

The Patience Of A Saint

Electronic

Talking of my attributes, the things I do so well
As anyone who's in cahoots with me will readily tell
I've lived up here, I've been down there, I've bought so I could sell
And if I drove a faster car, I'd drive it bloody well

How can I change? I live without restraint
And I would try the patience of a saint
Thinking of my attitudes, talking one on one
I may disagree with you, but look where you've come from

And all that you've got, I thought that I would faint
But I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint

I would try the patience of a saint
I'm talking to myself (to myself)
I'm talkin' to the one that I know best
Bury me with gratitude, you can go to hell

Why should I care? I'd rather watch drying paint
But I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint

I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience...
...of a saint