

St Christopher

Jamie T

Seems like a heavy load
Anti-depressants lessen episodes
While the West End boys in their hand-me-down clothes
Brag about fights under her street lights
She walks alone the long way home
And oh she's a troubled soul
Oh so troubled but nobody knows.

Looks like his armour's old
Carrying chinks that his father used to own
And when he hits the bottle it definitely shows
He's a Machiavellian in a rebellion
I wish I could see how it would so follow
And oh he's a terrible state
Oh so terrible, drowning in hate.

But oh when you see him
He's smiling at the ceiling
And telling you he's never growing old

And oh when you see her
She smiles when you greet her
And tells you that she's never alone

As long as St. Christopher's here (4x)

While a young professional city square mile
Worried for the first time in quite a while
She smirks then cursed let the bourgeois burn
More concerned with a friend who is wild
Encouraged by guys I don't trust
And I say leave 'em alone or I'll visit your home
Uh oh he's a loveable rogue
We'll all be responsible when he goes

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