St. Stephen (1)

Grateful Dead

Saint Stephen with a rose, in and out of the garden he goes
Country garden in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes the people all complainStephen prospered in his time, well he may and he may decline
Did it matter, does it now? Stephen would answer if he only knew how
Wishing well with a golden bell, bucket hanging clear to hell
Hell halfway twixt now and then
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down againLady finger, dipped in moonlight, writing "What for?" across the morning sky
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer, darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbyeSpeeding arrow, sharp and narrow
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned
Several seasons with their treasons
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own
Did he doubt or did he try? Answers aplenty in the bye and bye
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills
One man gathers what another man spillsSaint Stephen will remain, all he's lost he shall regain
Seashore washed by the suds and foam,
Been here so long, he's got to calling it homeFortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman, spinnin' that curious sense of your own
Can you answer, yes I can
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

Songwriters
JEROME J. GARCIA, PHILIP LESH, ROBERT C. HUNTERPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/