

## Little Amsterdam - 1/1

**Interprété par 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

Momma got shit

She loved a brown man

Then she built a bridge in the Sheriff's bec

She'd do anything 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 soul

And playing that organ must count

For something

Girl you got to know these days

Which side your own

Little Amsterdam

Shut down today

They buried her with a

Butter bean bouquet

And the Sheriff now can't ride away

Like he said into the sunset

And I won't pay

He shouldna paid

But Momma

It wasn't my bullet