

## Go Find Your Saint

Frank Black

Had no life, I was feeling  
Like some kind of unfinished project  
I had a friend John, he said let me turn you on  
To the saint of inanimate objects  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Pill by pill a miracle occurred  
The whole world got better  
How I prayed until I said the words  
I knew would upset her  
She said, "Get off your knees and don't tarry  
I ain't gonna be what I ain't?  
"Go find  
Go find your saint  
Go find  
Go find your saint"  
I packed my bags  
I never did look back  
But I'm glad that I met her  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Go find  
Go find your saint  
Union gone but I sang my songs  
At the Hall Of The Felled Tree  
Under the charms of the saint's folded arms  
Well, I hope she can help me