

# 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  
Yes, though you may walk in the valley of 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  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>