

Abra Moore

"Sweet Chariot"

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The rider rides with a clickety-click
And the timer stops for a second or two
You got your hands in your pockets,
and you're lookin' ahead
You got no time, you draw the fine line
But look, see the juggler throws his sticks
in the air
He's got them angels from below,
they'll keep his time
He don't care
You can't hold on to it
or keep pushing away
Ever true
Time isn't after you
Just sitting around in your wishing well
Paint a wish for you,
paint a wish for me just the same
The poet throws her words
in the air
She's got them angels from below,
they'll keep her words
She don't care
Ever true
Speak to me in the way that you do
And I could be taken back to the days
of that old jacket
Push me in your way,
and you hold me down
You hold me, hold me, hold me
We don't care
I kinda like that.
The lightning pushes on through the air
We've got those angels from below,
they'll keep our time
Ever true
You got no time
Time's tickin' away
You draw that fine line
Between you and me

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