

## Ireland

Tori Amos

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  
Proceeded to arrange your soul  
While I prayed  
On my knees