

Saint Lucy

Catie Curtis

I woke up dreaming in romance languages
Tangled stories by ghost writers
But more like screaming, like my eyes in bandages
All around me your flowers

Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes to me

I walk in to the hall, Ms Love's doing magic tricks
I take a seat in the back by the door
And the next thing I know I am right there in the front row
Trying to crawl inside her smoke and mirrors

Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes to me

My neighbor is digging a well in the backyard
While I stumble around looking for a light upstairs
And I can't help but wonder if this is all I am good for
If it's all that I am, if it's my only prayer then

How far tell me, will faith get me
When the well is almost dry?
How far tell me, will faith get me
When the well is, well, well, well?

Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes to me