## Natalie Merchant, Saint Judas

Saddle up the horses and wear your Sunday best Sing your Sacred Harp, you be holier than the rest Fill up the room with a grand and thunderous song let it rattle out the windows let is spill out on the lawn Shout, shout your praises to the man who kissed the lord to the back stabbing brother that betrayed all of this world Your Judas

Yes, though you may walk in the valley of the dark there's no greater evil that the darkness in your heart with your stun guns, bloodhounds needle and your razor wire your nylon shackle whipping post your high tech burning tire your Judas

Whiplash crack across the back, across the arms and although you bound his feet, he running fast he running hard through them crickets in the corn and them horses in the field Hear the "caw caw" of the crows See the devil at the wheel y'all Judas

Go on down to Alabama, Mississippi Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Kentucky Florida, Louisiana and Tennessee Georgia, Carolina