

Hey Jupiter

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 feel and

Hey 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'd see with me
You wouldn't have to be something new

Sometimes I breathe you in
And I know you know
And sometimes you take a swim
Found your writing on my wall
If my hearts soaking wet
Boy your boots can leave a mess

Hey 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 keep
With you
Hiding

Thought I knew myself so well
All the dolls 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 magazine

No one's picking 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 feel
Hey Jupiter