

Mr. Zebra

Tori Amos

Hello, Mr. Zebra
Can I have your sweater?
'Cause it's cold, cold, cold
In my hole, hole, hole
Ratatouille Strychnine
Sometimes she's a friend of mine
With a gigantic whirlpool
That will blow your mind
Hello, Mr. Zebra
Ran into some confusion with a Mrs. Crocodile -dile -dile
Furry mussels marching on
She thinks she's Kaiser Wilhelm
Or a civilised syllabub
To blow your mind
Figure it out, she, she's a goodtime fellow
She got a little fund to fight for Moneypenny's rights
Figure it out, she, she's a goodtime fellow
"Too bad the burial was premature," she said and smiled

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