see you in my dreams. Fair

boy your eyes haunt me...
I wait all day for my sailor and sometimes he comes.
See you over hill and dale
Riding on the wind.
I see you know me, you know me like the nightingale.
"Oh, fair maiden, I see you standing there."
Will you hold me for just a fair time.
The tune is playing in the fair night.
I see you in my dreams,
Fair boy your eyes, haunt me...
Here. In My Head
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately flowing

N.C.

with pedal

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In my head I found you

there and running around and

following me but you don’t

oh dare
now.
(D.S.) I,
But I held your hand at the fair

now and more than I ever wanted too.

So maybe Thomas Jefferson wasn't born

in your back yard like you have said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when she has left you there, and you, me.

all here alone on the floor, and you're running a

round and calling me come back I'll
Show you the roses and brush off the snow and open their bow and the belt and the girl from the south all favorites of petals again and again and you know that apple green mine you know them all well and spring brings fresh little

ice cream can melt in your hands I can't so

Coda clear, makes it all... do you
Eb5  Gb5  Ab5

know.  Hey.  do you

Eb5  Gb5  Absus4  Ab

know  what this is

do-ing to me?

N.C.

Here!

L.H.
Eb5

Gb

Absus4

Here.

here,

head.

rit.
In my head I found you there
And running around and following me
But you don't, oh, dare, now.
But I find that I have, now, more
Than I ever wanted too

So maybe Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard like you have said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to when she has left
You there, you, all here in my head and
Running around and calling me come back
I'll show you the roses and brush off the snow and
Open their petals again and again and you know that
Apple green ice cream can melt in your hands I can't so...

I, I held your hand at the fair and
Even forgot what time it was
And even Thomas Jefferson wasn't born
In your backyard like you said and
Maybe I'm just the horizon you run to
When she has left you and me here alone on the floor,
You're counting my feathers as the bells toll
You see the bow and belt and the girl from the south all
Fav'rites of mine you know them all well
And spring brings fresh little puddles that makes it all clear makes it all...
Do you know, hey, do you know, what this is doing to me?
Here in my head.
Daisy Dead Petals

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

C#5/F#

Dai-sy Dead Pet-al-s that is her name... She's in the phone bouch

C#5/F#

phase, so un-der neath the shade of a pep-per-mint tray.

C#5/F#

she can turn it out with a heal on she just rides in-to town

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knowing what they'll say, knowing they're around the corner.

Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange places.

Daisy Dead Petals, that is her name. So

maybe she tastes like a hamburger maid, well, these dead petals,
honey, brought me here.  
Ah,  
She said,

“These dead petals, honey, brought me here.”

Dancing on a dime, hearing mother cry,

may-be she’s a round the corner.

Got a crack in,
E  
F♯5/C♯

got a crack, in some strange places.

Ped.  
E  
F♯5/C♯

On my back with, on my back with some dirty dishes.

Slower, freer tempo

A  
B  
C♯m  
B  
Amaj7

Falling down, falling down, all over the river.

Ped.  
Ped.  
Ped.  
Ped.  

Falling down, falling down, falling down.
Wish what I'm feeling could go on like this forever.

Falling down, falling down, falling down.

And since we're down, might as well stay, might as well fry some eggs.

and wave to the shade of the peppermint tray.
She's a new friend not a skeleton to ride into town.

Knowing what they'll say, knowing she tastes like a hamburger maid but

“These dead petals, honey, brought me here.”

She said, “These dead petals, honey, brought me here.”
Daisy Dead Petals that is her name.
She's in the phone booth phase, so
Underneath the shade of a peppermint tray.
She can turn it out with a heal on she just rides into town
Knowing what they'll say, knowing they're around the corner.
Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange places.

Daisy Dead Petals, that is her name.
So maybe she tastes like a hamburger maid, well,
These dead petals, honey, brought me here.
She said, "These dead petals, honey, brought me here."

Dancing on a dime, hearing mother cry,
Maybe she's around the corner.

Got a crack in, got a crack in some strange places.
On my back with, on my back with some dirty dishes.

Falling down, falling down, all over the river.
Falling down, falling down, falling down.

