Tori Amos
The Beekeeper
Tori Amos

The BEEKEEPER

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GENERAL JOY

General Joy I know I know you’ll take me there—where your boys were left behind General Joy it seems you need a soldier girl—now “they” have Liberty gagged by boat by tram by motorbus could it be the fates are protecting us from the Hawks that have stolen the bird from the sky and I know you will always love Sorrow is that why you gave her dress to Happiness? ’cause it matches her eyes when she cries General Joy it seems you don’t love your Bride generally you’re friends but she is not the love of your life to dye to perm to change your hair or your wife the possibilities are there and its time for you to decide General Joy I know I know you’ll take me there—but you’ll need strength from within General Joy it seems you need a soldier girl—and a willing coalition by boat by tram by motorbus could it be the Hawks are protecting us from the Men who have now assumed their name

BARONS OF SUBURBIA

Barons of Suburbia take another piece of my good graces I’m in my war you’re in yours do we fight for peace as they take another piece of us But baby I would let your darkness invade me you could maybe turn this white light into navy before you leave It was a slight miscalculation that my friends my friends would be waiting on the other side of the bridge on the other side of this this mole hill of a mountain this potion now a poison they’re on the other side of right we’re on the other side of her midnight When it’s all said and done we will lose a piece to a carnivorous vegetarian Barons of Suburbia I have heard you pray before you devour her So baby will you let my darkness invade you You always liked your wafer sweet in the middle before you leave It was a slight miscalculation That our friends our friends would be waiting on the other side of the bridge on the other side of this this mole hill of a mountain this potion now a poison they’re on the other side of right we’re on the other side of her midnight I am piecing a potion To combat your poison She is Risen She is Risen Boys I said She is Risen
TOAST I thought it was Easter time
the way the light rose rose that morning
Lately you've been on my mind You showed
me the rope ropes to climb over mountains and to
pull myself out of a landslide at landslide I thought
it was harvest time You always loved the smell of the
wood burning She with her honey hair Dalhousie Castle she
would meet you there In the winter Butter yellow The flames you
stirred Yes, you could stir I raise a glass Make a toast A toast in your
honor I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance 'cause on your right
standing by is Mr. Bojangles With a toast he's telling me it's
time to raise a glass Make a toast A toast in your honor I
hear you laugh and beg me not to dance 'cause on your
right standing by is Mr. Bojangles With a toast he's
telling me it's time To let you go Let you go I
thought I'd see you again You said you
might do Maybe in a carving In a
cathedral Somewhere in Barcelona

THE BEEKEEPER Flaxen hair blowing in
the breeze It is time for the geese to head south
I have come with my mustard seed I cannot accept
that she will be taken from me "Do you know who I
am" she said "I'm the one who taps you on the shoulder
when it's your time Don't be afraid I promise that she will
awake Tomorrow Somewhere Tomorrow Somewhere"—wrap your-
self around the Tree of Life and the Dance of the Infinity of the Hive—
take this message to Michael I will comb myself into chains In between the
tap dance clan and your ballerina gang I have come for the Beekeeper I know you
want my You want my Queen—Anything but this Can you use me instead?
In your gown with your breathing mask Plugged into a heart machine As
if you ever needed one I must see the Beekeeper I must see if she'll
keep her alive Call Engine 49 I have come with my mustard
seed Maybe I'm passing you by Just passing you by
girl I'm passing you by On my way On my way I'm
just passing you by But don't be confused One
day I'll be coming for you... I must see the
Beekeeper I must see the Beekeeper
SWEET THE STING with a strut into the room with his hat cocked sure defiantly he said "I. I have heard. that you can play the way I like it to be played." I said, "I can play. anyway that you want. But first I want. I want to know Baby is it Sweet Sweet Sweet the Sting is it real this infusion— can it heal where others before have failed? If so then somebody Shake Shake Shake me sane 'cause I am inching ever closer to the tip of this scorpion's tail" He said "I laid my weapons down with my pistol fully loaded, a hunted man to my root, will it end or begin in your cinnabar juice?" is it Sweet Sweet Sweet your Sting is it real your infusion can it heal where others before have failed? If so then somebody Shake Shake Shake me sane 'cause I am inching ever closer to the tip of this scorpion's tail Love let me breathe breathe you in melt the confusion until there is there is you—union

