

# Sweet Chariot

Charlotte Martin

Ode to joy, my lover boy's  
Speaking in tongues  
And the sky's bleeding gray  
Now I pull my bag o' prayers out  
I hope to find one to save the day And he judged my love, my lust  
My taste with the straightest face  
As I crumple up inside  
A papier-mache, a shell with no name Sweet chariot, come, come  
Take me away from my fear  
Sweet chariot, come  
I have to get out of here And he took me further  
Than I wanted to go  
Underneath his shoe  
And it leaves me hungry  
For a touch I can't feel  
A touch he won't do And I thought the circle  
It had an end  
I'm old enough to know  
My denial is how we began  
And how we will end  
And now that I know Sweet chariot, come, come  
Take me away from my fear  
Sweet chariot, come  
I have to get out of here Oh, the blood that's in my veins  
So cold and frozen from the stings  
Oh, he comes and goes in waves  
Am I really here? Sweet chariot, come, come  
Take me away from my fear  
Sweet chariot, can we  
Leave him a trail of my tears? Sweet chariot, it's been  
It's been the longest of years  
Sweet chariot, come  
I have to get out of here

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>