

## Dixie

Tori Amos

Grab your coat  
And those things  
Without any fingers  
The peach ones  
That keeps you warm  
In the southern winter  
Off I go, window shopping with my mum  
We'll go whistling Dixie down the lane  
So who cares our purse is almost empty  
I'm the richest girl in Dixie land  
Look away  
Look again  
She is still  
Holding my hand  
Holding my hand  
Grab your coat  
The cloudy blue one  
With the stripy buttons  
That keeps you warm  
In the southern winter  
Off I go, window shopping with my mum  
We'll go whistling Dixie down the lane  
So who cares our purse is almost empty  
I'm the richest girl in Dixie land  
Look away  
Look again  
She is still  
Holding my hand  
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