MARTHA'S FOOLISH GINGER
Take a walk down memory lane with me Past a watermelon stand on the way Thinking I had everything we'd need on Martha's Foolish Ginger You were late How could I forget what you said—the part about that Love taking over your life was not in your plan If those harbour lights had just been a 1/2 a mile inland who knows what I would have done If those harbour lights had just been a 1/2 a mile inland who knows what we would have done Through the cliffs out of the Bay I went From the starboard side I could block my visions and my passions—They keep me awake A familiar voice "Hi. Surprise. I've been searching trying to find you" I couldn't speak my hands reached for Martha's Foolish Ginger We talked until the moon came up About how life without love isn't worth very much Then I played this song "Memories that we have yet" you said "To make like our Burning Bed..." Love, don't mistake that it wasn't safe on Martha's Foolish Ginger.
CARS AND GUITARS

If I choke Boy you
start me up again Restring my wires y’know
this gearbox can make the shift polish my rims

Damned if you do Damned if you don’t I swear it
seems of late boy I’ve even curved this body to fit your
bow still the rain can’t confuse the thoughts that come come
in rhythm ’cause it never was the Cars and Guitars that came
between us still a thought says what if I keep on Drivin’ keep on
Drivin’ “Yeah that whip has skirt” you said it proud Sometimes I’d watch
her idle while you’d tune her up me with my silencer on You and your
crocodile clip Me and my alligator pears yeah all tricked out for the
trip that slid into a spin You say that “I miss you” You stop in at
my drive-thru you know you’ll order some some boy ’cause
it never was the Cars and Guitars that came between us
still a thought says what if I keep on Drivin’ keep on
Drivin’ keep on Drivin’ If I choke Boy You start me
up again Restring my wires y’know this gear-
box can make the shift polish my rims

HOOCHIE WOMAN

Hoochie Woman Hoochie Woman Hoochie
Woman Hoochie Woman I wasn’t
thinking My head was in the book His
hands were on her everywhere I saw his face
I dropped my coffee He’s cheating on me with a
Hoochie Woman Ooo hoo hoo you can Keep your
Hoochie Ooo hoo hoo you can Keep the house Ooo hoo
hoo and the bank accounts ’cause boy I bring home the
Bacon I said boys I bring home the Bacon now I went to
work and the office girls were all burning their poetry
It wasn’t good but in the Neighborhood now
they’re all just a Hoochie Woman He called me
up and said “she has needs” I said “you’ll
find ’em on Barney’s fourth floor” He
said “I need a loan” (I said) “that’s
not a problem you better keep this
from your Hoochie Woman”
MOTHER REVOLUTION  Lucky me I guessed the kind of man that you would turn out to be Now I wish that I'd been wrong and then I could remember to breathe And all along the Watchtower the night horses and the black mares ready themselves for the outcome for the strange times upon us But what you didn't count on was another Mother of a Mother Revolution but what you didn't count on was another Mother of a Mother Revolution you could've had me you could've had me you could've had me Right there beside you you could've had me boy you could've had me yeah you could've had me Right there beside you A wife on loan in a café in old El Paso Next I go to Seven Gates and my sister's Bass Bonanza And all along her Watchtower the night horses and the black mares steady themselves for the outcome for the strange days upon us What you didn't count on was another Mother of a Mother Revolution

WITNESS Thought I had a witness To this crime Thought I had a witness Thought we were on the same side of Becoming... Then the judges called in a witness C'mon... So then when Did you then Begin your Craving for White powder Exotic Matter that Cells divide Arresting time So in your Furnace then You drank my Tenderness Feldspar and Mica then You thought that You would own My temple of gold Gotta rise In the night Pick myself off the floor I know now That it's over Had a life Before You left me burnin' in Your petrol emotion Your petrol emotion Wanting more Thought I had a witness C'mon... Thought we had a friendship C'mon... Thought I heard you Whispering murder Thought this witches Brew was more than Bullet-proof But words are like guns When you shoot the moon 'Cause everybody whispers C'mon... Is there anyone? Is it any wonder... I'm out the door Is there any way? Is there any way forward? Thought I had a witness Thought you were you Thought I was a witness You could turn to Not in Thought I had a witness To this crime Thought I had a witness C'mon...
Parasol

