

## Saint Morrissey

### Deep Blue Something

I may be a firm believer  
Or maybe a firm persuasion  
Or maybe the time releases none  
Deliver this sage of word and tongue  
Tell us the things this man has done  
Convict the accused, and condemn if you must

Saint Stephen, Saint Patrick, Saint Morrissey  
Why would you give your life for these?  
Just make the oh-so-lame to see  
Saint Stephen, Saint Patrick, Saint Morrissey  
If gods reconsider things  
Did they who made the Moz, make thee?

Nevertheless, you sing his songs  
You sin and repent, and then all is gone  
The sentence is served, but the words run on  
One never knows where one belongs  
A face in the midst of a faceless throng  
But gathering stones somehow feels wrong

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There but for the grace of God, go I  
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