

Wilsons, The "St. Joan"

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Shake me if I scream

Hold me if I cry

Read to me if I crash again tonight

My heart's waiting for thunder

So catch all the rain on your face

All the trains went by the station master's eye

Wept for me, prayed for me

Horses on a hill

Ate his cake and God was late

Took another pill

St. Joan burning in my bed

What can I do? There's voices in my head

Butterflies and Iullabies

Here inside my kerosene dream

Lighting up the sky at night

Burning in the candlelight

Waking up the sun

Are you only waiting for yourself?

Are you lonely like crystal on the shelf?

Blue is the color of darkness in my room

I found out a little too late, yeah

It's just another stage

You think you've come of age

Drop me off, flip me out

Stand me by the wall

Sing to me, bring to me

I am ten feet tall

St. Joan burning in my bed

What can I do? There's voices in my head

Butterflies and Iullabies

Here inside my kerosene, my kerosene dream

Lighting up the sky at night

Burning in the candlelight

Waking up the sun

Stay with me, hold me if you can

Play with me, write to me

Remember what you said

St. Joan burning in my bed

What can I do? There's voices in my head

Butterflies and Iullabies

Here inside my kerosene dream

What can I do? There's voices in my head

Butterflies and Iullabies

Here inside my kerosene dream, kerosene dream

You are

St. Joan

Stay with me

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