

Merman

[Tori Amos](#)

Go to bed, the priests are dead
Now, no one can call you bad
Go to bed, the priests are dead
Finally you're in Peppermint LandHe's a Merman
He doesn't need your voice
He's a MermanGo to bed, dream instead
And you will find him, he's a merman to the knee
Doesn't need something you're not willing to give
He's a merman, doesn't need your voice to cross his land of iceGo to bed, the priests are dead
Now, no one can call you bad
Go to bed, the priests are dead
Finally, you found himLet it out
Who could ever say you're not simply wonderful?
Who could ever harm you?
Sleep now, you're my little goatGo to bed, the priests are dead
And come sing it all again
Go to bed, past the apple orchard
And you'll feel niceTwo can play
I said two can play

Songwriters

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