

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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