

Mary Lorson & Saint Low

"Strange Gift"

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Tall in the saddle, blinder than God/ I get this feeling
that you have forgotten
All of the promises made in your sleep/ I'm here to tell
you it's not mean to be
I never thought I was above you/ but I never thought I'd
really love you
It's just a story of lightweights and thieves/I hear the
music, it's not what you think
I'd never be a party to it/And they could not care less
what you think is a sin
Chorus
Hurry to paradise, or let's stay here now/you're leaving
Brooklyn, it's not your generation/all the talks and the
dialogues, the whistles and the guitars/ all the Marys
and Carolyns/ the strangers the fakers the stars and
the bars
I never thought I was above you. But I never thought I'd
really love you

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