

Francis

The Roches

My patron saint's a man who went
From town to town and paid no rent
The things he owned besides his soul
Were shoes a gown and a begging bowl.

What struck me first when I was young
Was how he never got bit or stung
Though bears and snakes he did befriend
Real bears and snakes not just pretend.

I knew this wasn't easy stuff
Because I tried it myself enough
But bears and snakes they ran from me
Though dogs and cats came willingly.

Deep within the wooded calm
He sang a song a simple psalm
"Make me an instrument of thy peace
Let love be sown and hatred cease".

Now me I live beyond my means
In the city of lost and broken dreams
With too many pairs of shoes
That take me round and round the blues.

And the price of things is never low
Or else it isn't worth the go
And taking time turns out to give
The time it takes to really live.

You may not know who you are
Until you get hit by a star
Like I did and lived to say
It happened on my saint's feast day.

So I'm still here where I belong
And many years have come and gone
Since that dance, since that kiss, Francis