Wish what I'm feeling could go on like this forever.
Falling down, falling down, falling down.

And since we're down might as well stay,
Might as well fry some eggs
And wave to the shade of the peppermint tray.
She's a new friend not a skeleton to ride into town.
Knowing what they'll say, knowing she tastes like a hamburger maid, but

"These dead petals, honey, brought me here."
She said, "These dead petals, honey, brought me here."
Sister Janet

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

G#5       B       G#5       B

with pedal

G#5       B       G#5

1. Master Shaman,
2. Sister Janet,

I have. you have.

B       G#5       B

come

come

with my dolly from the shadow
from the woman clothed with the sun.
with a demon and an Englishman,
your veil is quietly becoming none
I'm my mother.
Call the Wanderer.

I'm my son.
He has gone.

No body else is slipping the blade, in eas-
All those up there are making it look so eas-

No body else is
With your perfect wings.
slipping the blade in the marmalade.

But all the angels and all the wizards, black and white are lighting candles in our hands.

Can you feel...
them, yes, touching hands before our eyes and I can even see sweet Marieanne.
annex.

Hey,  

yes!

cresc.

This a-gain,  

well  

I

think I could try this once a-gain.
Master Shaman, 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.

But all the angels and all the wizards, black and white,
Are lighting candles in our hands.
Can you feel them, yes, 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.
All those up there are making it look so easy.
With your perfect wings,
A wing can cover all sorts of things.

Hey, yes! This again, well I think I could try this once again.

But all the angels and all the wizards, black and white,
Are lighting candles in our hands.
Can you feel them, yes, touching hands before our eyes
And I can even see sweet Marianne.
Butterfly
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly  Bm

with pedal

1. Stink-y soul,
2. Dad-dy dear,

get a lit-tle lost in my
ah ha own.

if I can kill one man why not two?

Hey, Gen-er-al
Well, nurs-es smile,

need a lit-tle love in tha
when you got i-ron veins ___

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at hole of your shoes and One ways, now, and
you can't stain their pretty shoes and
Sat-ur-days and our kittens all wrapped in cement. From.
cher-ry blondes and their kittens still wrapped in cement. From.
cradle to gumdrops got me running girl as
God's saviors as
fast as I can and is it right, butterfly, they
like you better framed and dried

ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

riz. a tempo

Got a pretty, pretty garden, pretty garden, yes...
Got me a pretty, pretty garden.

a pretty garden, yes. Got me a

pretty pretty garden a pretty garden
Stinky soul, get a little lost in my own,
Hey General, need a little love in that hole of yours.
One ways, now, and Saturdays and our kittens all wrapped in cement.
From cradle to gum drops
Got me running girl as fast as I can and
Is it right, butterfly, they like you better framed and dried.

Daddy dear, if I can kill one man why not two?
Well, nurses smile when you got iron veins
You can't stain their pretty shoes and pom pom and cherry blondes
And their kittens still wrapped in cement.
From God's saviors to gum drops
Got me running girl as fast as I can and
Is it right, butterfly, they like you better framed and dried.

Got a pretty, pretty garden, pretty garden, yes.
Got me a pretty, pretty garden, a pretty garden, yes.
Got me a pretty, pretty garden, a pretty garden.
Mary
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slow, steady 4

Ev 'ry-bod - y wants some-thing from - you, ev 'ry-bod - y want a piece of Mar - y

Lush val - ley all dressed in green, just ripe for the pick - ing

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Mary, can you hear me? Mary, you’re bleeding. Mary, don’t be afraid.

We’re just waking up and I hear help is on the way.

Mary, can you hear me? Mary, like Jimmy said. Mary, don’t be afraid.

'Cause even the wind, even the wind cries your name.
Coda

Yes, even the wind cries your name.

Yes, even the wind cries your name.

cries your name, cries your name...

cries your name.
Ev'rybody wants something from you,
Ev'rybody want a piece of Mary
Lush valley all dressed in green,
Just ripe for the picking.

God, I want to get you out of here,
You can ride in a pink Mustang,
When I think of what we've done to you,
Oh, Mary, can you hear me?

Growing up isn't always fun,
They tore your dress and stole your ribbons.
They see you cry, they lick their lips,
But butterflies don't belong in nets.

