

American Saint

Bleu Edmondson

The Concho Valley's on fire tonight
Spilling out into the street
The blessed scream of a newborn dream
Making love in my backseat

All of us together in the glow of the dusty headlights
All the little pretties with the stars in their hair
Sipping titos and crystal light

It's another round of sound checks and train wrecks
The lost boys and the rejects
Falling angels dancing to the music
Drifting softly on the southern wind

Talking like the heroes that we won't be
Spittin' out the game that little Jimmy sold me
Still fighting for each other
Though it feels like we'll never win
American saint, American saint

Now Philly Joe lives west of Alice
The hippy prince of the wild
He got pinch for possession in a real hard land
But he never lost his style

He still works the rigs six months out of the year
Old Crow fever, a story to tell and a menthol behind his ear

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Now I'm north of Waxahachie
I'm wondering where I go from here
The Baptists say that if I don't change
I won't see next year

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