St. James

Snakefarm

This is the story of a man,Who conquered life drink in hand
Ship unmanned.
Marked by genius, channelled good, By some a bit misunderstood.
They'd been wrong many times beforeSome times our saints are sinners,
They blur the lines and lead the way,
Their Way.
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.Never a stranger to late nights, snake bites, fist fights, and empty pints,
Unrivaled heights.
He led with songs, they sang along, created bonds that held so strong
Some were right and some were wrongSome times our saints are sinners,
They blur the lines and lead the way,
Their Way.
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.(Solo)It's by the sea and at nights end that's when the sin and swill begin
That's when he had that certain light inside his head
For every whisper he would scream for every drought he shared a drink
For every sorrow there is a light from our St. JamesOn the sea by the cliff he watches, he waits the night to see
The day - his way
Last call will find us all
But there's a light that leads the way, our way.Some times our saints are sinners,
They blur the lines and lead the way,
Their Way.
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/