

# Don't Make Me Come to Vegas

Tori Amos

don't make me come to vegas  
don't make me pull you out of his bed  
i am vigilant that it will not be  
you on the menu he's serving up for his friends  
don't make me come to vegas  
don't make me pull him out of your head  
athena will attest  
that it could be done  
and it has been done  
and i think that i am up to it  
and the jacaranda tree  
is telling me of the trouble you're in  
just by the way  
she bends remember dancing and wondering  
as you were swaying  
what kind of woman you'd be  
"what will be will be" over my dead body  
slip through your hand again and again  
slip through your hand again and again  
my old flame was a jester and a joker  
and as healer of men, they called him the prince  
prince of black jacks and of women  
and of anything that's slipped into his hands  
"and the ranches and the mustangs"  
and the way you said "you can have all this, except for me--  
you see lady luck is my mistress  
and you'll have to play second to her wish"  
and the jacaranda tree  
is telling me it's not over yet,  
just by the way  
she bends "if you come breezin' through"  
you said "i'll know that it's you by the taste on my lips,  
bet on the deserts kiss"  
i could slip through your net  
"over my dead body" slip through your hand  
don't make me come to vegas  
hmmm