

# Cruel

## Tori Amos

So don't give me respect  
Don't give me a piece of your preciousness  
Flaunt all she's got in your old neighborhood  
I'm sure she'll make a few friends  
Even the rain bows down, let us pray  
As you cock up, cock your mane  
No cigarettes only peeled Havana's for you  
I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Why can't my balloon stay up  
In a perfectly windy sky  
I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Don't know, why? Dance with the Sufi's  
Celebrate your top ten in the charts of pain  
Lover, brother, bougainvillea  
My vine twists around your need  
Even the rain is sharp like today  
As you shock me sane  
No cigarettes only peeled Havana's for you  
I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Why can't my balloon stay up  
In a perfectly windy sky? I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Don't know, why? I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Why can't my balloon stay up  
In a perfectly windy sky? I can be cruel  
I don't know, why?  
Don't know why, why? Why, why?  
Why, why?

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