

The 1900s

"Patron Saint Of The Mediocre"

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Sing through your heart if your head's on the ground
And the song's on high
Cecilia says you've never seen the light unless you're
found

Now my mind is like I-Ching on soda
Goin another round
I keep talking but I cannot understand
Why you would give me time to let me put you down

You said:
Don't you be surprised to find me
I've been moving slowing
Up into your mind where you can't hide me
I've been coming around the corner waving:
???Hello, Howdy, Hi! Won't you give me five????

Now it's Sunday and I'm taking it slowly
By the riverside
Step into the water for a ritual that fades
With the tide

See the smoke it blows white on white
Into the sky it sends
You get the message
And suddenly you realize
The right-wing lightning is gonna strike again

Chorus

Patron saint of the mediocre
From you I get my name
Like a ghost you're always hiding
In the shadows of my eyes
Just hid from view

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