

## Cliff Martinez

### "Saint Cecelia"

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Saint CeCelia is in her garden,  
Pickin' paper violets.  
For all the wide-eyed children,  
Sadly clingin' to her dress.  
Singing, "Blessed be the heavenly,  
To hell with all the rest."  
Her salvation is her virtue,  
But her sin's her emptiness.

Cryin', "I'm unfeeling,"  
She crawled into her shell.  
I said, "How can I be like Jesus,  
When I've just begun, myself?  
To find my own way back, at times,  
I think I know me well.  
Then at other times a stranger's,  
Standin' where my body fell."

"Save the children, save the children,"  
Cried the captain to the crew.  
For there can be salvation only,  
For a precious few.  
Who would leave this sinkin' ship,  
And build a balsa-wood canoe,  
And sail with me,  
Across this mighty water?

Saint CeCelia's in her garden,  
Singin', "Come into the fold."  
But all her little children now,  
Would rather rock and roll.  
Singin', "Blessed be what is to be,  
Away with all that's old."  
Oh, the silence is golden,  
But the loneliness is so cold.

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