

Little Amsterdam

Tori Amos

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 anyting 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