

St. Jimmy

Green Day

St. Jimmy's comin' down across the alleyway
Up on the boulevard like a zip code on parade
Life on the sillohette
He's insubordinate
Coming at you on account of wonder
1 2 3 4

My name is Jimmy and you better not wear it out
Suicide gone mental that your momma talked about
King of the forty theives
Didn't mean to represent
That needle in the vein of the establishment

I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

Cigarettes and rum in hand a little bag to sell
I am the son of a bitch and Edgar Allen Poe
Race to the city in the hail of light
But ain't it worth it that we've been victimized

I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

You talkin' to me?

I'll give you something to cry about.

St. Jimmy

My name is St. Jimmy I'm a son of a gun
I am the one that's runaway out of town now
A teenage assassin makes the killing so fun
And the cult of the lipo crowd now

I really hate to say it but I told you so
So shut your mouth before I shoot you down old boy
Welcome to the club and give me some blood
And the resident leader at the lost and found

It's comedy and tragedy
It's St. Jimmy
And that's my name
...and don't wear it out!