

St. Stephen

Grateful Dead

Saint Stephen with a rose, in and out of the garden he goes
Country garden in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes the people all complain Stephen prospered in his time, well he may and he may decline
Did it matter, does it now? Stephen would answer if he only knew how
Wishing well with a golden bell, bucket hanging clear to hell
Hell halfway twixt now and then
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again Lady finger, dipped in moonlight, writing "What for?"
across the morning sky
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer, darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye Speeding arrow, sharp and
narrow
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned
Several seasons with their treasons
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own
Did he doubt or did he try? Answers aplenty in the bye and bye
Talk about your plenty, talk about your ills
One man gathers what another man spills Saint Stephen will remain, all he's lost he shall regain
Seashore washed by the suds and foam,
Been here so long, he's got to calling it home Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman, spinnin' that curious
sense of your own
Can you answer, yes I can
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

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