Oh, Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding. Mary, don't be afraid.
We're just waking up and I hear help is on the way.
Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmy said. Mary, don't be afraid.
'Cause even the wind, even the wind cries your name.

Ev'rybody wants you sweetheart,
Ev'rybody got a dream of glory.
Las Vegas got a pinup girl
They got her armed as they buy and sell her.
Rivers of milk running dry,
Can't you hear the dolphins crying?
What'll we do when our babies scream,
Fill their mouths with some acid rain?

Oh, Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, you're bleeding. Mary, don't be afraid.
We're just waking up and I hear help is on the way.
Mary, can you hear me?
Mary, like Jimmy said. Mary, don't be afraid.
'Cause even the wind, even the wind cries your name.

Oh, butterflies don't belong in nets.
Sugar
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slow and sustained, in 2

Don’t say morning’s come.

Don’t say it’s up to me.

If I could take twenty-five minutes out of the record books.

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Sugar, he brings me Sugar.

Bobby's collecting bees. And

Hammers he used one on me.

Cold war with little boys.

Get in with a hubble gum trade
and Sugar,_
Sugar._

bring me Sugar._

As far as

I know the

I can tell.

bring me many things but

I've been gone for miles now.

You know and I know

I don't know.

me

very well

and
D5  A  Bm7  G5  F#m7  B5
I know and you know if they found me oat...

Dadd9  Bm add11
Sugar, he brings me Sugar I know the

Asus4  A  Dadd9
robins bring, they bring me many things but Sugar Oh

Bm add11  Asus4  A  Asus4  A
repeat and fade

Sugar!
Don't say morning's come.
Don't say it's up to me.
If I could take twenty five minutes
Out of the record books.
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.

Bobby's collecting bees
And hammers he used one on me.
Cold war with little boys
Get in with a bubble gum trade and

Sugar, bring me Sugar.
I know the robins bring, bring me many things but
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.
As far as I can tell
I've been gone for miles now.

You know and I know I don't know me very well
And I know and you know if they found me out.
Sugar, he brings me Sugar.
I know the robins bring, they bring me many things,
But Sugar, he brings me Sugar.
Flying Dutchman
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a driving beat

Fsus4  F  Fsus2  Fsus4/C  F/C  Fsus2/C  Csus4/G  C/G  Csus2/G

Hey, kid,
Straight suits,

1.
Gsus4  G  Gsus2

2.
Gsus4  G  N.C.

I've got a ride for you,
they don't understand.

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They say, your brain is a comic book tattoo.
She tried that one with the alligator boots.

Gm add9
and you'll never be anything.
but the other side drew her in.

Eb Gm/D Cm
What will you do with your life, oh, that's all.
Heart falling fast when she left, even the Milk.

G/B Csus2
you hear from noon till night.
Way was dressed in black.

Take a trip on a rocket ship, baby, where the sea is the sky.

I know the guy who runs the place and he's out of sight.

Flying Dutchman are you

out there? Flying Dutchman
are you out there. Flying

Dutchman?

'Cause they can't see what you're born to be.

They can't see me.

They can't
They keep the boys spinning in their own little world.

Ah!

Tie him up and so he won't say a word.

So afraid he'll be what they never were.

[1, Eb] [2, Eb] [rit.]

Ah, ah! They Ah, ah!
Coda

'Cause they can see.

'Cause they see.

rit. poco a poco
Hey kid, I’ve got a ride for you.  
They say, your brain is a comic book tattoo  
And you'll never be anything.  
What will you do with your life, oh,  
That’s all you hear from noon till night.  

Take a trip on a rocket ship, baby, where the sea is the sky.  
I know the guy who runs the place and he's out of sight.  
Flying Dutchman are you out there?  
Flying Dutchman are you out there, Flying Dutchman?  

Straight suit, they don’t understand.  
She tied that one with the alligator boots but the other side drew her in.  
Heart falling fast when she left, even the Milky Way was dressed in black.  

Take a trip on a rocket ship, baby, where the sea is the sky.  
I know the guy who runs the place and he’s out of sight.  
Flying Dutchman are you out there?  
Flying Dutchman are you out there, Flying Dutchman?  

