

Charlotte Martin, Sweet Chariot

Ode to joy, my lover boy's speaking in tongues
And the sky's bleeding gray
Now I pull my bag o' prayers out
I hope to find one to save the day

And he judged my love, my lust
My taste with the straightest face
As I crumple up inside
A papier-mache, a shell with no name

Sweet chariot
Come, come, take me away from my fear
Sweet chariot
Come, I have to get out of here

And he took me further than I wanted to go
Underneath his shoe
And it leaves me hungry for a touch I can't feel
A touch he won't do
And I thought the circle, it had an end
I'm old enough to know
My denial is how we began and how we will end
And now that I know

Sweet chariot
Come, come, take me away from my fear
Sweet chariot
Come, I have to get out of here

Oh, the blood that's in my veins
So cold and frozen from the stings
Oh, he comes and goes in waves
Am I really here?

Sweet chariot
Come, come, take me away from my fear
Sweet chariot
Can we leave him a trail of my tears?
Sweet chariot
It's been, it's been the longest of years
Sweet chariot
Come, I have to get out of here