

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!

Go on down to Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana and Tennessee, Georgia, Carolina, Carolina.