

Virginia

Marissa Nadler

The waves rush against the folds of my face
As I start to drown
The waves rush against the folds of my face
As I start to drown

Oh Virginia
Virgina, Virginia
Die

In winter the water
Will wash [unverified] the waterside
In winter the water
Will wash [unverified] the waterside

Oh Virginia
Virgina, Virginia
Die

With the rocks in your pockets
You walk up above the waterside
With the rocks in your pockets
You walk up above the waterside

Oh Virginia
Virgina, Virginia
Die

The waves rush against the full of my face
As I start to fall
The waves rush against the full of my face
As I start to fall

Oh Virginia
Virgina, Virginia
Falls