

You Ain't No Saint

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

When I met you we were young
And like gasoline to matches
Waking up drunk
Sleeping through your early classes
I grew up and grew dull
And you say you wished I hadn't
Well I'm drunk again
And you're guilty like you're Irish catholic
You ain't no saint
I ain't one either
Guess that's why I'm lying here
Cause I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood
And I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood
I've got a gut full of ulcers
They're gonna burn out like dead stars
Turn to dust
If you're coming here alone
Then there's nowhere else to go
So when I walk in man they know I'm alone
Dig your anchors in my bones
Keep your breathing soft and slow
It's freezing, I made a blanket from my coat
You ain't no saint
I ain't one either
Guess that's why I'm lying here
Well I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood
And I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood

I've got a gut full of ulcers
They're gonna burn out like dead stars
It gets freezing here after dark
So I'm searching the car for my dad's old
Bills hat, passed down in 93, It never got far from me, He moved to the island from upstate
And he'd spend Sunday
Watching the game with me Explaining everything, We'd watch Jim Kelly lead the way
And if my dad was here I wonder what he'd say
If my dad was here I wonder if he'd even recognize me
I'm fucking begging
I'm fucking begging
Cause I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood
And I know
That I'm banged up
I got bruises I can't place
Oh I've been coughing out blood
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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