My Carol

Mark Olson

Ive come to fetch my Carol
Ive wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich onesLouder still is the sound of love
Is the sound of loveWhere she falls in the leaves in Rome
I know the beauty of her song
The blood of priests run in her veins
She shakes her fists when taunted soStronger still is light of her soul
Is the light of her soulAnd Ive come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waistMy love for her is a speckled bird
Animal leading in the snowSlink back under the falling steps
Black rights and crooked sticks
Unforeseen victims of modern sin
Walk the dark ring and then moreDaylight brings the bells of joy
The bells of joyIve come to help her now
My footsteps follow
Her black hair in my face
My arms around her waistIve come to fetch my Carol
Ive wandered in the mud
Dirty sheets outside broken windows
Lies that poor folks never tell rich onesLouder still is the sound of love
Is the sound of love

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