

Hey Jupiter (Remastered)

Tori Amos

No one's picking up the phone
Guess it's me and me
And this little masochist
She's ready to confess
All the things
That I never thought that she could feelHey Jupiter
Nothing's been the same
So are you gay, are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run to
And I thought I wouldn't have to be with you
Something with youSometimes I breathe you in
And I know you know
And sometimes you take a swim
Found your writing on my wall
Well if my heart's soaking wet
Boy your boots can leave a messHey Jupiter
Nothing's been the same
So are you gay, are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run to
And I thought you wouldn't have to keep
With me hidingThought I knew myself so well
All the doubts I had took my leather off the shelf
Your apocalypse was fab
For a girl who couldn't choose between the shower or the bath
And I thought I wouldn't have to be with you
A magazineNo one's pickin' up the phone
Guess it's clear, he's gone
And this little masochist
Is lifting up her dress
Guess I thought I could never feel
The things I feelHey Jupiter
Nothing's been the same
So are you gay, are you blue?
Thought we both could use a friend to run toHey Jupiter
Nothing's been the same
So are you safe, now we're through
Thought we both could use a friend to run to
Hey Jupiter

Songwriters

Tori AmosPublished by

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