

1997

Saint Motel

Well I've made so many new friends
With open arms they let me in
They say they'll be with me till the end
They say they'll stick through thick and thin
And it's gonna happen, in 1997

They crowd you like it's dangerous
I heard they're just no good.
I'd rather have you stay at home now like a good boy should.
I heard they can't be trusted
I heard they all wear white.
I'd rather have you prove me wrong than go and prove me right.
Mama, please don't make it harder.

Well, it's tough to love another.
And it's hard to find a friend.
Somebody else who has no others.
Somebody else who understands.
And then it happened, in 1997.

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I heard they all wear white.
I'd rather have you prove me wrong than go and prove me right.
Mama, please don't make it harder.

Well, I've made so many new friends.
They say they'll be with me 'till the end.
And it's gonna happen in 1997.