

Patron Saint

Regina Spektor

She's the kind of girl who'll smash herself down in a night
She's the kind of girl who'll fracture her mind 'til it's light
She'll break her own heart, and you know
That she'll break your heart, too
So darling, let go of her hand

She's been skipping days, spilling her drinks in the sink
And you know, she's never coming home, never coming home again
But when when when she open her eyes eyes eyes
Beyond the chipping paint through the windowpane

Lies lies lies
Her patron saint, broken and lame
And absolutely insane for learning that true love exists
So darling, let go of her hand (7x)
You'll be to blame for playing this game
And learning that true love exists

She's the kind of girl who'll smash herself down in a night
She's the kind of girl who'll fracture her mind 'til it's light
She'll break her own heart, and you know
That she'll break your heart too
So darling, let go of her hand (2x)

You'll be to blame for playing this game
And learning that true love exists
Broken and lame
And know that true love exists
The pain, the pain, the pain
Of knowing that true love exists