

## Bayside

### "The Ballad Of Bill The Saint"

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One was enough to get him this far  
And two would just complicate things  
He says, "you'll be sitting pretty  
In a dark room in the city  
Cause one doesn't leave room for you and me"

Bill was a worker in a working plant  
He builds things that he can't afford  
But one day he'll get his revenge it won't be pretty  
Society owes him that and more

"Oh, jesus christ", he says "I think I'm doing fine, but it  
may be time for  
Bed"  
And I think, "Hey, I hate this game, it hasn't always  
been this way,  
Where men are judged by their mistakes"

Tortured and alone but not by happenstance  
Has heaven saved a place setting for him  
Riddled with regret and sin  
He's in decent shape for the shape he's in

The world won't get the best of him again

"Oh, jesus christ", he says "I think I'm doing fine, but it  
may be time for  
Bed."  
And I think, "Hey, I hate this game, it hasn't always  
been this way,  
Where men are judged by their mistakes."

And he's turned his memories  
Into secrets that he keeps from himself  
And it's safe to tell it hasn't done him well  
He's been held down and told what he can do  
And that's exactly what they'll try to do to you

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