

Toodles Mr. Jim (Remastered)

[Tori Amos](#)

Toodles Mr. Jim, you cherry picker
Toodles I say, so long
Hear that your grave's a little warm you stickler
Sing 'em all your happy song
It's today, today someday by your grave I say toodles Mr. Jim, you cherry picker
Taught me so well, how to spell those red in
And, and, hey, you know she deserved that nose
Splattered and swattered blood in my hands
Not a nice day for your little girl but you came to my aid instead But, now it's toodles Mr. Jim, you cherry picker
build that ladder well
Teach me just where those boys can climb when they've got a spell
Toodles Mr. Jim, you are my sweet favorite neighbor of them all
Let them girls go to their parties, I don't care 'cause I'm with you, still That was toodles Mr. Jim
Mr. Jim died, two weeks ago
And he taught me how to pick cherries
And I punched his daughter in the nose
Because she was mean, Mr. Jim was good

Songwriters

Tori Amos Published by

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