

James Yorkston "Saint Patrick"

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I didn't sleep at all last night
I thought my heart had mastered the run of these seas
But they appear not to care about calming lately
I awoke with a smart and a look at the phone.
I swear that I would have called you if I'd been sure
you were alone.
And doesn't that drive things home?

The hardest time to forget is when sleep clears your
mind,
Bringing up what might have been, and who's by her
side.
And if I appear forlorn, that's the reason truly.
Should I find myself a surrogate to keep the winters
warm
Blame her for my former love and blunt her of her
charms?

Oh dear Saint Patrick, I pray for some water
Just let me quench my thirst this morning after.
And this girl by my side, well who knows the future?
But if I appear forgetful she's the reason on my mind
If you detect a smile it's as I dream of foreign lands
And letting things get out of hand
Is exactly what I've got planned!

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