

# Virginia

Marissa Nadler

The waves rush against the folds of my face  
As I start to drown  
The waves rush against the folds of my face  
As I start to drown

Oh Virginia  
Virgina, Virginia  
Die

In winter the water  
Will wash [unverified] the waterside  
In winter the water  
Will wash [unverified] the waterside

Oh Virginia  
Virgina, Virginia  
Die

With the rocks in your pockets  
You walk up above the waterside  
With the rocks in your pockets  
You walk up above the waterside

Oh Virginia  
Virgina, Virginia  
Die

The waves rush against the full of my face  
As I start to fall  
The waves rush against the full of my face  
As I start to fall

Oh Virginia  
Virgina, Virginia  
Falls