

Old St. John

Goodnight, Texas

I heard that old St. John, left his life behind him
Abandoned his children in dust
He settled in Santa Fe, and told the ones he met there
That he was the hand of God

They built him to a saint, but he's nothing but a man
Who burned every bridge that he came upon

I'm told that old St. John, claimed to heal the ailing
And the poor would cherish his name
But I knew that ill-willed man, as baleful and obsessed with
Women and liquor and fame

They built him to a saint, but he's nothing but a man
Who burned every bridge that he came upon

Haven't you ever been lied to
By saints with a soulful sound
Haven't you ever been lied to
With words that belong underground
You can try and try to believe in
Someone that you never should trust
But prayers and the money you're sending
Are adding thick layers of rust

Haven't you ever been lied to?
Haven't you ever been lied to?

I'm told that old St. John, never felt remorseful
And believers never knew his past
But I'm certain that if he's gone, he did not go to heaven
And his scripture and it's lies won't last

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