Yo George
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, in 2

G5

\[ \text{I saw you} \]

G5

\[ \text{lute to you} \quad \text{Commander and I sneeze} \quad \text{'Cause I} \]

G5

\[ \text{have now an Allergy To your policies it seems} \]

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Where have we gone wrong, America?

Mister Lincoln we can't seem to find you anywhere.

Out of the millions From the deserts To the mountains

Over prairies To the shores...
Is this just the Madness of King George? Yo George.

Is this just the Madness of King George? Yo George.

Well you have the whole nation on all fours.
Big Wheel

Words and Music by Tori Amos

I've been on the other side. Got my

lips attached now they're dry. Then you call me call me in. You think I am your

possession you're messing with a southside girl. But my recipe is one. With your

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We could be bouncing off the top of this
down your all over.

Failure to respond but
We could be

Bouncing off the top of this Cloud

A - bout what you said, has it come to this?

Bouncing off of Clouds we were
Teenage Hustling
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Freely
Bm   E7/B   G/B
You think you can come around here All up in his face

Moderately fast shuffle (♩ = ♩)
E7/B   Bm/D
All up in my world You better

(Drums)

E7/B   Bm/D   E7/B   Bm/D   E7/B   Bm/D   F#sus4
know you better know you better know I'm at your

door I'm at your door I'm at your door ______ You better

know you better know you better know ______ I'm at your

door I'm at your door I'm at your ______ You gotta

right you gotta right to ______ You gotta
right you gotta right to know me and my

Teen age Hustling I've been work it since

I'm fourteen me and my Teen age Hustling It's gonna save me save me

save me save me save me from your dirty dealings
you're a Dirty Girl
you're such a Dirty Girl
And you better

know you better
I'm at your door

You better

know you better
I'm at your

I'm at your
door I'm at your door I'm at your

Maybe the

riddle of this accident goes back to your gos

-sip- With a ferocious strategy you play

wounded in his cockpit But I think that you for
- got my days of Teen-age Hustling

Coda

You gotta right you gotta right
to know

me and my Teen-age Hustling I've been work-
in it since I'm fourteen me and my I'm fourteen But you've been
skank-in' around with your talent-less trash
You only shoot blanks at your
cock-sure best me and my
Teen-age Hustling me and my
Teen-age Hustling It's gonna save me save me
save me save me save me from your dirty dealings
Now I don't mind  a Dirty Girl  Say I don't mind

a Dirty Girl  You better know you better know you better

I'm at your door I'm at your door I'm at your

1. door  You better door
Digital Ghost
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

Gm  Bb5m7  Gm  Bb5m7

Dm  Bb5m7  Fm

It turns as a joke
Just one of my lacks to see

Gbm6  Gbm6  Db  Bb5m7

If somehow I could reach you so
I swing into your shoes through an open
I have to trust

But I fear there won't be such time

'cause the

You I knew is fading away

Hands lay then on my keys

Let me play you again

I am not immune to your
Dm  D7/C    "  
At what it is that's really haunting you. I have to trust you'll know. This fig-

A7sus4/E A7/c
erentially. But I fear there's only so much time 'cause the

Dm  D7/C            
|    |    |    |    |
|    |    |    |    |
|    |    |    |    |
|    |    |    |    |

you'll know it's falling away

C    Eb       Gm    C
ing falling falling away
You Can Bring Your Dog
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, bluesy

\[ \text{to Coda} \, \Theta \]

1. You can bring your dog
2. That oneancies herself as a black lab
He can play the wolf for the evening
I hear that your old flame is a pure breed

spoken: (Me? I guess you could say) I'm a Siamese

Ain't that a good thing
Ain't that a good thing 'cause I'm not mak-in' any promises
I'm not livin' to be the Missus
You'll be too busy boy to sue her for damages

I'm not makin' any promises honey But

You still got that somethin' pretty boy
You still got that somethin'

Somethin' as a man You still got that somethin'
Of this I
Mr. Bad Man
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast, with a bounce (♩ = 3/8)

He's a

bad man__Mister Bad__Man

And she had e__

- e-nough of him

so the wolves try______ to dry

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her eyes 'cause the bad man made her cry

But every day I know that I may just

be closer to the sea of frozen words

Words that even soldiers would lay down their swords for
And they come in every color
And flavor

to Coda

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

And flavor

too
doo doo doo doo
doo
doo
doo doo doo

doo
doo doo doo
doo
doo

doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo

C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7

There's a
gold star on a gendarme So she

asked him “Hey can you hold my song?” It’s the

one piece that I got left so

D.S. al Coda

hide it well” she said He’s a
Fat Slut

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

Am(add9)

"Fat Slut" you said

What luck I said
To be stuck in your happy family, well.

