

## Precious Things

Tori Amos

So I ran faster  
But you caught me here  
Yes my loyalties turned  
Like my ankle  
In the seventh grade  
Running after Billy  
Running after the rain  
These precious things  
Let them bleed  
Let them wash away  
These precious things let them break  
Their hold over me

He said you're really an ugly girl  
But I like the way you play  
And I died  
But I thanked him  
Can you believe that  
Sick, sick, holding on to his picture  
Dressing up every day  
I wanna smash the faces of those beautiful boys  
Those Christian boys  
So you can made me come  
That doesn't make you Jesus  
I remember  
Yes in my peach party dress  
No one dared  
No one cared  
To tell me where the pretty girls are  
Those demigods  
With their nine-inch nails  
And little fascist panties  
Tucked inside the heart  
Of ever nice girl  
These precious things  
Let them bleed  
Let them wash away  
These precious things  
Let them break  
Let them wash away