Sweet Chariot

Abra Moore

The rider rides with a clickety-click And the timer stops for a second or two You got your hands in your pockets, and you're lookin' ahead You got no time, you draw the fine line But look, see the juggler throws his sticks in the air He's got them angels from below, they'll keep his time He don't care You can't hold on to it or keep pushing away Ever true Time isn't after you Just sitting around in your wishing well Paint a wish for you, paint a wish for me just the same The poet throws her words in the air She's got them angels from below, they'll keep her words She don't care Ever true Speak to me in the way that you do And I could be taken back to the days of that old jacket Push me in your way, and you hold me down You hold me, hold me, hold me We don't care I kinda like that. The lightning pushes on through the air We've got those angels from below, they'll keep our time Ever true You got no time Time's tickin' away You draw that fine line Between you and me

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