Sweet Chariot

Abra Moore

The rider rides with a clickety-click

And the timer stops for a second or two

You got your hands in your pockets, and you're lookin' ahead

You got no time, you draw the fine line

But look, see the juggler throws his sticks in the air He don't care He's got them angels from below, they'll keep his time Ever true

Time isn't after you
You can't hold on to it or keep pushing away
Just sitting around in your wishing well
Paint a wish for you, paint a wish for me just the same

The poet throws her words in the air
She don't care
She's got them angels from below, they'll keep her words
Ever true

Speak to me in the way that you do
And I could be taken back to the days of that old jacket
Push me in your way, and you hold me down
You hold me, hold me
I kinda like that.

The lightning pushes on through the air We don't care We've got those angels from below, they'll keep our time Ever true

Time's tickin' away You got no time You draw that fine line Between you and me