

# 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, "You're red and made of clay, a virgin portrait"  
I let him wake me but decided not to stay 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 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 Drivin' in my Saab  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time Drivin' 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 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 Drivin' in my Saab  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time Drivin' with my friends  
On my way to Ireland  
It's been a long time  
A long time A such a long, long time  
A long time, a long time

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