

## Monkees "St. Matthew"

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by Michael Nesmith

She walks around on brass rings that never touch her feet,

She speaks in conversations that never are complete,  
And looking over past things that she has never done,  
She calls herself St. Matthew when she is on the run.

She stoops down to gather partly-shattered men,  
And knows that when it's over, it will start again,  
Both the times she smiled, it was a portrait of the son,  
She calls herself St. Matthew when she is on the run.  
Part of it is loneliness and knowing how to steal,  
But, most of it is weariness from standing up, trying not to kneel.

She discovered three new ways that she could help the dead,

Sometimes she must raise her hand to tell you what she said,

Then standing in a landslide she suddenly becomes  
The girl that's named St. Matthew when she is on the run.

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But, most of it is weariness from standing up, trying not to kneel.

She discovered three new ways that she could help the dead,

Sometimes she must raise her hand to tell you what she said,

Then standing in a landslide she suddenly becomes  
A girl that's named St. Matthew when she is on the run.

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