

Putting the Damage On

Tori Amos

Glue
Stuck to my shoes
Does anyone know why you play with an orange rind
You say you packed my things
And divided what was mine you're off to the mountain top
I say her skinny legs could use sun
But now I'm wishing
For my best impression
Of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
Cause boy you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage on

Don't make me scratch on your door
I never left you
For a banjo
I only just turned around for a poodle
And a corvette
And my impression
of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
Cause boy you still look pretty
When you're putting the damage on

I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost
Passing through
I said
I'm trying not to move
It's just your ghost passing through
It's just your ghost
Passing through
And now
I'm quite sure
There's a light in your platoon
I never seen a light move
Like yours
Can do to me
So now I'm wishing
For my best impression
of my best Angie Dickinson
But now I've got to worry
Cause boy you still look pretty
To me
But I've got a place to go
I've got a ticket to your late show
And now I'm worrying cause even still
You sure are pretty
When you're putting the damage on
Yes
When you're putting the damage on
You're just so pretty
When you're putting the damage on