

St John got gunned down with a cold '38
Why don't we pin him to the sky...
The rarest of the specimens are neatly locked away
It's all in my collection...
It's all in my collection...

You know that bird has flown
Can you forgive?
A bird you'll never own

And your love is a graveyard
Where the grasses grow low
And the people that lie here
Knew what you know
Now your shovel's a shot glass and you drink your own
toast
You're living your life as a ghost

You see, love is a playground
Where the grasses grow low
And the people that play here
Reap just what they sow
And if your shovel's a shot glass and you drink your
own toast
You're living your life as a ghost, a ghost

When your will is gone your dreams will erase
When you're hanging on by your fingernails....

Bring out your finest wines your holy shrines and let
them go
Freed from the chains of what has remained a life that
you don't want to know
The bass and the drums will hammer it home with their
marching band of the proud
Celebrate ages, all life stages, seas and the winds and
the clouds
The message's been written from your prison, see what
tomorrow will be
See what tomorrow will be

Got every reason to believe that all must decide to
break free
Was it a tantrum when you said that all the laughs were
on me
Then I'll know my bet will win when the saints go
marching in
Go marching in....