

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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