

St. Jimmy

Green Day

St. Jimmy's comin' down across the alleyway
Up on the boulevard like a zip gun on parade
Light of a silhouette
He's insubordinate
Coming at you on the count of one, two (one, two, three, four) My name is Jimmy and you better not wear it out
Suicide commando that your momma talked about
King of the forty thieves
And I'm here to represent
That needle in the vein of the establishment I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal
Cigarettes and Ramen and a little bag of dope
I am the son of a bitch and Edgar Allan Poe
Raised in the city under a halo of lights The product of war and fear that we've been victimized
I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal Are you talkin' to me? I'll give you something to cry about St.
Jimmy My name is St. Jimmy I'm a son of a gun
I am the one that's from the way outside
A teenage assassin executing some fun
In the cult of the life of crime
I'd really hate to say it but I told you so
So shut your mouth before I shoot you down ol' boy
Welcome to the club and give me some blood
I'm the resident leader of the lost and found
It's comedy and tragedy,
It's St. Jimmy
And that's my name, and don't wear it out

Songwriters

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