

Don't Make Me Come to Vegas

Tori Amos

Don't make me come to vegas
Don't make me pull you
Out of his bed
I am vigilant
That it will not be you
On the menu he's serving
Up for his friends Don't make me come to vegas
Don't make me pull him
Out of your head
Athena will attest
That it could be done
And it has been done
And I think that I am up to it And the jacaranda tree
She's telling me of
The trouble you're in
Just by the way
She bends
Remember dancing
And wondering
As you were swaying
What kind of woman you'd be
"what will be will be"
Over my dead body Slip through your hand again and again
Slip through your hand again and again My old flame was a jester
And a joker
And as dealer of men,
They called him the prince
Prince of black jacks
And of women
And of anything
That's slipped into his hands
"and the ranches and the mustangs"
And the way you said
"you can have all this,
Except for me--you see
Lady luck is my mistress
And you'll have to play
Second to her wish" And the jacaranda tree
Is telling me

It's not over yet,
Just by the way she bends
"if you come breezin' through"
You said "i'll know that it's you
By the taste on my lips,
Bet on the desert's kiss"
I could slip through your net
"over my dead body" Slip through your hand again and again
Slip through your hand again and again Don't make me come to vegas
Don't make me come to vegas
Don't make me come to vegas

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