

# 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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