

# The Patron Saint Of Losers

John Wesley Harding

I'm standing in the corridor, successfully being me  
Smoking a quick cigarette to liven up the journey  
Of course I got my walkman on, it's playing let it bleed  
Cos I'm the patron saint of losers  
And you're the queen of need  
And I'm the patron saint of losers  
So say a prayer to me  
Say a prayer, you know who t'address it to

I'm walking down the station, just looking straight ahead  
And I just lost my ticket, and I just lost the thread  
And I wonder if just one small body could fill up all my bed  
Hey I'm the patron saint of losers  
And you're the queen of the dead  
And I'm the patron saint of losers  
That's what you said, you called me  
The patron saint of losers  
The patron saint of losers

Deliver me, deliver me from that which I've undone  
Cos if you're looking for a loser, I might just be one  
Martyrdom's the only thing that faguely turns me on  
Cos I'm the patron saint

I'm walking up the staircase, and I'm knocking at your door  
And someone shouts you're out of place, you're blocking up the  
hall  
But I've been here 15 years, so baby it's your call  
Cos I'm the patron saint of losers  
Woah, honey, I've lost it all  
I'm the patron saint of losers  
Proud before the fall  
I'm the patron saint of losers  
I'm the patron saint of losers.