

Lucinda Williams, Atonement

Come on, Come on, Come on
Kill the rats in the gutter
Sings the voice in the choir
Bring your Father and your Mother
Sing it higher and higher
Shake the clammy hand
Repeat the 23rd psalm
Make you understand
Where it was you went wrong

Voices from tapes
Shouting with twisted tongues
Emotional rape
Hell fire scorched lungs

Come on, Come on, Come on
Pay close attention to this
Let me give you something good to eat
Bite down hard 'til it sticks between your teeth
Glory, glory we've killed the beast
Blinded by glittery diamonds
Resting on crooked fingers
Shaded eyes they are the ones
Who'll lead you to your deliverance

From the figure of doom
Force you to understand
Lock you in a room
With a holy roller and a one man band