

Saint of Circumstance

Grateful Dead

This must be heaven, tonight I cross the line
You must be the angel, I though I might never find
Was it you I heard singing, oh, while I was chasin' dreams
Driven by the wind, like the dust that blows around
And the rain fallin' down but I never knowGot to be heaven 'cause here's where the rainbow ends
If this ain't the real thing, then it's close enough to pretend
When that wind blows when the night's about to fall
You can hear the silence call, it's a certain sort of sound
Like the rain fallin' downHole's in what's left of my reason, hole's in the knees of my blues
Odds against me been increasin' but I'll pull through
I never could read no road map, I don't know what the weather might do
But when that rich wind whines and I see the dark star shine
I got a feeling there's no time to lose, no time to loseNever know now, just don't never know, no
Well it's been heaven but even the rainbows will end
Now my sails are fillin' and the wind is willin'
And I'm as good as gone again

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