

Saint of Impossible Causes

Joseph Arthur

I need the saint of impossible causes
The saint of no return
I need the saint of scented candles
That never really burn
I need the saint of laughter
I need the saint of tears
I need the saint detective
Who can find my stolen years
I need the saint of needing
I need the saint of loss
The one who gave up wanting
His heart to trash to toss
I need the saint of longing
I need the saint of will
I need the saint of killers
Too afraid to kill

I need the saint of music
I need the saint of love
Only they can save me
Reaching out for you

I need the saint of weapons
That never hurt no one
But struggle towards perfection
To obliterate the sun
I need the saint of drinking
Wine and ice-cold beer
Is there any saint of thinking
Beyond the reach of fear?
The saint of our desire
Is sitting here with me
He says you ain't no Buddha
There ain't no mystic tree
You could sit forever
And never understand
The mind of the creator
Moving mountains in your hand

(I know what you're thinking and you're right)

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I need the saint of healing
And I need the saint of health
I shot the saint of money
And beat up the saint of wealth
The saint of twisted memory
The saint that sets us free

I saw them run together
They look like you and me
For the saint of falling skies
And the saint of heavy rain
The saint of bored encounters
Was making fun of all my pain
You are a tiny man, he said
With language thumbing low
A hitcher in the whirlwind
Just like the saint of snow

(and then he said...)

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