

# Atonement

Lucinda Williams

Come on, come on  
Kill the rats in the gutter  
Come on, come on  
Sings the voice in the choir

Come on, come on  
Bring your father and your mother  
Come on, come on  
Sing it higher and higher

Shake the clammy hand  
Repeat the 23rd psalm  
Make you understand  
Where it was you went wrong

Voices from tapes  
Shouting with twisted tongues  
Emotional rape  
Hell fire scorched lungs

Come on, come on  
Pay close attention to this  
Come on, come on  
Let me give you something good to eat

Come on, come on  
Bite down hard till it sticks between your teeth  
Come on, come on  
Glory, glory we've killed the beast

Blinded by glittery diamonds  
Resting on crooked fingers  
Shaded eyes they are the ones  
Who'll lead you to your deliverance

From the figure of doom  
Force you to understand  
Lock you in a room  
With a holy roller and a one man band

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