Mother, I Climbed

Tracy Grammer

On tomorrow's painted wagon, in a yester-dreamin' day
I rode to heaven never thinkin' I'd be back this way
Now I'm standin' at your doorstep with my halo turnin' grey
Open up your gate, MariannaCHORUS:
Lay me down in the dark womb of your love
Mother I sought the chosen people, but I found no one to comfort me
Lay me down in the dark womb of your love
Mother I climbed the highest steeple, I found nothin' to believeWhen they called my faults against the wall I took my place in line
And put my trust in priestly men to break the ties that bind
But their straight and narrow highway's just a row of billboard signs
Open up your gate, MariannaCHORUSSo I set my feet to walkin' from the sidewalk to the sand
In search of any saint or sage who knew the master plan
Yeah, I wandered every backroad in that broken promise land
Open up your gate, MariannaCHOURSAs lightnin' burns these bridges under, smoke will surely rise
And the fables of my innocence blow lazy through the skies
When timeless truths reveal themselves as little more than lies
Open up your gate, MariannaCHORUSSticks and stones might break this body and words might wound my soul
And phantom visions fly me where the faithful fear to go
But when this story's over and my sun is sinkin' low
Open up your gate, mariannaCHOURSMother I climbed the holy mountain, I found nothin' to believe

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