

# Jamaica Inn

[Tori Amos](#)

Can you patch my jeans Peggy Ann  
Just a little stitch to mend the hole  
He has torn, if you can Maybe I've got too set in my ways  
He says she reminds him of me  
When we first met, in those early days The sexiest thing is trust, I wake up to find  
The pirates have come, tying up along your coast  
How was I to know, the pirates have come  
Between Rebecca's, beneath your firmaments  
I have worshiped in the Jamaica inn  
In the Jamaica inn With the gales, my little boat was tossed  
How was I to know, that you'd sent her  
With a lantern, to bring me in Are you positive this is a friend?  
The captain grimaced those are cliffs  
Of rock ahead, if I'm not mistaken The sexiest thing is trust, I wake up to find  
The pirates have come, tying up along your coast  
How was I to know, the pirates have come  
Between Rebecca's, beneath your firmaments  
I have worshiped The sexiest thing is trust, I wake up to find  
The pirates have come, tying up along your coast  
How was I to know, the pirates have come  
Between Rebecca's, beneath your firmaments  
I have worshiped, in the Jamaica inn  
In the Jamaica inn, in the Jamaica inn  
In the Jamaica inn

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