

The Saint of lost Causes

I'm a bad dream
I'm not a nightmare, I'm too goody for that
Let's just say I'm the last thing you wanna see coming
I'm the reason they say watch your back

But for so long, I was like a wounded hound
Backed into a chain-link fence
The world at large was just a big, mean kid
Poking me through the fence with a stick

Ain't nobody goin' back
It takes a whole lotta hurt
Paralyze one of life's biggest lessons
Ain't got nothing to do with dessert

-Chorus:

Just pray..
to the Saint of Lost Causes

It's a cruel world
But it ain't hard to understand
You got your sheep, got your shepherds
Got your wolves amongst men

It can be hard to tell
You might find a wolf in shepherd's clothes
And now and then you're gonna find sheep
In amongst all those troubled souls
-explaining:
You know more folks that's most afraid of the wolf
If you really stop and think
Throughout time, between a wolf and a shepherd
Who do you think has killed more sheep?

Nah, there's nothing can be done
It's just the way it goes
First you get bad, then you get mean
Then there's nothing left but to grow cold

Chorus:

And pray..
to the Saint of Lost Causes

-B:

Some will say I've got no feeling
No heart, and surely no shame
Truth is that this has been with me so long
That I, I must admit I kinda like the pain

-Solo

How many encounters do you ever have?

Better yet, how many wolves you ever seen?
You got about as much chance of seeing one of them
As you do running into me

Still take nothing for granted
Might live on the best block in Risskov Beach
Be sure you lock up tight at night
'Cause you know poor folks ain't got nothing to steal

Just pray..
to the Saint of Lost Causes
-Solo al Fine

Kilde: LyricFind
Sangskrivere: Justin Townes Earle