

**Saint Judas**

**Natalie Merchant**

**Dm**

Saddle up the horses and wear your Sunday best.

**Bb**

Sing your Sacred Harp. You be holier than the rest.

**Dm**

fill up the room with a grand and a thunderous song.

**Ebm**

Let it rattle out the windows. Let it spill out on the lawn.

**Dm**

Shout, shout your praises to the man who kissed the Lord,

**Am**

to the back stabbing brother that betrayed all of this world, your

**C Dm**

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

**C**

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 down to Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Kentucky,  
Florida, Louisiana & Tennessee, Georgia, Carolina, Carolina...