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

G#m       B  G#m       B  G#m       B  G#m

I come to terms with this when I come to terms with

F#       C#5  G#m       B

this when I come to terms with this my
world will change for me
I have n't moved since

the call came since the call came I have n't moved

I

a sea view for a sea view I have no need

I

stare at the wall knowing on the other side the storm that waits for

have my little pleasures this wall being one of
then the Seat-ed Wo-man with a Para-sol may
be the only one you can't Betray
if I'm the Seat-ed Wo-man with a
Par-a-sol I will be safe in my frame

1.
G#m B G#m B G#m B

2.

ah
When I come to terms with this when
I come to terms with this when
this whip-lash of Silk on wool embroidery then
the Seated Woman with a Parasol may be the only one you can't be-
tray
if I'm the Seat-ed Wo-man with a Par-a-sol
I will

be safe in my frame
then frame
I will

be safe in my frame
in your House
in your frame
Sweet the Sting
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, rhythmic

With capo at first fret:

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F6} \]

\[ \text{Bm7} \quad \text{E6} \quad \text{Bm7} \quad \text{E6} \]

\[ \text{Em} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Cm} \]

strut into the room with his hat cocked sure defiantly he said

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{Bm/F#} \quad \text{F7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Cm/G} \quad \text{G7} \]

I have heard that you can play the way I like it.
to be played." I said, "I can play any way that you want. But first I want, I want to know... is it real this infusion can it?

sweet sweet sweet the sting is it real this infusion can it
sweet sweet sweet your sting is it real your infusion can it
heal where others before have failed If so then somebody

shake shake shake me sane 'cause I am inching ever closer

--er to the tip of this scorpion's
Mel the confusion we'll believe it's there is

He said, "I love you in breathe, I love you in breathe, you in

He said, "I love you in breathe, I love you in breathe, you in
The Power of Orange Knickers

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

Bmaj7

G#m7

Bmaj7

The power of

G#m7

or - ange
knick - ers

A mat - ter of
com - pli - cation

B

The power of
or - ange
knickers

G#m7

un - der my pet - ty
cost

when you be - come a
twist

under my pet - ty
cool

C#7sus4

the power of
for their
the power of

listening to what you don't want me to know
listening to what you don't want me to know

Can some body tell me now who is this
Can some body tell me now who is this
Shame shame time to leave me now Shame shame you've

terrorist those girls that smile kindly
terrorist this little pill in my hand
had your fun Shame shame for letting me think
then rip your life to pieces?
that keeps the pain laughing?
that I would be the one

bod-
y tell me now am I alone with this
bod-
y tell me now a way out of this
bod-
y tell me now who is this terrorist

this little pill in my hand and with this secret
this little pill in my hand could blow me out or this secret
Jamaica Inn
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

C

F

Can you patch my jeans, Peggy Ann,
with the gales my little boat was tossed,
just a little stitch to mend the hole
how was I to know that you'd sent

F

Dm

Cmaj9

her, he has torn with a lantern if you can
bring me in

may be I got too set in my ways
"Are you positive this is a friend?"

he says she reminds him of me
the captain grimaced. "Those are cliffs.

when we first met

in those early days..."

of rock ahead

if I'm not mistaken."

the sexiest thing is trust

I wake up to find the
rates have come
yielding along your coast

How was I to know the pirates have come before

tween Rebecca's beneath your firmaments I have worn

to Coda
shipped
in the Jamaica Inn

shipped
in the Jamaica Inn

2.
D.S. al Coda

shipped
in the Jamaica Inn

in the Jamaica Inn

rit.
Barons of Suburbia

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast, flowing

With capo at first fret:

\[ A \quad Asus4 \quad A7sus4 \]

\[ Bb \quad Bb\text{sus4} \quad Bb7sus4 \]

\[ A \quad Asus4 \]

\[ Bb \quad Bb\text{sus4} \quad Bb7sus4 \]

\[ A \quad Asus4 \quad A7sus4 \]

\[ Bb \quad Bb\text{sus4} \quad Bb7sus4 \]

\[ A \quad Asus4 \]

\[ Bb \quad Bb\text{sus4} \quad Bb7sus4 \]

Barons of Suburbia

When it’s all said and done

take another piece
we will lose a piece
of a carnivorous
good

Graces
I'm in my war you're in yours
Barons of suburbia

do we fight for peace as they take another
I have heard you pray before you
piece of us But baby I would
your her So baby will you

let your darkness invade me
let my darkness invade you

you could may be turn this white
You always liked your wafer
light into
sweet into
na
mid
dle}
be-
for
G