’Cause they can’t see what you’re born to be.  
They can see me.  
They can’t be  
What they can’t believe.  
They can see what you see.  

They keep the boys spinning in their own little world.  
Tie him up so he won’t say a word.  
They keep the boys spinning in their own little world.  
So afraid he’ll be what they never were.
Take To The Sky
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a strong beat

This house, is like

Russia

with eyes cold and gray.

You got me moving in a

circle,

I dyed my hair red today.

I just want a little
1. passion
2. ocean

1. to hold _ me in the dark,
2. it gets _ in the way,

1. I know I got some
2. So close to touch-ing

magic

1. buried, buried deep
2. then I hear the guards call

1. in my heart, yeah.
2. my name.

But my priest says,
And my priest says,

"You ain't saving no souls."
"You ain't mak-in' any

money."

"You just took it to the limit,"
and here 1
stand with this, a sword in my hand. You can say it one more time, What you don't like. Let me hear it one more time then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky.

My heart is like the
If you don't like me just a little, well, Why do you hang around?

If you don't like me just a little, well, Why do you hang around?

If you don't like me just a little, well, Why do you take it, take it, take it, take it.

This house
is like Russia.

You can say it one more time.

You can say it one more time.

You can say it one more time, What you don't like.
Let me hear it one more time. Then have a seat while I take to the sky.

take to the sky.

take to the sky.
This house is like Russia with eyes cold and grey,
You got me moving in a circle, I dyed my hair red today.

I just want a little passion to hold me in the dark,
I know I got some magic buried, buried deep in my heart, yeah!
But my priest says, "You ain't saving no souls."
My father says, "You ain't makin' any money."
My doctor says, "You just took it to the limit."
And here I stand with this sword in my hand.

You can say it one more time, what you don't like.
Let me hear it one more time
Then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky.

If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you hang around?
If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you hang around?
If you don't like me just a little, well, why do you take it, take it, take it?

This house is like Russia.
You can say it one more time, you can say it one more time.
You can say it one more time, what you don't like.
Let me here it one more time.
Then have a seat while I take to the sky, take to the sky.
Take to the sky, take to the sky, take to the sky.

My heart is like the ocean it gets in the way,
So close to touching freedom then I hear the guards call my name.
And my priest says, "You ain't saving no souls."
My father says, "You ain't makin' any money."
My doctor says, "You just took it to the limit."
And here I stand with this sword in my hand.
Humpty Dumpty
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderate with a bluesy feel

E5 G5 A E5 G5

A

E5 G5

1. Hump-ty Dump-ty ______ sat on the wall, __
2. (D.S.) Hump-ty Dump-ty ______ sat on the wall, __

E5 G5 A E5 G5 A

Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great, ______ great fall, and 
looked at her as she was ______ falling, and 
All the king's horses and

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all the king's men couldn't put Hump-ty to-geth-er a-gain.

Hump-ty Dump-ty and

Bet-ty Lou-ise, well, stole a So-ny and some Cam-em-bert cheese and she said,

"Hump-ty, ba-by, ah, take me, ooh yeah,
take me to the river

'Cause I like the way it runs, yeah.
Take me to the river, ah,

You know I like the way it runs, yeah!

He said,

"Ah, ooh. ev'rything's go-ing my
way.” He said, “Maybe it’s my

l-lucky day.” I said. “Oh,

anything you want I can give.” She said,

“l want to take your picture, mm, just for
He said, "Anything." She said,

"Up there, baby."

na, na, na get on the wall, babe. ah."

Hey, Betty Louise, Betty Louise.
She said, "I like custard in the summer, honey."

Oh, yeah, what it takes to be Queen.

bey, what it takes to be Queen, bey.

what it takes to be, Oh!
Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great, great fall, and
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Humpty Dumpty and Betty Louise, well,
Stole a Sony and some Camembert cheese
And she said "Humpty baby, ah, take me,
Ooh yeah, take me to the river.
'Cause I like the way it runs, yeah,
Take me to the river, ah,
You know I like the way it runs, yeah!"

