# Fast Horse

## Tori Amos

How can I be drunk?
You strike with dry poison
I am possessed
Still engaged in some kind of advanced shackling
Girl you got to find you the man
Who can smoke this out, bad medicine
Girl you got to find you the man
Who can smoke this out, good medicine would say
You got you a fast horse darlin'
But all you do is complain it ain't a Maserati
You had a soul that you left back in Memphis
But your mama ain't New York, she is pure Tennessee
On a desert highway
I am struck by my own rage
Time bomb in his palm, a finger apple
Augments, this advanced shackling
Girl you got to find you the man
Who can smoke this out, bad medicine
Girl you got to find you the man
Who can smoke this out, good medicine would say
You got you a fast horse darlin'
But all you do is complain it ain't a Maserati
You had a soul that you left back in Memphis
But your mama ain't New York, she is pure can't you see?
You got you a fast horse darlin'
But all you do is complain it ain't a Maserati
You had a soul that you left back in Memphis
But your mama ain't New York, she is pure can't you see?
Your mama ain't New York, she is pure Tennessee

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