

# Virginia

[Tori Amos](#)

In the lush Virginia hills they kept her as long as they could  
'Cause they knew when the white brother found  
White shell beads wrapped around her skin a life giving river  
Her body open as will his hand with a goodbye there she goes She may betray all that she loves and even wait  
for their savior to come  
And in some things, maybe he'll be right  
But as always the thing that he loves  
He will change from her sunrise to clockwise to soul trading  
Still she'll lay down her body covering him all the same So hundreds of years go by, she's a girl out working her  
trade  
(The red road carved up by sharp knife)  
And she loses a little each day to ghetto pimps and presidents  
Who try and arouse her turquoise serpents  
She can't recall what they represent and when you ask, she won't know She will betray all that she loves and  
even wait for their savior to come  
And in some things, maybe he'll be right  
But as always the thing that he loves  
He will change from her sunrise to clockwise to soul trading  
Still she'll lay down her body covering him all the same

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