Ab

D/F#  Em7  D

G  Em7

It was a slight mis-
cal-
A/C#  Bm7  A

G  Em7

la-
that my friends
tion that my friends
would be__

my friends would be__
A/C#  Bm7  A
Bs/D  Cm7  Bs
    D  Eb  G

waiting on the other side of the

A/C#  Bm7  A
Bs/D  Cm7  Bs
    G  Em7  A/C#  Bm7  A

bridge on the other side of this

G  Em7  A/C#  Bm7  A
   Ab  Fm7  Bs/D  Cm7  Bs

molehill of a mountain this potion now a
poison they're on the other side

right we're on the other

side of her midnight of
I am piecing a potion
to combat your poison
I am
Sleeps with Butterflies

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, with a beat

Airplanes take you away again

Are you flying above where we live Then I look up

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Am7  Bb  C
____ a glare in my eyes Are you having regrets about last night

Fmaj9  Bb\maj9
I'm not but I like rivers that
Balloons look good from on the ground

Fmaj9  Bb\maj9
rush in so then I dove
I fear with pins and needles a

Gm11  Am7
in round Is there trouble ahead for you the acrobat
We may fall then stumble up on a carrou...
I won’t push you unless you have a net

You say the word you know, I will find you

I don’t hold on to the tail of your kite

I’m not like the girls that you’ve known

But I believe I’m worth coming home to
Kiss away night. This girl only sleeps with butterflies

with butterflies so go on and fly

then boy girl. This girl
Coda

B♭maj7

Fmaj9

girl only sleeps with Butterflies

B♭maj9

Fmaj9

B♭maj9

with Butterflies

with Butterflies

Fmaj9

B♭maj9

Fmaj9

flies so go on and fly boy
General Joy
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Dm       F       G       G# Dm

mf

I know you'll take me there where your boys were left behind
I know you won't love your bride That doesn't mean your're a bad guy
I know you'll take me there but you'll need strength from within

Dm       F       G       Dm

General Joy it seems you need a soldier girl now "they" have Liberty
General Ly you're friends but she is not the love of your life
General Joy it seems you need a soldier girl and a willing
very gagged

collection

by boat
by tram
by motorbus

could it be

or your wife

could it be

fates are protecting us

The possibilities

from the Hawks

that have

from the Men

who have

stolen the bird from the sky

time for you to decide

now assumed their name

and
Mother Revolution

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow (♩ = ♩ =

Emadd9  D6  Cmaj7#11  D6

Lucky me
A wife on loan
I guessed the kind of man that

Emadd9  D6  Cmaj7#11  B7  Emadd9  D6

you would turn out to be
Now I wish that
Next I go to

Cmaj7#11  D6  Emadd9  D6  Cmaj7#11  B7

I'd been wrong and then I could remember to breathe
Seven Gates and My sister's Bass Banana

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And all along the Watch-tow'r, the night horses and the
black mares ready themselves for the outcome.

And all along the Watch-tow'r, the night horses and the
black mares steady themselves for the outcome.

for the strange times upon us,
for the strange days upon us.
But what you didn't count on was another Mother of a

Mother Revolution But what you didn't count on

was another Mother of a Mother Revolution
Cmaj7#11  B7  Cadd9
tion  you could - 've had me  you could - 've had

G/B  G  D
me  you could - 've had me  Right there be - side you  you could - 've had

C  G/B  G  D
me boy  you could - 've had me  you could - 've had me  Right there be-
side you

Right there beside you What you didn't count on

was another Mother of a Mother revolution
Ribbons Undone
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

D   Gadd9
D   Gadd9

she's a girl
she's a rose

D   Gadd9
D   Gadd9

rising from a shell
in a Lil-y's cloak

D   Gadd9
D   Gadd9

running to
she can hide her
spring charms

A   D   Gadd9

It is her time
It is her right

It is her time
there will be time to

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run
sun

with Rib-bons un-done

she runs like a fire does just picking up daisies

in for a landing a pure flash of lightning

Past alice-blue blossoms you
follow her laughter And then she'll surprise you arms filled with lavender Yes

my little pony is growing up fast She corrects me and says “you mean

a thoroughbred” A look in her eye says the Battle's beginning From
school she comes home and cries I don't want to grow
up Mom at least not tonight you're a girl
Rising from a shell
Running through Spring
with Summer's hand

