

Toast

Tori Amos

I wouldn't say this is by any means correct, but it's a sketch of how I play it off which you can base your own interpretation.

Bb Dm

I thought it was Easter time

F

the way the light rose

Eb

rose that morning

Bb Dm

Lately you've been on my mind

F

You showed me the rope

Eb

ropes to climb

Bb

over mountains

F

and to pull myself

Eb

out of a landslide

F

of a landslide

I thought it was harvest time

You always loved the smell of wood burning

She with her honey hair

Dalhousie Castle

she would meet you there

In the winter

Butter yellow

The flames you stirred

Yes, you could stir

Bb

I raise a glass

F

Make a toast

Eb Bb

A toast in your honor

Bb

I hear your laugh

F

Eb

and beg me not to dance

Bb F

on your right standing by

Eb

is Mr. Bojangles

Bb F Eb

With a toast he s telling me it s time

to raise a glass

make a toast A toast in your honor

I hear you laugh and beg me not to dance

cause on your right standing by

is Mr.Bojangles

with a toast he s telling me it s time

F Eb

To let you go Let you go

I thought I d see you again.

You say you might do

Maybe in a carving

in a cathedral

Somewhere in Barcelona.