

## Sister Janet

Tori Amos

Master Shamen  
I have come  
With my dolly from the shadow side  
With a demon and an Englishman  
I'm my mother  
I'm my son  
Nobody else is slipping the blade in easy  
Nobody else is slipping the blade in the marmalade

All the angels  
All the wizards black and white  
Are lighting candles in our hands  
Can you feel them  
Touching hands before our eyes  
And I can even see sweet Marianne

Sister Janet  
You have come  
From the woman clothed with the sun  
Your veil is quietly becoming none  
Call the Wanderer  
He has gone  
And all those up there are making it look so easy  
With your perfect wings  
A wing can cover all sorts of things

All the angels  
All the wizards black and white  
Are lighting candles in our hands  
Can you feel them  
Touching hands before our eyes  
And I can even see sweet Marianne