

She's Got to Be a Saint

Ray Price

I'm out late every night
Doing things that ain't right
And she'll cry for me
When I'm down in the dumps
And she nurses my lumps
How she cries for me And she'll never complain
She keeps hiding the pain
But I know all the while
She's not feeling too well
'Cause I put her through hell
Still she forces a smile She's got to be a saint
Lord know that I ain't
I finally realize
Right before my eyes
Here is a saint There's a dress in a shop
That'll make her eyes pop
But she'll look away
She'd have gotten a lift
If I'd bought her that gift
For her birthday But her birthday has come
And I feel like a bum
'Cause I spent my last dime
On a worthless old friend
On a drunken weekend
I've done it time after time She's got to be a saint
Lord know that I ain't
I finally realize
Right before my eyes
Here is a saint Should I stay? Should I go?
I really don't know
My mind's in a blur
Soon it's gonna be dawn
And if she finds me gone
Would it be best for her? I see her cry in her sleep
So I kiss her wet cheek
I kneel by her and pray
And I'll turn off the light
Step out in the night
And I'll go on my way She's got to be a saint

Lord know that I ain't
I finally realize
Right before my eyes
Here is a saint

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