He said, "Ah, ooh, ev'rything's going my way."
He said, "Maybe it's my lucky day."
I said, "Oh, anything you want I can give."
She said, "I want to take your picture, mmm, just for me."
He said, "Anything."
She said, "Up there, baby, get on the wall, babe, ah."

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Looked at her as he was falling, and
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

Hey, Betty Louise, Betty Louise
She said, "I like custard in the summer, honey."
Oh yeah, what it takes to be Queen,
Hey, what it takes to be Queen,
Hey, what it takes to be, oh!
Sweet Dreams
Words and Music by Tori Amos

1. "Lie, lie, lies every-where," said the fa-ther to the son. Your
2.3. (D.S.) See additional lyrics

pep-per-mint breath gon-na choke 'em to death. Dad-dy watch your lit-tle black sheep run. He got a
kni. kni. knives in his back ev’ry time he opens up. You say, “He
got to be strong if he wanna be a man.” Mister I don’t know how you can have
Sweet dreams.
sweet dreams.
You say, you say, you say that you have 'em
I say that you're a liar.

Sweet dreams.

Sweet dreams.
Go on, go on, go on, go on and dream. Your house is on fire.

Come along

D.S. at Coda
Coda

Ab5  Bb5  Bb

Sweet

Ab  Bb

Sweet

Ab  Bb

Sweet
dreams.
dreams.

Additional lyrics

2. Land, land of liberty,
   We're run by a constipated man.
   When you live in the past
   You refuse to see when your
daughter come home nine months pregnant.
   With five billion points of light
gonna shine 'em on the face of your friends
   They got the Earth in a sling,
   They got the World on her knees,
   They even got your zipper in between their teeth.

3. Well, well, summer wind been catching up with me.
   "Elephant mind, Missy, you don't have
   You forgettin' to fly,
   Darlin', when you sleep."
   I got a hazy, lazy Susan
takin' turns all over my dreams.
   I got lizards and snakes runnin' through my body.
   Funny how they all have my face.
"Lie, lie, lies everywhere," said the father to the son.
Your peppermint breath gonna choke 'em to death,
Daddy watch your little black sheep run.
He got a knives in his back ev'ry time he open up.
You say, "He gotta be strong if he wanna be a man."
Mister I don't know how you can have

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

Land, land of liberty
We're run by a constituted man.
When you live in the past
You refuse to see when your
Daughter come home nine months pregnant.
With five billion points of light
Gonna shine 'em on the face of your friends
They got the earth in a sling
They got world on her knees
They even got your zipper between their teeth.

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.

You say, you say, you say that you have 'em, I say that you're a liar.
Sweet dreams, sweet dreams

Go on, go on, go on dream,
Your house is on fire.
Come along now.

Well, well, summer wind been catching up with me.
"Elephant mind, Missy you don't have
You forgettin' to fly.
Darlin', when you sleep."
I got a hazy, lazy Susan
Takin turns all over my dreams.
I got lizards and snakes runnin' through my body.
Funny how they all have my face.

Sweet dreams, sweet dreams.
Black Swan
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly
N.C.

with pedal

Emaj9       B/A        B          Aadd9

Ride on,    ride on    friends of   the black swan.

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Ride on, ride on, do you know where she's gone?

Gum-drops and Saturdays, did Eric call by the way?

He knew, he knew where the pillow goes.
I know they know something.
Ride on, ride on now friends of the black swan.

Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone?
1. Aadd9  B  C#m7  Aadd9
Little green men do O.K.,
It's the fairies' revenge they say. And

Aadd9  B  C#m7  B
Gum drops and Saturdays did Eric call by the way?

2. Aadd9  B  C#m7  Aadd9  Emaj9
Slower

Mm. la la. Ride on,

Aadd9  B  B/A  Bsus  E5
Ride on,

Ride on!
Ride on, ride on friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on do you know where she's gone?
Gumdrops and Saturdays, did Eric call by the way?
He knew, he knew, and he knew where the pillow goes.

Ride on, ride on friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone.
Buttercups and fishing flies the biggest thickest ever sky.
I know they know something.
I know, ah!

Ride on, ride on now friends of the black swan.
Ride on, ride on you know where she's gone?

Little green men do O.K.,
It's the fairies' revenge they say,
And gumdrops and Saturdays, did Eric call by the way?

