

Painted Chariot

The Incredible String Band

It's only a painted chariot
But it took you so far into the rain
And the coachman slapped his fist
On the chariot in the mist
He said, "Look here, Sonny
Can't you see it's as real as pain"

See this fine chariot, won't you ride it
I'm the coachman now, won't you trust me to guide it?
And it's only a painted chariot, only a painted chariot
Only a painted chariot, only a painted chariot
Only a painted chariot, only a painted chariot
Only a painted chariot

Then you got high, deep sigh
Wonder why, much more, where's the door?
Hear the old prayers, find the wise players
Hear the old prayers, find the wise players
Hear the old prayers, find the wise players