"Don't you dare" I said
Judge me You go and stick it in

Somewhere I'm sick a hearin' it

You go Stick it in

Somewhere I'm sick a hearin' it

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Girl Disappearing
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

With care at first fret:

\( \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{E5} \quad \text{A5} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Am/C} \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{Bm} \)

\( \text{F5} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Bb5} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Bb5} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \)

\( \text{Am} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \)

So it begins again

\( \text{C/G} \quad \text{D/F\#} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Db/Ab} \quad \text{Bb/G} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Bbm} \)

One, zip favoring familiar silhouettes. Left whips and chairs

behind I'm boycotting trends it's my new look this season
Riding on backs of palominos Primed for an attack It's as
good as good as it gets With girl disappearing
on earth's occurring? 'cause she's right in front of me
girl disappearing to some secret prison behind her

eyes she whispers "Big surprise there was

no protection by this urban

light so I'm running to a constellation where
A  
Bb  

A/G  
Bb/Ab  

Fm7  
Gm7  

Em  
Fin

to Coda

they can still see you"

A  
Bbm/C  
Bbm/Db

Am/C  
Bbm/Db  

Bm  
Cm

Envy can spread her self so thinly She slipped in be -

Am  
Bbm  

E/G7  
F/A  

C/G  
Db/Ab

fore I could notice it In my own war Blood in the cher ry zone
C/G
Db/Ab
when they pit woman against feminist

D/F♯
Eb/G
Riding on backs

A/C♯
Bb/D
of palominos Ditching the blond shell

Em
A/C♯
Bb/D
work-ing her hell on

A
Bb
that red carpet With girl dis-appear-ing

Am
Bb°m
what on earth's occur-ing? 'cause

D7/F♯
Ep7/G
mf

G
B7
she's right in front of me

Em
Em/G
a girl dis-appear-ing to
some secret prison but she's right in front of me a

Then I'm running too if that's a consolation cause

I can still see you
Secret Spell

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a driving beat

1. in one hand dreams a plenty in her smile a

2. at the heart of the matter someone wove a

secret spell there have been disappointments
secret spell mixed with girl not so peaceful

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eighteen wheels in a high heel just turn you around

sold a dream at twenty-three turn you around

hold out you

still got your secret spell
1. B5 C#5 A5 B5
  your secret spell

2. B5

yeah girl you go to do a one-eighth

disappointment you know it well but losing you was not a

D.S. al Coda

part of this plan
Coda

out

hold out

you still got your secret

spell your secret spell now girl

you got to do a one-eighty 'cause you still got your secret spell
Devils and Gods
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

Devils and Gods — now that's an idea. But if we believe —
that it's They who de-cide That's the ul-ti-mate de-
trac-tor of crimes 'cause Devils and Gods They are You and

I Devils and Gods They are you and

I Devils and Gods Safe and In-
side
Body and Soul

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately (♩=♩)  

N.C.

1. I have wait - ed all my life
You say you are bo - na - side to

2. In my tem - ple boy be warned
Vio - lence does - n’t have a home now but

be my judge
Lay your law down
that’s as pure as a
wo - man’s gold

Sev - en dev - ils bring them on
I have left my weap - ons ‘cause I
think you're wrong these devils of yours they need love

Come and kneel with me Body and Soul

Come and kneel with me Body and Soul
Come and kneel with me  Body and Soul

8vb

E5  G5  A5  E5  G5  A5  E5  G5  A5  E5

Body and Soul  Body and Soul

(bvb)

1.

2.

E5

Soul

I'll
D
Ds
Ds/C

save you from that sunday sermon Boy I think you

Ds/B Ds/A

need a conversion Body and

E5

D.S. al Coda

Body and Soul

Coda

E5

Soul

(8)
Father's Son
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Gm       Am/C       Gm       Am/C       Gm       Am/C

Gm       Am/C       Gm       Am/C       Gm       Am/C

1. Stead-y girl on your feet
2. So the desert blooms

Gm       Am/C       Gm       Am/C       Gm       Csus4

You and your wonderings
straw-ber-ry cactus

Bread can feed a few
Can you blame me

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E♭
B♭
B♭/A
Gm
Am/C
Gm
Am/C

in a trusting virgin gun

Gm
Am/C
Gm
Am/C
Gm
Am/C

Steady girl for the show
Steady boy watch them pray

Gm
Am/C
Gm
Csus4
Gm
Am/C

God versus God ring
side spect
Littered with corpses
If you keep my flesh firm

Gm
Am/C
1.
Gm
Am/C
2.
D.S. al Coda

neither God can forgive
ready those sacraments
Coda

So it ends so it begins

I'm my father's son

Plant another seed of hate

In another father's son
Programmable Soda

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Think of me as programmable soda
Too much cherry? Baby then you can

just add cola
Think of me as programmable soda

'Cause you can be cruel
So okay, then I just back off
the vanilla
Think of me as programmable soda
'cause I've come
to accept that
for love lies you
are a fanatic
But I can't let that throw me
into a genital panic
Think of me as programable soda
Too much cherry? Baby then you can just add cola
Think of me as programable soda
When you think and boy when you drink when you think of me
Code Red

