

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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