Amber Waves
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

Well He lit you up like Amber Waves in his

movie show He fixed you up real good till I don't

know you any more from
But My Class to a Lap Dance straight to video.

And the pool side news Was that he would be launching you

Into every young man's bedroom (you gave it up)

On DVD and magazine (you gave it up) a
private rite of passage (you gave it up) to every boy's sweet.
dream with their paper cuts You said he's got a Healing Machine.
It glows in the dark.
You say "there's not a lot of me"
Left any more—just leave it alone. But

if you're by, and you have the time, tell the Northern Lights to keep shining.

Oh, lately it seems like they're drowning.

He could light you up and summon every swan to the
Lake\_side\_ Off to Ca\_bo San Lu\_cas for some

opt\_i\_cal stim\_u\_lus\_

Then you

start\_ed to guess\_ there was\_ some\_ one else\_ through His

flint\_ glass\_

See\_ing all\_ of\_ you\_ im\_
D.S. al Coda

A/C#4

A

E

Esus4

E

mersed in__ His se__ pi__ a__ into

D

Coda

So I went__ by__ 'cause I Had__

C

Am

C/G

___ the time__ told the North __ern__ Lights__ to keep shin__

Dadd9

Dsus4

D

Am

C/G

D7

ing they__ told me to tell__ you they're way__ ing
a sorta fairytale

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately, with a strong beat

With capo at first fret:

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \]

on my way up north up on the Ventura I

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{D} \]

\[ \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bbm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Eb} \]

pulled back the hood and I was talking to you and I
knew then it would be a Life Long thing but I Didn’t know that we

We could break a silver lining And I’m so sad

like a good book I can’t put this Day Back a sorta fairy-tale with you

1. a sorta fairy-tale with you a sorta fairy-tale with you
things you said that day up on the One-O-One

girl had come undone I tried to downplay it with a

bet about us you said that you'd take it as

long as I could I could not erase
And I'm a sorta fairy-tale with you.

And I rode a-long side.

And I rode a-long side till you lost me there in the open road.

And I rode a-long side till the
Honey spread it self so thin for me to break your bread for me

to take your world I had to steal it

So sad Like a good book I can't put this day back

A sorta fairy tale with you a sorta fairy tale
pick back up whenever I feel a sorta fairy tale with you

down New Mexico Way

Something bout the open road I knew that he was

looking for some Indian Blood and find a little in you find a
little in me we may be on this road but
we're just imposters in this country you know
So we
go a long and we said we'd fake it feel better with Oliver Stone till I
almost smacked him seemed right that night and I don't know what takes hold
out there in the desert cold These guys think they must

Try and just get over on us And I'm

and I was riding by

riding along side for a while
— till you lost me and I was rid in by
— rid in a long till you lost me till you
— lost me in the Rear View
— you lost me I said
way up North I took my day all in all was a pretty nice day and I

put the Hood right back where You could taste heaven perfectly

Feel out the summer breeze didn’t know when we’d be back And I

I don’t didn’t think we’d end up like like this
Wednesday
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Bright 2-beat

Gm

E♭

F7

Nothing here to fear
I'm just sitting around being fool

No one's at the door
you suggest a ghost perhaps a phan

Bb

Gm

C

ish when there is work to be done

Tom I agree with this in part

C

C

Gm

E♭

F7

Just a hang-up call and the quiet breathing of our Per

Something is with us I can't put my finger on Is Thumb-
Bb  Gm  C
sian we call Ca - jun on a Wednes - day

Eb  Bb  Gm  C
So we go from year to year— with se - crets we've been Keep - ing

Bb  Gm  C
Though you say you're not a Temp - lar man

Bb  Gm  C
Seems as if we're cir - cl - ing— for ver - y diff - 'rent rea - sons

you tell me to cheer up you sus - pect we're odd - ly even
But one day the Eagle has to land
Even still the Eagle has to land

Out past the fountain a left by the station

I start the day in the usual way Then think, well

why not and stop for a coffee and begin to recall
Strange

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, In 2

Strange—

Thought you said “we’ll build a nest” —

Thought so I

I had read the sky—

Thought I had read a change in your

left my life—

Tried on your friends—

Tried on your opinion

eyes—

So—

So when the
Woke up to a world that I am not a part
Bridges froze and you did not come home I put

except when I can play it's stranger
our snowflake under a microscope

After all what were you really
After all what was I really

looking for and I wonder when will I learn
looking for and I wonder when will I learn

Blue
May
isn't red
be my wish
knew better than I did

and I wonder when

learn
guess I was in Deeper than
I thought I was

have enough love

for the both of us

{ Just So }
Gm
strange-
now I'm
fin-ly in-
the Par-
ty has-
be-gun.

