

Putting the Damage On (Remastered)

Tori Amos

Glue, stuck to my shoes
Does anyone know why?
You play with an orange rind
You say, you packed my things
And divided, what was mine
You're off to the mountain top
I see her skinny legs could use sun
But now I'm wishin' for my best impression
Of my best, Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause boy you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage
Yes, when you're putting the damage on
Take it high, high, high
Don't make me scratch on your door
I never left you for a banjo
I only just turned around
For a poodle and a Corvette and my impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause boy you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage on, pretty
When you're putting the damage on
Take it high, high, high
High, high, high
I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost passing through
I said, "I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost passing through
It's just your ghost passing through
And now I'm quite sure"
There's a light in your platoon
I never seen a light move
Like yours can, to do to me, love
Now I'm wishin' for my best impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
'Cause boy you still look pretty
To me but I've got a place to go
I've got a ticket to your late show
And now I've got to worry
'Cause even still you sure are pretty
When you're putting the damage
Yes, when you're putting the damage on
You're just so pretty

When you're putting the damage on

Songwriters

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