

Charlotte Martin

"Sweet Chariot"

Visit "[Sweet Chariot](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ode to joy, my lover boy's
Speaking in tongues
And the sky's bleeding gray
Now I pull my bag o' prayers out
I hope to find one to save the day

And he judged my love, my lust
My taste with the straightest face
As I crumple up inside
A papier-mache, a shell with no name

Sweet chariot, come, come
Take me away from my fear
Sweet chariot, come
I have to get out of here

And he took me further
Than I wanted to go
Underneath his shoe
And it leaves me hungry
For a touch I can't feel
A touch he won't do

And I thought the circle
It had an end
I'm old enough to know
My denial is how we began
And how we will end
And now that I know

Sweet chariot, come, come
Take me away from my fear
Sweet chariot, come
I have to get out of here

Oh, the blood that's in my veins
So cold and frozen from the stings
Oh, he comes and goes in waves
Am I really here?

Sweet chariot, come, come
Take me away from my fear

Sweet chariot, can we
Leave him a trail of my tears?

Sweet chariot, it's been
It's been the longest of years
Sweet chariot, come
I have to get out of here

Visit [Charlotte Martin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.