

Tori Amos, Parasol

When I come to terms to terms with this
When I come to terms with this
When I come to terms to terms with this
My world will change for me
I haven't moved since the call came
Since the call came I haven't moved
I stare at the wall knowing on the other side
The storm that waits for me

Then the Seated Woman with a Parasol
May be the only one you can't betray
If I'm the Seated Woman with a Parasol
I will be safe in my frame

I have no need for a sea view
For a sea view I have no need
I have my little pleasures
This wall being one of these

When I come to terms to terms with this
When I come to terms with this
When I come to terms with this whip lash
of silk on wool embroidery

Then the Seated Woman with a Parasol
May be the only one you can't betray
If I'm the Seated Woman with a Parasol
I will be safe in my frame
I will be safe
In my frame
In your house
In your frame