

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 complainStephen 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 againLady finger, dipped in moonlight, writing "What for?"

across the morning sky

Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer, darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbyeSpeeding 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 spillsSaint 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 homeFortune 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>