

# Daisy Dead Petals

Tori Amos

Daisy dead petals  
That is her name  
She's in her phone booth phase, so  
Underneath the shade of a peppermint tray  
She can turn it out  
With a heal on  
She just rides into town  
Knowing what they'll say  
Knowing they're around the corner  
Got a crack in  
Got a crack in some strange places

Daisy dead petals  
That is her name  
So maybe she tastes like a hamburger maid, well  
These dead petals, honey  
Brought me here  
She said  
These dead petals, honey  
Brought me here

Dancing on a dime  
Hearing mother cry  
Maybe she's around the corner  
Got a crack in  
Got a crack in some strange places  
On my back with  
On my back with some dirty dishes

Falling down, falling down  
All over the river  
Falling down, falling down  
Falling down  
Wish what I'm feeling  
Could go on like this forever  
Falling down, falling down  
Falling down

And since we're down  
Might as well stay  
Might as well fry some eggs  
And wave to the shade of the peppermint tray  
She's a new friend  
Not a skeleton  
To ride into town  
Knowing what they'll say  
Knowing she tastes like a hamburger maid, but  
These dead petals, honey  
Brought me here  
She said  
These dead petals, honey  
Brought me here