

Baker Baker

[Tori Amos](#)

Baker baker, baking a cake
Make me a day, make me whole again
And I wonder what's in a day
What's in your cake this time I guess you heard he's gone to L.A.
He says that behind my eyes I'm hiding
And he tells me I pushed him away
That my heart's been hard to find Here
There must be something here
There must be something here
Here Baker baker and can you explain
If truly his heart was made of icing?
Well, and I wonder mine could taste
Maybe we could change his mind I know your late for your next parade
You came to make sure that I'm not running
Well, I ran from him in all kinds of way
Guess it was his turn this time Time
Thought I'd made friends with time
Thought we'd be flying
Maybe not this time Baker baker, baking a cake
Make me a day, make me whole again
And I wonder if he's okay
If you see him say, "Hi"

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