

Up the Creek

Tori Amos

Good Lord willing and the creek don't rise
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We may just survive
If the Militia of the Mind
Arm against those climate blind

Desert Sisters
I'll be breaking in
Desert Sisters
To break you out

Knowledge sown in Gaia's bones
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Granite canyon webs of stone
Her uncorrupted soul
Will not be possessed or owned

Gone, when hope is almost gone
You know that's the time we must stand
Strong, every girl in every band
Every cosmic cowboy in the land
To the Earth will you show mercy?

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