

# Eleven Saints

Jason Webley

And if my cat looks scared it's because it knows  
It won't be goin' to heaven.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh,  
Not going to heaven.

If you ask how many saints it takes  
The answer's eleven.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh,  
It's gonna take eleven.

Man, oh, man,  
What's that guy got in his hand?  
It's an egg, it's a spoon, it's a snapshot of the moon.  
It's a coffee percolator going "wheee-eeeeeeee"  
Me, oh, Mi-chelangelo and I  
Were just sittin' by the train tracks reading Kafka to the sky  
With the coffee percolators going "wheee-eeeeeeee"

Oh, oh, oh, yada-dada oh, oh, oh,  
Ya dee da-da-da, dee da-da-da-da-da da-da-da.  
Dee da da da da da.  
Oh, oh, oh, yada-dada oh, oh, oh,  
Ya dee da-da-da, dee da-da-da-da-da da-da-da.

If you'd like to bake me a loaf of bread  
It's got to be unleavened.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh,  
Only unleavened.

And if you'd like to eat the tomatoes in the patch  
You've got to get past old man McGrevin.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh  
Try your luck with Mr. McGrevin.

Man, oh, man,  
What's that guy got in his hand?  
It's an egg, it's a spoon, it's a snapshot of the moon.  
It's a coffee percolator going "wheee-eeeeeeee"

Why, oh why, don't the riders in the sky  
Turn fishes into wishes like the pumpernickel pie  
While the old refrigerator's going  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca-chi-ca-chi-ca  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca-chi-ca-chi-ca  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca-chi-ca-chi-ca  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca-chi-ca-chi-ca  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca, chi-ca-chi,  
Boom, chi-ca-chi-ca-chi-ca

Oh, oh, oh, yada-dada oh, oh, oh,  
Ya dee da-da-da, dee da-da-da-da-da da-da-da.

Dee da da da da da.  
Oh, oh, oh, yada-dada oh, oh, oh,  
Ya dee da-da-da, dee da-da-da-da-da da-da-da.

Man, oh, man,  
What's that guy got-got-got in his hand?  
It's an egg, it's a spoon, it's a snapshot of the moon!  
It's a coffee, coffee, perco-lator-lator goin'-going "wheeee-eeeeeeee"

Me, oh, Mi-co-chelangelo and I  
Were just sittin' by the train tracks reading Kafka to the sky  
With the old refrigerator  
Then the rusty cheese grater  
And the dirty masturbator eating packs of Now & Later  
While the coffee percolator's going "wheeeee-eeeeeeee"