

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 it 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 than 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