

Patron Saint

Regina Spektor

She's the kind of girl
Who'll smash herself down
In the night
She's the kind of girl
Who'll fracture her mind
Till it's light
She'll break her own
Heart
And you
Know
That she'll break your heart too
So darling, let go of her hand
She's been skipping days
Spilling her drinks in the sink
And you know
She never coming home
Never coming home
A-Again
But when, when, when
She open her eyes, eyes, eyes
Beyond the
Chipping paint through the windowpane
Lies, lies, lies
Her patron saint
Broken and lame
And absolutely insane
For learning
That true love
Exists
So darling, let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
Let go of her hand
You'll be to blame
For playing this game
And learning

That true love
Exists
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She the kind of girl
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She'll break her own heart
And you
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So darling, let go of her hand
Darling, let go of her hand
You'll
Be to blame
For
Playing this game
And learning
That true love
Exists
Broken and lame
And knowing
That true love
Exists
The pain, the pain, the pain
Of knowing
That true love
Exists
Doo, doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo
Doo, doo-doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo doo
Ah-da-da, ah-ah
Ah-da-da, ah-ah

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