

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Little Amsterdam

Par Tori Amos

Album : Blood Roses

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 coming out of the cell in my brain

Don't take me back to the Range back to the Range

'Cause 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 bed

She'd do anything to save her man

You see all her olives they are cold pressed

And her best friend is a sun dress

But Momma it wasn't my bullet no

Don't take me back to the Range back to the Range

I'm just coming out of the cell in my brain

Don't take me back to the Range back to the Range

'Cause girl you got to know these days

All alone got a girl in the city

Hey got a room and a place for two

Got a goat and a faun

I said boy you are my Fifth Avenue

Round and around and around I go

Round and around this time for keeps

Round and around and around I go

Round and around this time for keeps

Father only you can save my soul

And playing that organ must count for something for something

Girl you got to know these days

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 say that he shouldn't have paid

But Momma it wasn't my bullet

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