

Tori Amos, Virginia

in the lush virginia hills
they kept her as long as they could
cause they knew when the white brother
found white shell beads
wrapped around her skin --
a life giving river --
her body open as will his hand
and with a "goodbye" there she goes

she may betray all that she loves
and even wait for their savior to come
and in some things, maybe he'll be right
but as always the thing that he loves
he will change from her sunrise to clockwise to soul trading
still she'll lay down her body
covering him all the same

so hundreds of years go by
(the red road carved up by sharp knife)
she's a girl out working her trade
and she loses a little each day
to ghetto pimps and presidents
who try and arouse her turquoise serpents
she can't recall what they represent
and when you ask, she won't know

she will betray

oh virginia
do you remember
when the land held your hand
oh virginia
she will let you back in
oh virginia
you can't remember your name