

# Juarez

## Tori Amos

Dropped off the edge again down in Juarez  
"Don't even bat an eye if the eagle cries", the Rasta man says  
Just 'cause the desert likes your girls flesh  
And no angel came, no angel came  
I don't think you even know what you think you just said  
So go on, spill your seed shake your gun to the Rasta man's head  
Across the desert she must be blessed  
And no angel came, no angel came, no angel came  
There's a time to keep it up, a time to keep it in  
The Indian is told, the Cowboy is his friend  
A time to keep it up, a time to keep it in  
The Indian is told, Cowboy is his friend  
You know that I can breathe, even when I cheat  
Should, should've, should've been over for me  
No angel came, no angel came  
No angel came, no angel came  
No angel came, no angel came  
No angel came, no angel came

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