

# St. Joe Keeps Us Safe

## Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

I got sick of the silence,  
I got tired of the dark,  
I was sleeping in late, I was wasting away, I was dying in small parts.  
So I lit up a smoke and,  
Took a walk through the park.  
The dead leaves scrape concrete making it sound like you're next to me, arm in arm.  
I was putting holes in the drywall.  
I was hoping you'd save me from me.  
I'm gonna go see my mother.  
Take the LIRR.  
Walk the cold Brooklyn streets towards Astoria, Queens out to West Babylon.  
I walked up the driveway.  
Saw my Daddy's old car.  
He's been gone for months but we covered it up.  
It still sits in the yard.  
Well I spent my whole life saying I'd never need no one but I think I might need you.  
I think I might need you.  
I think I might need you.  
We sat in the kitchen.  
My mother's a soldier of god, and so paintings of Jesus, and statues of saints still adorn all the halls,  
But we'll never go hungry, thanks to the infant of Prague, and St.  
Joe keeps us safe cause we buried him deep in a hole in the backyard.  
I know things ain't been good since dad died.  
I know you don't need this from me.  
But mama, I'm breaking.  
There's no light in the dark.  
Dianne left this week.  
She said, "  
Son, look at me.  
I know we ain't been this low before and I'm sorry Aaron.  
I know this year has been hard.  
If you're hurt then I'm hurt.  
I won't make it worse.  
I'm always in your corner." Well I spent my whole life saying I'd never need no one but I think I might need  
you.  
I think I might need you.  
I think I might need you.  
Something's wrong.  
I been waiting here too long.

She said, "  
I knew something was wrong.  
You ain't called here in too long.  
Take the car and run.  
Take the car and run.  
Take the car and run."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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