

# Tori Amos, Little Amsterdam

Little Amsterdam  
In a southern town  
Hominy get it on the plate girl  
Momma keep your head down  
Momma it wasn't my bullet

Don't take me back to the RAnge  
I'm just comin out of the cell in my brain  
Girl you got to know these days  
Which side your on

Mamma got shit  
She loved a brown man  
Then she built a bridge in the Sheriff's bed  
She'd do anything to save her man  
You see her olives are cold pressed  
And her best friend is a sun dress  
But Momma  
It wasn't my bullet

Round and a round and a round I go  
Round and a round this time for keeps  
Father only you can save my sould  
And playing that organ must count  
For something  
Girl you got to know these days  
Which side your on  
Little Amterdam  
Shut down today  
They buried her with a  
Butter bean bouquet  
And the Sheriff now can't ride away  
And I won't say  
He shouldna paid  
But Momma  
It wasn't my bullet