American Saint

Bleu Edmondson

The Concho Valley's on fire tonight
Spilling out into the street
The blessed scream of a newborn dream
Making love in my backseatAll of us together in the glow of the dusty headlights
All the little pretties with the stars in their hair
Sipping titos and crystal lightIts another round of sound checks and train wrecks
The lost boys and the rejects
Falling angels dancing to the music
Drifting softly on the southern windTalking like the heroes that we wont be
Spittin' out the game that little Jimmy sold me
Still fighting for each other
Though it feels like well never win
American saint, American saintNow Philly Joe lives west of Alice
The hippy prince of the wild
He got pinch for possession in a real hard land
But he never lost his styleHe still works the rigs six months out of the year
Old Crow fever, a story to tell and a menthol behind his earIts another round of sound checks and train wrecks
The lost boys and the rejects
Falling angels dancing to the music
Drifting softly on the southern windTalking like the heroes that we wont be
Spittin' out the game that little Jimmy sold me
Still fighting for each other
Though it feels like well never win
American saint, American saintNow Im north of Waxahachie
Im wondering where I go from here
The Baptists say that if I dont change
I wont see next yearIts another round of sound checks and train wrecks
The lost boys and the rejects
Falling angels dancing to the music
Drifting softly on the southern windTalking like the heroes that we wont be
Spittin' out the game that little Jimmy sold me
Fighting for each other
It feels like well never win
American saint, American saint, American saint

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/