

# Toast

## Tori Amos

I thought it was Easter time  
The way the light rose, rose that morning  
Lately you've been on my mind  
You showed me the rope, ropes to climb  
Over mountains and to pull myself  
Out of a landslide, of a landslide I thought it was harvest time  
You always loved the smell of the wood burning  
She with her honey hair, Dalhousie Castle  
She would meet you there  
In the winter, butter-yellow  
The flames you stirred, yes, you could stir I raise a glass, make a toast, a toast in your honor  
I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance  
'Cause on your right standing by  
Is Mr. Bojangles with a toast  
He's telling me it's time to raise a glass  
Make a toast, a toast in your honor I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance  
'Cause on your right standing by  
Is Mr. Bojangles with a toast  
He's telling me it's time  
To let you go, let you go I thought I'd see you again  
You said you might do  
Maybe in a carving in a cathedral  
Somewhere in Barcelona

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