St. Jude

Hinterlandband

She was born of missionaries somewhere overseas
And now it was that she was brought to me
Staring from her farmhouse porch and through a heavy rain
She says that inside she felt a change

the seed is for the field and the trough is for your hand
and this is something we can understand
the seed is for the field and the trough is for your hand
and this is something we can understand

but you feel something wrong
and you know what it is
and your father will never understand
but i can
i can pull you out

i can pull you out

picture of st. jude is on the candle that i burned
saint of my lost causes and concerns
alone and in my bedroom
my guitar and wooden chair
play out all my thoughts until the end

the prayers go soft, you can feel them even more
as they echo down the hall and hardwood floor
the tubes sound warm and the instrument plays well
how long i have waited i can't tell
how long i have waited i can't tell

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written by WITMER, DENISON STUART
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