

Elton John "Saint"

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You don't pass your time in limbo
Or hang out with the crowd
Sitting on the stoop like a little girl
Who took the wrong road into town

But you got that shortcut way about you
And no one's gonna stare you down
You cook much better on a lower flame
You burn much better when the sun goes down

And heaven can wait
But you ought to be a saint
I've got your very best intentions
Helping me along

And if I ever fail to mention
You were an overnight sensation
Well, take it from me
My baby's a saint, my baby's a saint

I believe you were a new arrival
On the fast train passing through
And you traded in your luck for survival
To sweeten up the witch's brew

You had a better way of working magic
A little mystery in your eyes
Instead of rolling over you remained the same
You took the whole world by surprise

And heaven can wait
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