

Little Earthquakes (Live 1992)

Tori Amos

Yellow bird flying
Get shot in the wing
Good year for hunters
And Christmas parties And I hate and I hate and I hate and I hate
Elevator music
The way we fight
The way I'm left here silent Oh, these little earthquakes
Here we go again
Oh, these little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces We danced in graveyards
With vampires till dawn
We laughed in the faces of kings
Never afraid to burn And I hate and I hate and I hate and I hate
Disintegration watching us wither
Black winged roses
That safely change their color Oh, these little earthquakes
Here we go again
Oh, these little earthquakes
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces
Doesn't take much to rip us into pieces I can't reach you, I can't reach you
I can't reach you, I can't reach you, can't reach you Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again
Give me life, give me pain, give me myself again Oh, these little earthquakes
Here we go again
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Songwriters

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