

The Patience of a Saint

Electronic

Talking of my attributes, the things I do so well
As anyone who's in cahoots with me will readily tell
I've lived up here, I've been down there, I've bought so I could sell
And if I drove a faster car, I'd drive it bloody well
How could I change? I live without restraint And I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint Thinking of my attitudes, talking one on one
I may disagree with you but look where you've come from
And all that you've got, I thought that I would faint But I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint
I would try the patience of a saint I'm talking to myself, talking to myself
I'm talking to the one that I know best
Bury me with gratitude, you can go to hell
Why should I care? I'd rather watch drying paint But I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint
I would try the patience of a saint
And I would try the patience of a saint

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