

# 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  
Go on down to Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas  
Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana and Tennessee, Georgia, Carolina, Carolina

Lyrics provided by

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