

# Snow Cherries from France

[Tori Amos](#)

I knew a boy who would not share his bike  
Oh, but he let me go sailing  
I swore that I could survive any storm  
Oh, then he let me go "Can you launch rockets from here?"  
Boy I've done it for years, right over my head  
And when I promised my hand  
He promised me back, snow Cherries from France All that summer we traveled the world  
Never leaving his own back garden  
Girls I didn't know, just what it could be  
Oh, but he let me go sailing You question me, "Can you ride anything?"  
Lord, do you mean like your mood swings  
Invaders and traders with the best intentions  
May convince you to go "They look like pirates from here"  
Boy I've been one for years, just keeping my head  
And when I promised my hand  
You promised me back, snow Cherries from France All that summer we traveled the world  
Never leaving his own back garden  
Girls I didn't know, just what it could be  
Oh, but he let me go sailing And then one day he said  
"Girl it's been nice oh, but I have to go sailing"  
With cinnamon lips that did not match his eyes  
Oh, then he let me go

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