

# Patron Saint

## Regina Spektor

She's the kind of girl  
Who'll smash herself down  
In the night  
She's the kind of girl  
Who'll fracture her mind  
Till it's light  
She'll break her own  
Heart  
And you  
Know  
That she'll break your heart too  
So darling, let go of her hand  
She's been skipping days  
Spilling her drinks in the sink  
And you know  
She never coming home  
Never coming home  
A-Again  
But when, when, when  
She open her eyes, eyes, eyes  
Beyond the  
Chipping paint through the windowpane  
Lies, lies, lies  
Her patron saint  
Broken and lame  
And absolutely insane  
For learning  
That true love  
Exists  
So darling, let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
Let go of her hand  
You'll be to blame  
  
For playing this game

And learning  
That true love  
Exists  
She's the kind of girl  
Who'll smash herself down  
In the night  
She the kind of girl  
Who'll fracture her mind  
Till it's light  
She'll break her own heart  
And you  
Know  
That she'll break your heart too  
So darling, let go of her hand  
Darling, let go of her hand  
You'll  
Be to blame  
For  
Playing this game  
And learning  
That true love  
Exists  
Broken and lame  
And knowing  
That true love  
Exists  
The pain, the pain, the pain  
Of knowing  
That true love  
Exists  
Doo, doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Doo, doo-doo doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo doo doo  
Ah-da-da, ah-ah  
Ah-da-da, ah-ah

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