

# Pancake

Tori Amos

Here  
Here I'm not sure who's fooling who here  
As I'm watching your decay  
We both know you could deflate  
A 7 hurricane Seems like you and your tribe  
Decided you'd rewrite the law  
Segregate the mind  
From body, from soul You give me yours  
I'll give you mine  
'Cause I can look your God  
Right in the eye You give me yours  
I'll give you mine  
You used to look my God  
Right in the eye I believe in defending  
In what we once stood for  
It seems in vogue to be a closet  
Misogynist homophone A change of course in our direction  
A dash of truth spread thinly Like a flag on a pop star  
On a benzodiazepine You give me yours  
I'll give you mine  
'Cause I can look your God  
Right in the eye You give me yours  
I'll give you mine  
You used to look my God  
Right in the eye Oh, Zion please  
Remove your glove  
And dispel every trace  
Of his spoken word  
That has lodged in my vortex I'm not sure who's fooling who here  
As I'm watching our decay  
We both know you could deflate  
A 7 hurricane You could have spared her  
Oh, but no  
Messiahs need people dying  
In their name You could have spared her  
Oh, but no  
Messiahs need people dying  
In their name You say, I ordered you a pancake  
You say, I ordered you a pancake

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