

## **Tori Amos "Ireland"**

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Driving in my Saab  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
It's been a long time  
Driving with my friends  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
It's been a long time  
Sue and I was out in the desert  
And a cowboy tried to lass Suey  
He said, you're raid and made of clay of virgin portrait  
I let him wake me but decided not to stay  
Diving in my saab  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
It's been a long time  
Driving with my friends  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
It's been a long time  
Next in New York I fell out with a dragon  
Of the white collar kind  
But just as ferocious  
I remembered Marco running faster than the horses  
Then I'd encounter with a voice that caressed me  
Driving in my Saab  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time

A long time  
Driving with my friends  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time  
Wasn't it you  
Who held off a surrender  
to one spoiled man  
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  
Driving in my Saab

On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time  
Driving with my friends  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time  
such a long long time  
a long time  
a long time

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