Bb
Cm

t
It's
not-
like I
can't feel
you
still
but-

Gm
strange-
what I
will leave
be-
hind-
you

Bb
F
call me
one-
more
time-
but
now
I
must
be leav-
ing

Gm
C
carbon made
Bear Claw
Free Fall
End of a chain
Gunner’s view
“time
black

to race” she said
and blue
“race
shred

down in ribbons of lithium

eyes on her keep
don't look away
keep your eyes

Eadd9 to Coda Gbmadd9
Fadd9
on her hori
Get me Neil on the line
No I can't hold

him read
"Snow—Glass
Ap- ples" Where noth- ing is what it seems

"Lit-tle sis you__ must crack__ this"__ he says__

to__ me__________ "you must go-

in__ again"
Keep her

eyes on Her ho

ri - zon -

ri - zon

Coda

G7madd9

F7add9

Eadd9

G7madd9

F7add9

Eadd9

G7madd9

F7add9

Eadd9

G7madd9

F7add9

Eadd9

G7madd9

F7add9

Eadd9
Crazy
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly

Dm7 F Csus2 C

ah ah ah ah

mp

Dm7 F Csus2 C

ah ah ah

Dm

Csus2 C Dm

Not say-in
Found that I
I craved it all
Not say-in
Saw me melt

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worth
in
the
fall
But
I
was
alone
when
I
your
na-
live
shel-
ter
Where
you

knew
it
was
real
carved
my
name
Down
the
canyon
when
I

knew
me
had
come
To
the
line
Through
the
dawn
To
the
light

and
came
Alive
Through
the
dawn
To
the
light
Csus2  C  Dm7  F

To the turn  When you said  You could drive

Am  Amadd9  Am  Amadd9  Am

all night  Drive all night  So I let

Dm7

Crazy take he spin  Then I let

Dm7  C  Csus2

Crazy settle in  Kicked off my
shoes

He said

"first let's just unzip your religion down"

ah

ah

ah

D.S. al Coda
down"
So I let Crazy pull me

in
then I let Crazy take his

spin
Kicked off my shoes Shut reason out

He said "first let's just unzip your religion"
down
Heard that you were once Temptation's
girl
And as
soon as you have rearranged the mess in your head He will
show up looking sane perfectly sane if I know Crazy
In our hand an old thread
Trail of Blood and A mens Greed
is the gift for the sons sons
Hear this prayer of the wam pum
This is the tie that will bind us
don't make me come to Vegas

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately

1. don't
2. my

1. make me come to Vegas don't make me pull you out of his
2. old flame was a jester and a joker and a dealer of

bed


I am the last prince
that it could be done and it has been done and I think that I am to

up to it wish"

And the Jaca-randa tree she's

way she bends

way she bends

"If you come breezing through" you said I'll
wondering as you were sway-
ing
know that it's you by the
taste on
my
lips

what kind of
Bet on the

woman you'd be

"what will be"
I could slip through your net

over my dead bod-

over my

dead

y

y"

to Coda

ah

G

G6

G7

G6

G

C/G

G7
ooh ah ah ooh ah

slip through your hand again and again

Slip through your hand

D.C. al Coda

Coda
Slip through your hand, again and again,

Don’t make me come to Vegas.

Slip through your hand,

Don’t
Sweet Sangria

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, rhythmic

Gm  C5  Bb5  F5  Gmadd9

I know, you know every desperado and Sharp Shooter—

mp

C5  Bb5  F5  Gmadd9

In the West you say that I can’t see behind The mask—

Gmadd9

of those who call themselves The Good Guys in this—
who take and take "so are you with Me or not" you say

this time decide

Balm y days, sweet sangri a she's been gone have you seen her
Balm y days, sweet sangri a she's been gone have you seen her

sen or i ta shy ly turn ing a way
sen or i ta shy ly turn ing a way
leaving me -- our fading flame --
leaving me -- your fading flame --
Yeah you think about that
Yeah you think about that

What you believe in
It matters

now to you and me
What you believe in
the car will then Drop him at the Border the breaking point

I know Your people have suffered time and time again

But what about I ask you now the innocents On

D.S. al Coda
So give me give me give me a no

window I ask you give me give me give me a

bloodless road Tell me tell me tell me Why

does does someone Have to have to have to lose
your cloud
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly
With capo at first fret: Cadd9 Cmaj7 Fmaj7/F S Fmaj7

Where the river crosses the lake.
How Light can play from a Ring.

