

## 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