

# The Return of St. Cecilia

Blue Öyster Cult

Well she wurn't so little  
And she wasn't really nice  
We all thought she was a goner  
Till she was sighted once or twice

Pretty as a picture  
But the picture finally cracked  
Her whole world got dead and buried  
Now she's come a-crawling back

Cecilia  
Cecilia, I never dug your trip  
Cecilia  
Cecilia! Is that a vaper on your lip?  
Saint C  
Y'know it's time you faced the news  
Cecilia  
Blessed lady, nobody ever dug your blues

Back back  
Back back. You slipped the cracks  
Click clack, Migod she's back on track  
CeeCee  
CeeCee, why'd you paint us black?  
Look back  
All the time you stabbed our back  
(And that's a fact)

How she ever got her sainthood kind of never made no sense  
There were two strikes in her favor and eighty-eight strikes against  
Squandered her credentials guzzling canned heat with the boys  
She said she heard sweet, sweet music  
But all she was hearing was noise

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Cecilia, is that you  
Or just a shadow?  
Cecilia, tell me true  
We heard you got your head bust out in Colorado

Goodbye Cecilia, my friend  
If I ever should see you  
It won't be the end