

Patron Saint of Rock and Roll

Jon Foreman

I saw the patron saints parade down city hall
I saw the patron saints for the handsome, rich and tall
I felt so out of place, appalling and appalled
They all drove away and there was no one left to call

Cause there ain't no surrogate savior for my soul
There ain't no patron saint for rock and roll
For rock and roll

I stood and watched the parade crowded in the back
I couldn't see a thing through the patriotic flag
The huddled masses and me disillusioned in the rain
Wondering what America means when I feel so out of place

Cause there ain't no surrogate savior for my soul
There ain't no patron saint for rock and roll
For rock and roll

Sometimes I feel lonely, devilish and old
As if my congregation were the bitter cold
And my hymnal feels like it's got holes
Christ alone could save my soul

There's a park downtown
Where the homeless get ignored
Where the church next door is a crowd
Singing "Blessed are the poor"
Where the Mercedes drive away
Muttering, "druggies, drunks and whores"
Where the bumper sticker displays
"My copilot is the Lord"

Cause there ain't no surrogate savior for my soul
There ain't no patron saint for rock and roll
For rock and roll
[x2]