

# 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 believe  
When 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, MariannaCHORUS  
So 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, MariannaCHOURS  
As 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, MariannaCHORUS  
Sticks 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, mariannaCHOURS  
Mother I climbed the holy mountain, I found nothin' to believe

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