Mmm, la la, ride on, ride on, ride on.
Honey
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

\[F5\]

with pedal

A little dust never stopped me none, he liked my shoes. I kept them on.

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Sometimes I can hold my tongue, sometimes not, When you just

skip-to-loo, my darlin', And you know what you're doin' so

don't even... You're just too used to my honey, now.

You're just too used to my honey.
1. And I think I could leave your world,

2. (D.S.) Turn back one last time,

If she was the better girl,

Love to watch those cowboys ride.

So when we died I tried to bribe the
cowboys know cowgirls ride
under the Indian side.

'Cause I'm not sure
And you know

what you're doin' or the reasons.
what you're doin' so don't even

You're just too used to my honey, now.

You're just too used to my honey.

Hey, yeah!
C
G
Bm add9

to Coda

You're just too used to my hon-ey, now.

G
D
A

cresc.

Don't bother com-ing down.

C
G
Em
A

I made a friend of the west-ern sky. Don't bother com-ing down.

C
G
E5

You al-ways like your ba-bies tight.
Ah!

D.S. al Coda

Coda
Bm add9
C
G
B bass

You're just too used to my honey.
A little dust never stopped me none, he liked my shoes I kept them on.
Sometimes I can hold my tongue, sometimes not,
When you just skip-to-loo, my darlin',
And you know what you're doin' so don't even...

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.

And I think I could leave your world,
If she was the better girl.
So when we died I tried to bribe the undertaker.
'Cause I'm not sure what you're doin' or the reasons.

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.
Hey, yeah! You're just to used to my honey, now.

Don't bother coming down,
I made a friend of the western sky.
Don't bother coming down,
You always like your babies tight.

Turn back one last time, love to watch those cowboys ride.
But cowboys know cowgirls ride on the Indian side.
And you know what you're doin' so don't even...

You're just too used to my honey, now.
You're just too used to my honey.
Hey, yeah! You're just too used to my honey.
You're just to used to my honey, now.
Ode To The Banana King (Part 1)
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

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all a blur where the taxi goes
Lucy serves the melon cold

Violent and delicious souls.

Four red trucks dressed illegally

Mother knows how the bugle blows
C5  Csus4  C  F5

Gonna get caught, gonna get caught, gonna get caught in her rug...

C5

babe.

This is not a conclusion,

No revolution,

Just a little confusion

On where your head has been...

to Coda
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!
Boats
Crumbs
made out
you have.

of paper
lapped freely
Dreams made up
De vi ous.

for the banana king
we all have been.
Dar ling!

Vi vi o lent and de li cious souls.
This is not a con clu-
Turning back ten thousand years,
It's all a blur where the taxis go.
Monster man a willing friend,
Lucy serves the melon cold.

Violent and delicious souls.
Four red trucks dressed illegally.
Mother knows how the bugle blows.
Gonna get caught, gonna get caught.
Gonna get caught in her rag, babe.

This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been.

Boats made out of paper floor,
Dreams made up for the banana king, Darling!
Crumbs you have lapped freely of,
Devious we all have been.

Violent and delicious souls.
Violent and delicious souls.
This is not a conclusion,
No revolution,
Just a little confusion
On where your head has been.
Etienne

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, in 2

G

G/C

(L.H.)

G

G/C

May-be I'm a

1. witch
2. knight

lost in time
who saved my life,

running through the
omay-be we

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fields of Scotland by your side.
Kicked out of Here we are a-

France, gain but I still believe,
taken to a

land far across the sea.
gypsy crystal slowly dies.

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.

Etienne. Etienne.

By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am.

Maybe you're the
Yeah!

I close my eyes. see you again. I know I've held you but I can't remember where or when.
Coda

G

am.

May be I'm a

witch, name.

Etienne

repeat and fade

Whisper my
Maybe I'm a witch lost in time.
Running through the fields of Scotland by your side.
Kicked out of France, but I still believe,
Taken to a land far across the sea.

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am.

Maybe you're the knight who saved my life,
Maybe we faced the fire side by side.
Here we are again under the same sky,
As the gypsy crystal slowly dies.

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am. Yeah!