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Em

1. Some say that I will and some say I won't
2. Well sometimes he do and sometimes he don't

She is as easily mine as she is
Do this long enough you get a taste for

yours
it

Slip and slide my way
A six pack of Coke and a

through this charade
bottle of jack

I know all the players
“whatever you do” he said

and I must say
“look after that”

Do being this trusted
_ long e nough you get a taste it could be worse than

and lasted

I'll do this last one and I'll

grow me some wine Leave them troubled boys

all be hind What you stole I would have
Code__Red__

Em

Come on baby I can drink you down

Then I have my job to do and do well
Since you won't give guarantees I'll be cashing out
I'll do this last one and I'll grow me some wine
Leave them troubled boys all be behind
What you stole, I would have given freely

Code Red

Code Red

Code Red

Star...
Roosterspur Bridge
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

Em(add9)  D  Em(add9)  Cadd9
With capo at second fret

F#m(add9)  E  F#m(add9)  Dadd9

D  Em(add9)  Cadd9  D

E  F#m(add9)  Dadd9  E

1. Somewhere down past Roosterspur Bridge
2. Drove all night through Sliding Rock Falls

Em(add9)  Cadd9  D

F#m(add9)  Dadd9  E

perhaps just a trick of the light

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I thought I heard the sweetest guitar
Can't remember when you stopped laughing

Was it a rock and roll or when I stopped wanting to win

Sometimes I think I think I understand the

Fear in the boy the Fire in the man
Sometimes I
watch the
wonder in your eyes

That and you leaving
I have memorized
That and you leaving
I

have memorized

That and you leaving
I
have memorized
Do you even see me now

Do you think of us

still Do I always read things

in before a day's delivery
D.S. al Coda

ancce on Rooster spur Bridge

That and you leaving I have memorized

That and you leaving I have memorized

That and you leaving I have memorized
Beauty of Speed

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

With capo at fourth fret:

We climbed through the canopy only to find a crack in our gauge

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The last thing a look you gave and then we tumbled out of control

I tried to strike a deal with the universe

me and my deals with the universe
Smacked ups... the head with the harsh of day... light

So simple last evening the beauty of speed

A... afraid we've been changin' in a way I wasn't lovin'

Feel those colors changin' the beauty of...
speed  I'm com-in' back for more  out
of a black and white world  Past a shooting star
the beauty of speed
See the colors changing
See the
colors changing
See the colors changing

Even still I was built
to tolerate your temper-a-ture. It fluctuates

so I must break through the bleak of winter

through your latest barrier. Your latest barrier

D.S. al Coda
Afraid we've been chang-in' in a way I wasn't lovin'
Feel those colors chang-
Almost Rosey
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately fast

Verse 1:

[Musical notation]

Ah, ah, ah hey, hey, hey

Chorus:

[Musical notation]

Ah, ah, ah hey, hey, hey

Verse 2:

[Musical notation]

1. Just a minute of your time. Yes I've been known to de-lude my -
2. Then I tried once to com-ply with an au-thor-i-ty that would

D5

self so let me put those rose colored glasses to the text
Sub si-dize my wild side But at this altar was sac ri-faced

A E7/G♯ F♯m E7

—is this real e-nough for you ‘cause blondes here don’t jump out of cakes If

— you can laugh a femme fa-tale in a bride’s dress now mar ried to The

D5 E7

that nev er im pressed you much come board this lu na tic ex press Just

ef fort less ness of the cracks that lie now in be tween the facts Just

A E7/G♯ F♯m E

why do they say
Have a nice day anyway

We both know they wouldn't mind
If I just curled up and died
Oh, let's not give that one a try

Chin up, put on a pair of these ros...
Chin up a happy mask was never your best disguise

Chin up put on a pair of these ros-eyes in no time you will

Feel almost fine almost rosey

Ah, ah, ah, hey, hey, hey

To Coda II Asus4

To Coda I
Now some girls here will huddle with

not footballers that are rich but will confide in small

white sticks He bats as The Virginian Slim

Now about when Violet died the
cause still unidentified She thought her love would be enough. But

you can't seduce seduction Her tentacles of endless want

Reach through my corridors and tempt me to taste of her power I

sober with the witching hour And when I hear of one more bomb Yes
we have all been robbed of song and nights in gales who throw

