

Tori Amos, Ireland

Drivin' in my Saab
On my way to Ireland
It's been a long time
It's been a long time
Drivin' with my friends
On my way to Ireland
It's been a long time
It's been a long time

So when I was out
In the desert
And a cowboy
Tried to lasso me
He said your red
And made of clay
A virgin portrait
I let him wake me
But decided not to stay

Next in New York
I fell out with a dragon
Of the white collar kind
But just as ferocious
I remembered Macha
Running faster than the horses
Then an encounter with
A voice that caressed me

Wasn't it you who
Held off a surrender
To one spoiled nun
Who taught you the names
Of the mountains
On the moon
And then a Jesuit
Proceded to arrange your soul
While I prayed
On my knees