

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.....!