

# 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