

Doughnut Song (Remastered)

[Tori Amos](#)

Hand me a trick and a kick and your message
You'll never gain weight from a doughnut hole
Then thought that I could decipher your message
There's no one here to
No one at all And if I'm wastin' all your time, this time
Maybe you never learned to take
And if I'm hangin' on to your shade
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale And southern men can grow cold
(You can tell me)
Can grow pretty
(Its over, its over)
Blood can be pretty
(You can tell me)
Like a delicate man
(Its over, its over)
Copper to steel to a hinge that is faltered
(You can tell me its over, for more time, rest of the world)
That let's you in, let's you in, let's you in And if I'm wastin' all your time, this time
I guess you never learned to take
And if I'm hangin' on to your shade
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale Someone was yours, someone was yours
Keeping, bring you down
You told me last night, you were a sun now
With your very own devoted satellite
Happy for you and I am sure that I hate you
Two suns too many, too many able fires
Hey, yes (You can tell me, its over)
You've been wasting my time, this time
(You can tell me, its over, over)
Said you never learned to take
(You showed your time)
And if I'm hanging on to your shade
I guess, I'm way beyond the pale Hand me a trick and a kick and your message
You'll never gain weight from a doughnut hole

Songwriters

Tori Amos Published by

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