

# 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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