

Patron Saint O' Thieves

The Rumjacks

A Christmas song from behind the wire.
Auld Nick patron saint o thieves, murderers & sailors
Strike these shackles from me uh-huh
Slide the bolt from out the door & tear down all the wire
My babys growin cold & im on fire
The aind that whistles off the hills & carries her perfume
Carries too a lonely carol badly out of tune
For just tonight beyond them walls id lay a mountain low
And sing to her like only i know how They dont hang no fairy lights these rusty iron bars
So ill burn a paper lamp for her to see
Though shes left like a widow of a war that never was
Theres a light still burns in me Auld Nick patron saint o' merchants, pawnmen & the judges
Who barter with the lives o men the battlers & the bludgers
Go haunt the dogs awhile they sleep & thrash em round to sense
Theres to many good bkys this side of the fence Theres boys in here for liftin gear from non-be-wary strangers
Newly minted ner-do-wells & them born with the dangers
For ljin less than fruitful lives, toppin less than faithful wives
A broken line o' fools that span the ages

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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