

# 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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