

## Hymn to Saint Jude

### The Saints

I'm flying higher you can't see me  
I'm getting ready for the parade  
I've sold my shares in heaven  
& I'm not going to be the same again  
you can confuse abuse & lose me  
lord I am ready for that trail  
I am ready to cross that ocean  
I'm not coming back again  
so, All the saints can come & find me  
I got friends up there I can tell.....  
I've done enough research into the madness  
of sitting on the shelf  
I am champagne flying blindly  
into someone who is myself  
you can take your glue like madness  
& give it to someone else  
I have done my time on the island  
now it's time for something else  
so, All the saints can come & find me  
I got friends up there I can tell.....  
I'm not coming back again.....!