

# 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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