D.S.S. al Coda II

their arms up When is enough enough? Just

Coda II

Ah, ah, ah hey, hey hey feel in' almost rosy

Ah, ah, ah hey, hey, hey feel in' almost rosy
Velvet Revolution

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, in 2

With capo at second fret

Feeling

radical in Cotton Purified in my Satin But the

to Coda

bomb of the season is a Velvet Revolution
look at the sky
and feel the tears

Prophets crying
I look at the sky

and feel the rain
the rain of tears

D.S. al Coda
a tempo

Coda

All you killers of the children there's a new Command
-ment the true Divine Creator wants a Velvet Revolution

Em
F#m
- tion All you killers of the children there’s a new Command

Am 
Bm a tempo

C#
-ment the true Divine Creator wants a Velvet Revolution

rit.
Em
C
B
Em
F#m

-olution

rit.
F#m
D
C#

Sforzante

pp
Dark Side of the Sun
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, in 2

1. Is there a_ way_ out_ of this?_ If there is
2. Soon there’ll be _ fast food_ on the moon painted in

I don’t see it Can Heaven and Hell co-ex-
ne-on with For Sale signs up You say “I’m more afraid of
Not when both battle for dominance
Brush back my tears and he said "girl we have to soldier on"

So how many young men have to lay down their life and their love of their woman for some sick promise of a
heaven
Lies go back now to the garden
Even the four

Abraham and

horses say all bets are off
Ishmael turn back the clock
we're on the dark side of the

sun
we're on the dark side of the

sun
the sun
Posse Bonus

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

This is your pos-se bonus
This is your ex-tra
This is your pos-se bonus 'cause I like you

Porcupine
Burrow your way to freedom
This is your bonus
This is your extra
This is your bonus cause I like you
Eat your greens
Feed your head
Mind the doubts they harvest them
Broccoli
Feed your head Their ideas are fried in for This

Coda
say you're not bothered to lie beneath pigs then go on Laura here's a flow

This is your posse bonas This is your extra This
Smokey Joe
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

C         Am7
Bbm7

Joe you're calling at the station,

If I

C         Am7
Bbm7

kill him there are complications

I did not

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ask for this “Oh but Love yes you did”

Pip I: may
Pip II: It’s too be it threatens

It’s too easy this

It’s too
qui too cas - y et siege to wish you harm may
be it ter ri fies me

you through black ice at the bot - tom of the riv - er
Pip I: Smokey Joe, hey what's a revelation
Pip II: My dark twin the annihilating

Fem - i - nine

“That one’s past is not a destination

It is a road for fools who need
Recipe

Em\(\text{C}\)  \hspace{1cm} \begin{array}{c}
Fm/A^b \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

Am\(^+\) 

\begin{array}{c}
C \\
Db \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

Am\(^+\) 

\begin{array}{c}
C \\
Bm7 \\
Db
\end{array} 

D.S. \text{ at } Coda I

emp - ty ap - prov - als"

Coda I

Am7 

\begin{array}{c}
Bm7 \\
Db \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

C 

Am7 

\begin{array}{c}
C \\
Db \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

Pip I: Smok - ey Joe, hey can you pass the pipe

Pip II: A song - less rob - in she

C 

Am7 

\begin{array}{c}
C \\
Db \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

C 

Am7 

\begin{array}{c}
C \\
Db \\
Bm7
\end{array} 

you have been blessed now go be wise.

be - came

He stole my sis - ter
Clit-o-rides

It is a coward who'll say he's not silk-en

a-fraid of dying when clearly he is
rub-ber gloves Chok-ing his vit-ri-ol-ic

pot-ent-ly a-live"
tongue

D.S. al Coda II
Pip II: It's too easy
Pip I: this
It's too

qui too easy cut siege you through

black ice at the bottom of the river
Pip I & Pip II: Smokey Joe is calling at the station

Calling at the station

Calling at the station
Dragon

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, freely
N.C.

With capo on fourth fret.

Don't tell me

A woman did this to you
Candy lies

Moderately fast

lies Candy lies
Stay a-while  Stay a-while  Stay a-while
'Cause your wild

Card Boy needs playing Don't believe

The lie Dragon needs slaying Won't you

Lay here with me and I will bring kisses for the
_beast_ Lay _here with me_ _here with me_

Em
Em/G
C
Am
Em
Em/G
G#m
G#m/B
E
C#m
G#m
G#m/B

Don’t

C
Am
G
Em
G#m
G#m

Tell me A woman did this to you
-ageries Chris-tened those inflated

come to light the Gods they have slipped up

-got a bout the pow'r of a wom-an's love

stay a-while Stay a-while Stay a-while

Why don't you