

Little Amsterdam (Remastered)

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
Back to the range
I'm just comin' out of the cell in my brain
(Ooo) Don't, don't, take me back to the range
Back to the range
'Cause girl you got to know these days
Which side you're on Hmm
Na na na na ne ya na
Na na na na naa na Momma got a shot, shit
She loved a brown man
Then she built a bridge in the Sheriff's bed
She'd do anything to save her man You see her olives
They are all cold pressed
And her best friend is a Sun dress
But Momma, it wasn't my bullet
No, ooh Don't take me back to the range
Back to the range
I'm just comin' out of the cell in my brain
Don't don't take me back to the range
Back to the range
'Cause girl you got to know these days Na na na na na ne ya na
Na na na na naa na na
Na na na na All alone
Got a girl in the city
Hey, got a room and a place for two
Got a goat and a phone, I said
"Boy, you are my Fifth Avenue" Round and around and around I go
(Say you are willing to hang around for me, my babe)
Round and around this time for keeps
Round and around and around I go
(Say you are willing to hang around for me, my babe)
Round and around this time for keeps Father only you can save my soul
And playin' that organ must count
For something
Something

You got to know these days
Little Amsterdam, shot 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 say
That he shouldn't have paid
But Momma, it wasn't my bullet

Songwriters

Tori Amos

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