

Priestess

Cass McCombs

In our seminary
Of contradictions
Ella Fitzgerald, thizz and whipits
You were our priestess
You were dressed all in black
Singing Angel from Montgomery
On your front porch
I'd join in harmony
I was working as a soda jerk
Listening to old Panthers' stories
Over lime rickeys and tuna fish
When there were very little worries
To return your temple of song
Each embryonic stage
Passed through your doorway
Page after page
Take it easy, Priestess
Take it easy, Priestess

Take it easy, Priestess

You were dealt a rotten hand
On a highway in Colorado
A wild horse swept under your legs
And wouldn't let you go

You saw that each one of us
Are opaque as woven air
Your dark humor no one could touch
From experience no one could bear

You slapped the Devil across his face
He puked up ice and black bile
How did you know how to frighten away
A being so vile?

No one could blame you
For being angry, resentful, vicious
The entire universe deserved it
For being so malicious
Take it easy, Priestess
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Take it easy, Priestess

You would put your cigarette out
On the bottom of your foot
You could be brutally honest
But it always did me good
Join the Good People
Shine, cheer and bloom with the Three Charities
Sing again, sing again
Angel from Montgomery
Take it easy, Priestess
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