

Frank Black "Go Find Your Saint"

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Had no life, I was feeling
Like some kind of unfinished project
I had a friend John, he said let me turn you on
To the saint of inanimate objects

Go find
Go find your saint
Go find
Go find your saint

Pill by pill a miracle occurred
The whole world got better
How I prayed until I said the words
I knew would upset her

She said, "Get off your knees and don't tarry
I ain't gonna be what I ain't"

"Go find
Go find your saint
Go find
Go find your saint"

I packed my bags
I never did look back
But I'm glad that I met her

Go find
Go find your saint
Go find
Go find your saint

Go find
Go find your saint
Go find
Go find your saint

Union gone but I sang my songs
At the Hall Of The Felled Tree
Under the charms of the saint's folded arms
Well, I hope she can help me

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