

Abra Moore, Sweet Chariot

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 don't care
He's got them angels from below, they'll keep his time
Ever true

Time isn't after you
You can't hold on to it or keep pushing away
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 don't care
She's got them angels from below, they'll keep her words
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
I kinda like that.

The lightning pushes on through the air
We don't care
We've got those angels from below, they'll keep our time
Ever true

Time's tickin' away
You got no time
You draw that fine line
Between you and me.