

Natalie Merchant

"Saint Judas"

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Saddle up the horses and wear your Sunday best
Sing your Sacred Harp, you be holier than the rest
Fill up the room with a grand and a thunderous song
Let it rattle out the windows, let it spill out on the lawn
Shout, shout your praises to the man who kissed the
Lord
To the back stabbing brother that betrayed all of this
world
Your Judas!

Yea, though you may walk in the valley in the dark
There's no greater evil than the darkness in your heart
Your stun guns, bloodhounds, needle and your razor
wire

Your nylon shackle whipping post and your high tech
burning tire
Your Judas!

Whiplash crack across the back, across the arms
Although you bound his feet, he running fast he
running hard
Through them crickets in the corn and them horses in
the field
Hear the "caw, caw" of the crows
See the devil at the wheel y'all, Judas!

Go on down to Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas,
Oklahoma, Texas, Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana and
Tennessee,
Georgia, Carolina, Carolina.

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