

Boy Scouts of America

Saint Etienne

Like a birthday card from the previous year
The weather in Chayco is sparkling and clear
The girl lies in bed, the boy sits in the yard
He wants to talk sleep but he has to keep guard

She stirs from her sleep and she calls for a beer
He knows there are none and pretends not to hear
She hears his breath like she's heard it before
She cuddles her sheets as he slips out the door

God had derailed the Lonestar train
That could take her away from sadness and pain
He acts like a saint but the strain really shows
The Boy Scouts of America taught him all that he knows

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