

# 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 before 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. Never a stranger to late nights, snake bites, fist fights, and  
empty pints,  
Unrivalled heights.

He led with songs, they sang along, created bonds that held so strong  
Some were right and some were wrong 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. (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. James On 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.

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