

## Gretchen Peters

### "Saint Francis"

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Saint Francis walking on the water  
All his lambs have gone to slaughter  
All the creatures who receive his grace  
You can see them all  
In his haggard face

Saint Francis begging at your doorway  
You want to let him in but what will the neighbors say  
You know you can't go on but you can't give up  
And he answers you  
With his begging cup

Saint Francis sitting at your table  
A cup of tea among the faithful  
Behind a wall that's made of little lies  
Much to your surprise  
You start to cry

By these wounds you will be whole again  
By these signs you will know  
You'll feel a stirring in your soul again  
'Til sweet amnesia takes a hold

Saint Francis sleeping in the meadow  
His halo is a raven's shadow  
He's been sleeping for 800 years  
In a potter's field  
Full of sparrow's tears  
And while we sleep and dream of heaven's gates  
Down here on earth  
The old man waits

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