

Mother I Climbed

Tracy Grammer

On tomorrow's painted wagon, in a yester-dreamin' day

I rode to heaven never thinkin' I'd be back this way

Now I'm standin' at your doorstep with my halo turnin' grey

Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS: Lay me down in the dark womb of your love

Mother I sought the chosen people, but I found no one to comfort me

Lay me down in the dark womb of your love

Mother I climbed the highest steeple, I found nothin' to believe When they called my faults against the wall I took my place in line

And put my trust in priestly men to break the ties that bind

But their straight and narrow highway's just a row of billboard signs

Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS So I set my feet to walkin' from the sidewalk to the sand

In search of any saint or sage who knew the master plan

Yeah, I wandered every backroad in that broken promise land

Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS As lightnin' burns these bridges under, smoke will surely rise

And the fables of my innocence blow lazy through the skies

When timeless truths reveal themselves as little more than lies

Open up your gate, Marianna

CHORUS Sticks and stones might break this body and words might wound my soul

And phantom visions fly me where the faithful fear to go

But when this story's over and my sun is sinkin' low

Open up your gate, marianna

CHORUS Mother I climbed the holy mountain, I found nothin' to believe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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