

Priests

Judy Collins

And who will write love songs for you
When I am Lord at last
And your body is the little highway shrine
That all my priests have passed
That all my priests have passed? My priests, they will put flowers there
They will kneel before the glass
But they'll wear away your little window, love
They will trample on the grass
They will trample on the grassAnd who will shoot the arrow
That men will follow through your grace
When I am Lord of memories
And all your armor has turned to lace
And all your armor has turned to lace? The simple life of heroes
The twisted life of saints
They just confuse the sunny calendar
With their red and golden paint
With their red and golden paintAnd all of you have seen the dance
That God has kept from me
But he has seen me watching you
When all your minds were free
When all your minds were freeAnd who will write love songs for you
When I am Lord at last
And your body is the little highway shrine
That all my priests have passed
That all my priests have passed? My priests, they will put flowers there
They will stand before the glass
But they'll wear away your little window, love
They will trample on the grass
They will trample on the grass

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