

Saint Judas

Natalie Merchant

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 Yeah, though you may walk in the valley in 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 and 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

Songwriters

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