—in reach now It is your time
It is your

time so just run
with Ribbons undone
It is your time... yes my

It is your time, so just run

with Ribbons undone
Cars and Guitars
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

G D C

If I choke Boy you start me up again
whip has skirt you said it proud Sometimes

C G D

Restrung my wires y know this gearbox can make the shift polish
I'd watch her idle while you'd tune her up me with my si

C
G
D

--- my rims
- lencer on

--- Damned if you do
--- You and your crocodile clip

--- Damned if you don't
--- Me and my

C
G
D

Swear it seems of late
--- boy I've even curved
--- alligator pears yeah
--- tricked out for the

C
G/A
Am
G/D
D

--- your bow
--- to a spin

--- still the rain can't
--- confuse the thoughts
--- that

---
G   D   Csus2           to Coda θ
Driv    -     -     -
in'   keep    on    Driv

1.
Csus2    G   D   C
in'    yeah    then

2.
G   D   C

“Yeah that    in’
D

You say that "I miss you" You stop in at my drive thru

Em Bm C

you know you'll order some some boy 'cause it

Coda

Em Bm C

driv'in' Keep on driv
C\sus2  G  D  C
in'  yeah then  If

D  C
I choke Boy You start me up again Re-string my wires y'know this

D  C
gear-box can make the shift polish my rims
**Witness**

Words and Music by Tori Amos

**Slowly, with a beat**

Dm

\[
\text{Thought I had a}
\]

F

\[
\text{Thought I had a}
\]

G

\[
\text{Thought we had a}
\]

F

\[
\text{Thought we had a}
\]

G

\[
\text{Thought we had a}
\]

Dm

\[
\text{Thought we had a}
\]
Dm

wit - ness
friend - ship
C’m-on, c’m-on, c’m-on

F

C’tis
To this
mur - der

G

Thought I had a
Thought I heard you

Thought I had a
Thought I heard this

Dm

wit - ness
Whis - per

F

To this
thought

G

ing
s

Thought we were on the same

Brew was

more than Bul - let

proof

But words are

witch - es’
Dm  

Then the judges 
like guns

F

When you shoot the moon 
'Cause everybody

G

called in a

Dm

witness

whispers

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Em  Dm  C  Bb  Am  Gm

So then when Did you then Begin your Craving for White powder Exotic Matter that
Cells divide
Arresting
time
So in your Furnace then You drank my Tenderness
Feldspar and Mica then You thought that You would
G
F/G
G
F
C

Own
My
temple
of
gold
Gonna

Dm
F
G
Dm

Rise
In the night
Pick myself off the floor
I know now
That it's

F
G
Dm
F
G

Over
I had a life
Before
You left me
burning
Your petrol emotion
Wanting more
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Thought I had a
Slower

Gm

Is there any one?

Gm

Is it any wonder?
Gm  
F  
C  

Is there an - y - one?  
Is it an - y won - der  
I'm out the  

Gm  

Dm  
C  

I'm out the door  
now  

Gm  
F  
C  

Is there an - y way?  
Is there an - y way for  
ward?
Tempo I

Dm

\[\text{Thought I had a witness} \]

F

\[\text{Thought I had a} \]

G

\[\text{play 3 times (vocals ad lib.)} \]

Dm

\[\text{Thought I had a} \]

F

\[\text{Thought I had a} \]

G

\[\text{Thought I had a} \]
Original Sinsuaility
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Em

With capo at first fret:

Fm

There was a

G

Ab

Amadd9

Bb-madd9

gar - den in the be - gin - ning

Before

G

Ab

A

Em

Ab

Bb

Fm

the fall

Be - fore Gen - e - sis

There was a
_tree there_  
A tree of _knowledge_  
_Sophia_

_Slower_

_would insist_  
You must eat of this  
_Original Sin?_

No I don’t think so,  
_Original Sin_  
_sus- al - ity_  
_O_
In your Darkness
You are not alone

By You are not alone
Ireland

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately Reggae (\( \frac{3}{4} \) – \( \frac{3}{4} \))

B  E/B  B

B

F#

B

Driv-in' in my Saab on my way to

E  B

Irland it's been a long time it's been a

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long time          Driv' in' with my friends
on my way to

Ireland it's been a long time it's been a long time

1. So when I was out in the desert
2. Next in New York I fell out with a dragon
3. Was n't it you who held off a surrender
And the white collar kind but just as ferocious

