

Mark Olson

"My Carol"

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I've come to fetch my Carol
I've wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich ones

Louder still is the sound of love
Is the sound of love

Where she falls in the leaves and [Incomprehensible]
I know the beauty of her song
The blood of priests run in her veins
She shakes her fists when [Incomprehensible]

Stronger still is light of her soul
Is the light of her soul

And I've come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waist

My love for her is a speckled bird

Animal leading in the snow

Slink back under the falling steps
Black rights and crooked sticks
Unforeseen victims of modern sin
Walk the dark ring and then more

Daylight brings the bells of joy
The bells of joy

I've come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waist

I've come to fetch my Carol
I've wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich ones

Louder still is the sound of love
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