

Ryan Balthrop

"St, John Revelations"

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My baby gives me inspiration - I like the way she pushes me. A man on the street said, "Give me a dollar". She say, "Hey, baby, why don't you give him three?" She give me my revelations daily, but they don't come for free. She's got a faith like no other, like no other you've ever seen. Sees the heart in all good people. She does it all in spite of me. I come home drunk, 'bout half past four; bare feet poundin' across the kitchen floor. And when I wake her from her sleep, she says, "Baby, keep it down would ya? Good Lord". She give me words of wisdom. She keeps me comin' back for more.

[Chorus] It's been a long, hard ride, but it's just begun. Daytime, sunshine, havin' too much fun. Don't need no Bible for my St. John Revelation. I turn and I look in her eyes - Chapter One, Verse One, from the Book of St. John - Revelation.

She's a strong-minded woman, she's a laid-back little girl. The youngest daughter of the ocean, she's my mother of pearl. Her waves rise to my occasions like the sunrise on this world.

I flip-flop in my emotions. She takes it all in stride. I hide behind my silly notions. She sees through my disguise - every time.

I come home drunk, half past four. Bare feet poundin' across the bedroom floor. And when I wake her from her sleep, she says, "Hey, Baby, keep it down - Good Lord". She give me words of wisdom. She give me so much more - more, more, more.
[Chorus]

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