

# Spring Haze

Tori Amos

Well I know it's just a spring haze  
But I don't much like the look of it  
And if omens are a God send like men breezing in  
Certain these clouds go somewhere  
Billowing out to somewhere  
And a single engine Cessna  
You say, "We'll never make it there"  
So all we do is circle it  
Uh oh, let go, off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Uh oh way to go so I get creamed  
Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Uh oh way to go, waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh way to go, waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to drown  
So I know it's just a spring haze  
But I don't much like the look of it  
And all we do is circle it  
And I found out where my edge is  
And it bleeds into where you resist  
And my only way, way out is to go  
So far in  
Billowing out to somewhere  
Billowing out Luna Riviera  
Billowing out to somewhere  
  
Uh oh let go off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Let go [Incomprehensible]  
Really get a creamed  
Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Why does it always end up like this?  
Why does it always end up like this?  
Why does it always end up like this?  
Uh oh, let go, off on my way  
Unseen this eternal wanting  
Let go way to go so I get creamed

Waiting for Sunday to drown  
Uh oh waiting on, waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh waiting on, waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to drown  
Waiting on Sunday to land  
Waiting on Sunday  
Waiting on Sunday to land  
Uh oh [Incomprehensible]  
Really get a creamed  
Waiting for Sunday to drown

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