

After All

Tori Amos

Please trip them gently
They don't like to fall
Oh by jingo
There's no room for anger
We're all very small
Oh by jingo

We're painting our faces
And dressing in thoughts from the skies
From paradise
They think that we're holding a secretive ball
Won't someone invite them
They're just taller children, that's all
After all

Man is an obstacle
Sad as a clown
Oh by jingo
So hold on to nothing
And he won't let you down
Oh by jingo

Some people are marching together
And some on their own
Quite alone
Others are running
The smaller ones crawl
But some sit in silence
They're just older children that's all
After all

I sing with impertinence
Shading impermanent chords
With my words
I've borrowed your time
And I'm sorry I called
But the thought just occurred
That we're nobody's children at all,
After all

Live till your rebirth
And do what you will
Oh by jingo
Forget all I've said
Please bear me no ill
Oh by jingo

After all