

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!

Yea, though you may walk
In the valley in 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
And 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!