

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 backseat All of us together in the glow of the dusty headlights
All the little pretties with the stars in their hair
Sipping titos and crystal light Its 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 wind Talking 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 saint Now 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 style He still works the rigs six months out of the year
Old Crow fever, a story to tell and a menthol behind his ear Its 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 wind Talking 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 saint Now Im north of Waxahachie
Im wondering where I go from here
The Baptists say that if I dont change
I wont see next year Its 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 wind Talking 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

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