Where the words of Rain jump off my pen and bows into your pages.
Cadd9
D♭add9
C
Cmaj7
Fmaj7s5
Fmaj7

Do you think just like that
Who we were isn't lost
You can divide
Before we were us

Cadd9
D♭add9
Cmaj7
Fmaj7s5
Fmaj7

You as yours
Me as mine
to before we where
Us

Cadd9
D♭add9
Cmaj7
Fmaj7s5
Fmaj7

Indigo
Is his own
Blue always knew
This

Cadd9
D♭add9
Cmaj7
Fmaj7

If the rain
Has to separate
from itself does it say "pick out your cloud?"

If there is a Horizontal Line that runs from the MAP off your body

straight through the Land shooting up right through my heart...
Will this Horizontal Line When asked know how to find

Where you end where I be

gin

"pick out your cloud"
If the rain has
to separate from itself does it say

"pick out your cloud?"
pancake
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, with a strong beat

Dm  F  C  Dm  F  C  Dm  F  C

I'm not sure...

who's fooling who here as I'm watching your decay We both know

Dm  F  C  Dm  F  C

you could deflate a seven hurricane Seems like
you__and__your tribe__de-cid-ed you'd re-write the law__Seg-re-gate__

the mind__ From Bod-y__from Soul__ You give me yours__

I'll give you mine__cause I can look__your God right in__the eye__

You give me yours__
I'll give you mine. You used to look, my God, right in the eye.

I believe

in defending in what we once stood for seems in vogue

to be a closet misogynist homophobic a change of
course in Our direction a dash of truth.
Spread thinly

Like a flag

On a pop star On a Benzodiazepine You give me yours

2.
Oh Zion please

Re
move your glove
And dis -pell

ev - er - y trace of his spoken

word That has lodged in my vortex

I'm not sure
who's fooling here as I'm watching our decay. We both know

you could deflate a seven hurricane. You could have spared her but no.

Messiahs need people dying in their name.

You could have spared...
_her oh but no_ Mes-si-ahs need peo-ple dy-ing in their Name_ You say "I or-
dered you a pan - cake"

You say "I or-dered you a pan - cake"
I can't see New York
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, in 2

With capo at first fret:

Am

Bb

C

Db

D

Eb

Am

Bbm

C

Db

D

Eb

From here no lines are drawn

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From here
no lands are owned
you would find me here
and you said
that you would
that she would

find me even in Death
and you said

and you said
you'd find me

but I

can't see New York as I'm circling down
through

mp
Am  Em/G  Em  Dsus4  D
Bbm  Fm/Ab  Fm  Eb  Db  Cm
white cloud falling out and I know his lips are warm but I

C  Bbm  Am  Em/G  Em
Db  Cm  Bbm  Fm/Ab  Fm
can't seem to find my way out my way out I can't see New

d I

Dsus4  D  C  Bbm  Am  Em/G
Elsus4  Eb  Db  Cm  Bbm  Fm/Ab
York as I'm circling Down through white cloud falling out and

Em  Dsus4  D  C  Bbm
Fm  Eb  Db  Cm
I know his lips are warm but I can't seem to find my
Mrs. Jesus

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, in 2

A add9

B add9

Dmaj7

Life lines and suicide crimes he found me in a state

E7

A

E/G♯

F♯m

Grabbed my purse and hitched a Ride with a mis sus je

B add9

Bsus4

A add9/C♯

B add9/D♯

Sus

"how you been" I've been cruis in a
good invention but in some ways I don’t think it it gets any easier you’re

1. walking on the water Bit by far my fav ’rite
2. Gospel changes meaning If you follow John or

one. But now it seems we’re drowning in a

Paul and could you ever Let it be the
Taxi Ride
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow, rhythmic

With capo at first fret:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Fm} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{C5} & \quad \text{Em} & \quad \text{D} \\
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{Db5} & \quad \text{Fm} & \quad \text{Eb} & \\
\end{align*}\]

Ah____ ah____ ah____ ah____ Ah____ ah____ ah____

\[\begin{align*}
\text{C5} & \quad \text{Db5} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{C} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Db} & \\
\end{align*}\]

Lil-y is danc-ing on the ta-ble

\[\begin{align*}
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{D} \\
\text{Ab} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Db} & \quad \text{Db} & \\
\end{align*}\]

we've all been Pushed too far I guess on days

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like this
You know who your friends are

