

# St. Jimmy (Live in London)

## 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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