

## Saint Valentine

Gregory Alan Isakov

Well, Grace she's gone, she's a half-written poem  
She went out for cigarettes and never came home  
And I swallowed the sun and screamed and wailed  
Straight down to the dirt so I could find her trail  
Spread out across the Great Divide

Well, I just came to talk, Saint Valentine  
I never pictured you living here with the rats and the vines  
Ain't that my old heart hanging out on your lines  
You're all fucked up, Saint Valentine

Now I circle the bars on the promenade  
While the girls in the glass, they're just throwing me shade  
And I'm saving my coins up for Jingly Jane  
She's out plucking strings in the pouring rain

See I'm all crooked feet, Saint Valentine  
I've circled this map till it caught on fire  
Now Grace she's left you just skin and bone  
Well, you hang up your hat, but you can't call it home  
You've tried and you've tried, but you can't call it home  
You're the loneliest one, Saint Valentine  
You're the loneliest one, Saint Valentine  
You're all fucked up, Saint Valentine