Just another Dead fag
Just another Dead fag
to you that's all

Just another Light missing on a long Taxi
Just another Light missing in a long Taxi

ride line
Taxi ride line
And I'm down to Your
last cigarette and this "We are one" crap as you're

invas ing This thing you call Love she smiles way too much but

I'm glad you're on my side sure I'm glad you're on my

side still
You think you deserve a trust fund

Just because you want one

Sure you talk the talk when you need to I fear

the whole world is starting to believe you

D.S. al Coda
Lily is dancing on the table

We've all been pushed too far today

Even a glamorous bitch can be in need this is where you

Know the Honey from the Killer
Bees and I'm glad you're on my side sure

I'm glad you're on my side still

got a long Taxi ride

got a long Taxi ride
another girl's paradise

Words and Music by Tori Amos

Moderately slow

G sus2     D/G     G11     C

Gadd9     Dmadd9  C

you caught... me lingering in another girl's paradise...
through twists... and turns... Jasmine fooled me in her grove...

Gadd9     Dmadd9  C

the way... she paints... the world... I want that... in my life...
arms filled... with Honeybells... Saint Michael... Sanford Bloods...
Emeralds, you should know are renting in her meadow
"you have come to discover what you want"—

with a stroke beauty lives how could I resist you
what I want is not to want what isn't mine
But I

are Desire am Desire when it all is said said and

Gsus4 G Gsus4

done who can Love you and still be standing there's Mary calling Up a
storm

can't take from you and not keep taking

na-ked as day Gem-ma-

follows him Does it all come down to the thing one girl fears in the night

is an-other girl's paradise

to Coda Gsus2 D/G G11

D.S. al Coda
Ah, and I know you keep telling me

Ah, Does it all come down to the thing one girl fears in the night

is another girl

is another girl's paradise

rit.
I did invite a Guest
Big Brave Nation
up until you announced
her Med...

that you had moved in
now forgotten
"what do you plan to do with all your

freedom?"
the new sheriff said quite proud of his Badge
"you we'll

must admit the Land is now in good hands"
weave them through every rocker's red glare And hud...
you just lift your lamp, I will follow her on her path
Scarlet's Walk through the violets just tell your God for me all debts are off this year they're free to leave yes they're free to leave leave
1. If you’re a thought you will
ra there was a

2. G
Ab

Ab
Ebm

mp

Dm

mp

mp

Gm/Bb
Bbmaj7
Dm
C
G5

Aim/Cb
Cmaj7
Ebm
Db
Ab5

want me to think you and I did and I did

rit.
Moderately fast

C\m7

In the

C\m7

C\m/B\n
Fi\sus2

Lush

Hun-
dreds

Vir-
gin

of

years

go

hills

by

They

She's a

A

B

C\m

kept
girl
out

as
long
as

they
could

Cause they new when

and

she

los-
es-

the

white

broth-
er

tile

each

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found day white shell beads
wrapped around her
to ghetto pimps and presidents

skin a life giving river serpents

er body opened as will his hand

Her can't recall what they represent

With a "goodbye" there she goes

and when you ask, she won't know
She may betray
She will betray
All that she loves
and even wait for their

Saviour to come
And in some things,
may be he'll be right

But always The thing that he Loves he will change from her

sun-wise to clock-wise to soul trading still she'll lay down her Body
gold dust
Words and Music by Tori Amos

Slowly, freely

With capo at first fret: N.C.

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Sights and sounds pull me back down another year, I was here

Whipping past the reflecting pool me and you skipping

school
hmm

And we
Bm7

Chm7

D7sus4

C7sus4

make it up as we go along

We make it up as we go along

You

You

said you raced from Langley
pulling me under the canopy

a Cherry Blossom

Do I
Have of course. I have. Beneath my raincoat, I have your photographs,
And the sun on your face. I'm freezing that frame,
And
somewhere Al·fie cries and says "En·joy his ev·ry smile" - You

somewhere Al·fie smiles and says "En·joy her ev·ry cry"

can see in the dark Through the eyes of Lau·ra Mars’ "How

did it go so fast" you’ll say as we are look·ing back and

then we’ll un·der·stand we held gold dust in our
Sights and Sounds—pull me back down another year. I was here.
Gas - lights. Glow- in the street. Twi- light held us in her palm. as.

-- we walked a long. And we

make it up as we go a long. We make it up as we go a long.

And
letting names Hang in the air What color hair Autumn
knowingly Stared And the
hands in our hands

D.S. al Coda

Coda