He said you're red and made of clay a virgin portrait

I remembered Macha running faster than the horses

I let him wake me but decided not to stay

Then an encounter with a voice that caressed me
I prayed on my knees

long time

oh such a long long time

Been a

long time a long time

rit.
The Beekeeper
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, with a beat

With capo at first fret:

\[ \text{Dm} \]
\[ \text{Em} \]

Flaxen hair blowing in the breeze.
I will comb myself into chains.

\[ \text{D} \]
\[ \text{Eb} \]
\[ \text{C} \]
\[ \text{Db} \]

It is time for the geese to head.
In between the tap dance clan and your
I have come with my mustard seed
I have come for the Beekeeper
I cannot accept
I know you want my

C

except that she will be
You want my Queen
Any thing
But this, can you use me instead?

"Do you know who I am" she said "I'm the one who taps you on the shoulder"
Bb6
Cs6
Gm
A♭m

when it’s your time
Don’t be a-fraid I promise that she

Cm
C♯
D
G

will a-wake To-mor-row

to Coda 1.

F
Gb
G
Ab
Gb

where To-mor-row Some-where"
Dm

wrap your self around the Tree of Life and the

2.

Dance of the Infinity of the Hive mor row Some-

Dm C Dm

Ebm Dm Ebm

where"
In your gown with your breathing mask on
Plugged into a heart machine

As if you ever needed one
I must see the Bee-keeper

I must see if she'll keep her alive her a-

live I have come with my mus-tard seed

C

D₇♭

B₉

D₇m

C₉

E♭m

D.S. al Coda
Coda

G

Ab

F

Gb

mor - row

Some - where"

May - be I'm

Gsus4

G

Dm

C

Gsus4

G

Ab

Dsus4

Ab

Ebm

Db

Dsus4

Ab

Ebm

Db

Dsus4

pass - ing you by

Just pass - ing you by

girl I'm just pass - ing you by

On my way

On my way

I'm just pass - ing you by

But don't be con - fused
One day I'll be coming for you...

I must see the Beekeeper...
Martha’s Foolish Ginger

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

E   D   E

Take a walk down

D   A   E   D   A

memory lane with me Past a watermelon stand on the way

E   D   A   Aadd9

Thinking I had every thing we’d need on Martha’s Foolish
F#m       D       A
half       a       mile       inland       who       knows       what

Dmaj7     G
I would    have    done

If those hard

D       C#7         F#m
bord lights had just been a half a mile inland

to Coda

D       A       Dmaj7
land who knows what I would have
done

A familiar voice "Hi. Surprise.

I've been searching trying to find you"

I couldn't speak my hands reached for Martha's Foolish
Ginger

We talked un-till the moon came up

About how life without love isn’t worth

very much. Then I played this song

I would have done what I would have

D.S. al Coda
G6
Dmaj7
E

done
what I would have done

D
E
D
A

"Memories that we have yet" you said

E
D
A
E

"To make like our Burning Bed..." Love, don't mis-take that it

D
A
Aadd9

wasn't safe on Martha's Foolish Ginger.

rit.
Hoochie Woman

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

Em

Hoo-chie Wom-an

Hoo-chie Wom-

G  A7  Em

I was n’t thinking
I went to work__
My head was in the book
and the__ of-fice girls

G  A7  Em

His hands were on__ her
were all__ burn-ing their
po-et__ ry
I saw his face__
It was n’t good__

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I dropped my coffee but in the Neighborhood
He's cheating on me with a Hoochie Woman
Ooo hoo hoo you can

Keep your Hoochie Ooo hoo hoo you can Keep the house
Ooo hoo hoo and the bank accounts 'cause boys I

1.

A7

Em

bring home the Bacon Hoochickie Woman

2., 3.

