

Tracy Grammer "Mother, I Climbed"

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On tomorrow's painted wagon, in a yester-dreamin'
day
I rode to heaven never thinkin' I'd be back this way
Now I'm standin' at your doorstep with my halo turnin'
grey
Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS:

Lay me down in the dark womb of your love
Mother I sought the chosen people, but I found no one
to comfort me
Lay me down in the dark womb of your love
Mother I climbed the highest steeple, I found nothin' to
believe

When they called my faults against the wall I took my
place in line
And put my trust in priestly men to break the ties that
bind
But their straight and narrow highway's just a row of
billboard signs
Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS

So I set my feet to walkin' from the sidewalk to the sand
In search of any saint or sage who knew the master
plan
Yeah, I wandered every backroad in that broken
promise land
Open up your gate, Marianna

CHOURS

As lightnin' burns these bridges under, smoke will
surely rise
And the fables of my innocence blow lazy through the
skies
When timeless truths reveal themselves as little more
than lies
Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS

Sticks and stones might break this body and words
might wound my soul
And phantom visions fly me where the faithful fear to
go
But when this story's over and my sun is sinkin' low
Open up your gate, marianna

CHOURS

Mother I climbed the holy mountain, I found nothin' to
believe

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