

My Carol

Mark Olson

Ive come to fetch my Carol
Ive wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich ones Louder still is the sound of love
Is the sound of love Where she falls in the leaves in Rome
I know the beauty of her song
The blood of priests run in her veins
She shakes her fists when taunted so Stronger still is light of her soul
Is the light of her soul And Ive come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waist My love for her is a speckled bird
Animal leading in the snow Slink back under the falling steps
Black rights and crooked sticks
Unforeseen victims of modern sin
Walk the dark ring and then more Daylight brings the bells of joy
The bells of joy Ive come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waist Ive come to fetch my Carol
Ive wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich ones Louder still is the sound of love
Is the sound of love

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