

Rolling Stones, The

"Saint Of Me"

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Saint Paul the persecutor
Was a cruel and sinful man
Jesus hit him with a blinding light
And then his life began
I said yeah
I said yeah

Augustin knew temptation
He loved women, wine and song
And all the special pleasures
Of doing something wrong
I said yeah
I said yeah

I said yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me

And could you stand the torture
And could you stand the pain
Could you put your faith in Jesus
When you're burning in the flames

And I do believe in miracles
And I want to save my soul
And I know that I'm a sinner
I'm gonna die here in the cold
I said yes, I said yeah

I said yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me

I thought I heard an angel cry
I thought I saw a teardrop falling from his eye

John the Baptist was a martyr
But he stirred up Herod's hate
And Salome got her wish
To have him served up on a plate
I said yes
I said yeah

I said yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
You'll never make a saint of me
Oh yeah, oh yeah
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