

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