

## Saint of Circumstance

Grateful Dead

This must be heaven, tonight I cross the line.  
You must be the angel, I though I might never find.  
Was it you I heard singing, oh while I was chasin dreams.  
Driven by the wind, like the dust that blows around,  
And the rain fallin down, but I never know.  
Got to be heaven, cause heres where the rainbow ends.  
If this aint the real thing, then its close enough to pretend.  
When that wind blows, when the nights about to fall.  
You can hear the silence call, its a certain sort of sound,  
Like the rain fallin down.

Holes in whats left of my reason, holes in the knees of my blue  
s.  
Odds against me been increasin, but Ill pull through.  
I never could read no road map, I dont know what the weather mi  
ght do.  
But when that rich wind whines and I see the dark star shine,  
I got a feeling theres no time to lose, no time to lose.

Never know now, just dont never know, no.  
Well its been heaven, but even the rainbows will end.  
Now my sails are fillin and the wind is willin.  
And Im as good as gone again.  
Im still walkin, so Im sure that I can dance.  
Just a saint of circumstance, just a tiger in a trance.  
And the rain fallin down, well, you never know, just dont know.  
Listen, sure dont know what I going for, but Im gonna go for it  
for sure...