

Saint Valentine

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Well, Grace she's gone, she's a half-written poem
She went out for cigarettes and never came home
And I swallowed the sun and screamed and wailed
Straight down to the dirt so I could find her trail
Spread out across the Great Divide

Well, I just came to talk, Saint Valentine
I never pictured you living here with the rats and the vines
Ain't that my old heart hanging out on your lines
You're all fucked up, Saint Valentine

Now I circle the bars on the promenade
While the girls in the glass, they're just throwing me shade
And I'm saving my coins up for Jingling Jane
She's out plucking strings in the pouring rain

See I'm all crooked feet, Saint Valentine
I've circled this map till it caught on fire
Now Grace she's left you just skin and bone
Well, you hang up your hat, but you can't call it home
You've tried and you've tried, but you can't call it home
You're the loneliest one, Saint Valentine
You're the loneliest one, Saint Valentine
You're all fucked up, Saint Valentine