G A7 A7

Hoochickie Woman bring home the Bacon
I said boys I bring home the Bacon now__

Hoo-chie Woman

to Coda

He called me up and said a "she has needs"
I said "you'll find 'em on Barney's fourth floor"

He said "I need a loan"  "That's not a problem"

You better keep this from your a Hoochie Woman"

Hoochie Woman

D.S. al Coda (take 3rd ending)
Goodbye Pisces
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

With capo at first fret:

C5

Db5

I don't know why
I cried and washed my
So how will I go

I don't know why
In your Boys' life

D5

Eb5

you became like a bull
like a bull in a china shop
Smash it

Ice into ice
and if it could freeze

Back on the shelf with a smile
with a smile to the customer and say on

C5  Db5

up in - to smith - er - eens
heart would - n’t float a - way
sale by the own - er

There you
There we
Here I

Dm7  Ebm7

There you go a - gain
There we go a - gain
Here I go a - gain

Breaking
Breaking
Breaking

Breaking por - ce - lain
Breaking por - ce - lain
Breaking por - ce - lain

F  Gb

Is that all
Is that all
Is that all

I am just
we are just
I am just

a Doll
some Dolls
a Doll

Am  Bbm
got used to__ We've done, we've done this__ before
as Mars sauntered through__ his door____ Don't say it's
to Coda Θ Am G F Em Dm7 Em7 F Gb Ab5
time to say____ Good-bye to Pisces Good-bye to Pisces_
Marys of the Sea

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

With capo at first fret:

Hey Hey
I am not in your way_

Hey Hey
there's a new Je - ru - sa - lem_

Hey Hey
no need to push me a - gain_

I For
you built on rock that's on __ sand_

know it's your day in the sun

Last time I checked he__ came to

Bm  \[\text{Cm} \]
E  \[\text{F} \]
F#m11  \[\text{Gm11} \]
E/G#  \[\text{F/A} \]
E  \[\text{F} \]
Gadd9  \[\text{Absadd9} \]

light the lamp for ev'ry one
"re-lax"

D/F#  \[\text{Eib/G} \]
Emadd9  \[\text{Fmadd9} \]
D/F#  \[\text{Eib/G} \]
Gadd9  \[\text{Absadd9} \]
A  \[\text{Bb} \]

Love" he said before he left
"take those hands a-

Bm  \[\text{Cm} \]
E  \[\text{F} \]
F#m11  \[\text{Gm11} \]
E/G#  \[\text{F/A} \]
E  \[\text{F} \]
Bm  \[\text{Cm} \]
G  \[\text{Abs} \]

way from your eyes
from where I_
stand you're in my sky
you must go must flee for they will hunt you
down you and your unborn seed in all of Gaul is there safety?
Marie de la Mer
We will dance your ring

to Coda II

D.C. al Coda I

I hear a voice and it
sings, "The red of the red rose is its own and something no man can divide."

so Saint Jermaine hear the pray'r of this sup -
I know it's your day in the sun

1.
know it's your day in the sun

2.
Last time I checked

he came to light the lamp for every one
Toast

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

With capo at first fret:

Dmadd9
Amadd9/C
Dmadd9

E♭madd9
B♭madd9/Db
E♭madd9

I thought it was_
I thought it was_

Amadd9/C
G
Fmaj9

B♭madd9/Db
A♭
G♭maj9

East-ter time the way the light rose
har-vest time You al-ways loved the
rose that morn-ing
smell of the wood burn-ing

Dm
Amadd9/C

Em
B♭madd9/Db

Late-ly you’ve been on my mind
She with her honey hair
You showed me D-al-hou-sie

G

Ab

Amadd9/C

Em

the rope
Cas-tle

ropes_to_climb_oo-ver
she would meet you_there_in

the win-

D

Cadd9

Amadd9

Dadd9

Ebadd9

Dsadd9

B♭madd9

-tains_and_to_pull_my-self
-ter_But-ter_yel-low

out_of_a_land-

The_flames_you

1.

Dadd9

Amadd9/C

Dadd9

Esadd9

slide_of_a_land-slide
Amadd9/C
B5madd9/D5

Dadd9
E5add9

stirred

Yes, you could stir
I raise a glass

Cadd9
Dsadd9

G
Ab
B5m

Am
Fadd9
Gbadd9

Make a toast
A toast in your honor or I hear

mp

Cadd9
Dsadd9

G
Ab
Gbadd9

you laugh and beg me not
to dance
'cause on your
right standing by is Mister Bojangles With a

toast he's telling me it's time to raise a

glass Make a toast A toast in your honor or I hear_
you laugh and beg me not to dance 'cause on your
right standing by is Mister Bojangles With a
toast he's telling me it's time To let you go
Let you go

Am/C
Bb/Db

you again You said you might do

G
Fmaj9
Ab
Gmaj9

maybe in a carving In a cathedral

Somewhere in Barcelona