

**411****"St. Louis"**Visit "[St. Louis](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I met St. Louis on a plane  
He was sitting there quiet  
I was doing much the same  
'Till he touched my arm just once  
And I started to cry

He said did you know the arch moves  
I said no take me there, I need to be moved  
It's been a long long while since my face touched the  
sky

CHORUS:

The same glasses that fill me  
Eventually fall  
And I take the pieces  
And I plant them all  
And I call it my garden  
I call it my daughter  
I call it life  
And my life's pretty good

I met St. Louis on a plane  
He ordered me a whiskey  
And I told him 'bout the shame I felt  
Every last time I broke a heart  
I said did you know I got a man of many moons  
He said no but I get it, and I'd take me with you  
Every time the clock strikes twelve  
And you're feeling along

The same glasses that fill me  
Eventually fall  
And I take the pieces  
And I plant them all  
And I call it my garden  
I call it my daughter  
I call it my savior  
I call it my prayer  
I call it what matters  
I call it my grace  
I call it life

And my life's pretty good

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.