

# Putting the Damage On

[Tori Amos](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Glue, stuck to my shoes  
Does anyone know why?  
You play with an orange rind  
You say, you packed my things  
And divided, what was mine  
You're off to the mountain top  
I see her skinny legs could use sun  
But now I'm wishin' for my best impression Of my best, Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
'Cause boy you still look pretty  
When you're putting the damage  
Yes, when you're putting the damage on  
Take it high, high, high Don't make me scratch on your door  
I never left you for a banjo  
I only just turned around  
For a poodle and a Corvette and my impression Of my best Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
'Cause boy you still look pretty  
When you're putting the damage on, pretty  
When you're putting the damage on  
Take it high, high, high  
High, high, high I'm trying not to move  
It's just your ghost passing through  
I said, "I'm trying not to move  
It's just your ghost passing through  
It's just your ghost passing through  
And now I'm quite sure" There's a light in your platoon  
I never seen a light move  
Like yours can, to do to me, love  
Now I'm wishin' for my best impression Of my best Angie Dickinson  
But now I've got to worry  
'Cause boy you still look pretty

To me but I've got a place to go  
I've got a ticket to your late show And now I've got to worry  
'Cause even still you sure are pretty  
When you're putting the damage  
Yes, when you're putting the damage on  
You're just so pretty  
When you're putting the damage on

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