I close my eyes, see you again.
I know I've held you but I can't remember where or when. Oh!

Etienne, Etienne,
Hear the west wind whisper my name.
Etienne, Etienne,
By the morning maybe we'll remember who I am.

Maybe I'm a witch, Etienne,
Whisper my name.
Floating City
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, with a strong beat

1. You went away, why did you leave?
2. See additional lyrics
3. Instrumental

You know I believed you.
Ebm

Nothing explained, where are the answers?
I know I need you.
(end instrumental on D.S.)

Db

Abm7

Tell me is your city paved with gold?
3. See additional lyrics

Bbm7

Abm7

Bbm7

Is there hunger, do your people grow old?
Abm7
Do your governments have secrets that they've

Bbm7
sold?

Chorus
Db
Every night I wait, take me away to your

Abm
floating city. By my window at night I see the
lights to your floating city. Come and take me away.

I want to play in your floating city.

Yeah! Floating city, Yeah!
Additional lyrics

2. T.V. turns off
   Any of us that
   Say that we’ve seen you.
   Tell me are we
   The only planet
   That can’t conceive you.
   Will we be like Atlantis long ago,
   So assured that we’re advanced
   With what we know
   That our spirit never had time to grow.

3. Is it weak to look for
   Saviors out in space.
   Little Earth she tries so hard
   To change our ways.
   Sometimes she must get
   Sick of this place.
You went away,
Why did you leave me?
You know I believed you.
Nothing explained,
Where are the answers?
I know I need you.
Tell me is your city paved with gold?
Is there hunger,
Do your people grow old?
Do your governments have secrets that they’ve sold?

Ev’ry night I wait, take me away
To your floating city.
By my window at night
I see the lights to your floating city.
Come and take me away,
I want to play in your floating city.
Yeah!
Floating city, Yeah!

T.V. turns off
Any of us that
Say that we’ve seen you.
Tell me are we
The only planet
That can’t conceive you.
Will we be like Atlantis long ago.
So assured that we’re advanced
With what we know
That our spirit never had time to grow.

Is it weak to look for
Saviors out in space.
Little Earth she tries so hard
To change our ways.
Sometimes she must get
Sick of this place.
Baltimore
Words and Music by Tori Amos

It's so nice to live here, I'm glad this is my home...

I've got a homestead on Baltimore street it's
some-place to call my own. It's all kinds of peo-ple,

fa-mil-iar plac-es, smil-ing fac-es. I'm proud to say I'm a Bal-ti-

mor-i-an. But the 'Birds' are the best, the

best of Balt-i-more.
We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand to
make this place a better land in Baltimore.

Love is what you'll find so
Gm7
stop and take the time.
C7
I've got Oriole baseball
Fm7

Ab/Bb
on my mind.
E9

Ab add9

Eb

Ab add9

| 2. C7 |

Eb

Ab add9


Fm7
joy the brotherhood of Baltimore.
Ab/Bb

Eb
The sun sets across the bay
I'm glad I spend my day

In a working American city
with all the people who make it that way.

It's time to jump in a taxi
for Thirty third Street knowing I'll be watching those 'Birds' go, watching Weaver's show.

'Cause I've got Oriole baseball on my
mind. On my mind in

Baltimore, Baltimore,

more, Baltimore, Baltimore,

Baltimore, Baltimore.
It's so nice to live here,
I'm glad this is my home,
I've got a homestead on Baltimore Street
It's someplace to call my own.

It's all kinds of people,
Familiar places, smiling faces.
I'm proud to say I'm a Baltimorian.
But the 'Birds' are the best,
The best of Baltimore.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time.
I've got Oriole baseball on my mind.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time
To enjoy the brotherhood of Baltimore.

The sun sets across the bay
I'm glad I spend my day
In a working American city
With all the people who make it that way.
It's time to jump in a taxi
For Thirty-third Street
Knowing I'll be watching those 'Birds' go,
Watching Weaver's show.

We like it here in Baltimore.
There's so much love in Baltimore.
Working hand in hand
To make this place a better land in Baltimore.
Love is what you'll find so stop and take the time.
I've got Oriole baseball on my mind.

On my mind in Baltimore.