

I met you at the Cornerstore
Now I'm bettin' I could beat you home
And delete the pictures from my phone
And drown myself on Cote Du Rhone

I believe in love but I'm bleeding out
I can feel the fire because I'm feeling low
You can call my Ma, tell her I'm the one
You can call my Ma, tell her I'm the one

I'm a saint, till I ain't, till I ain't, till I ain't
When you figure it out then you'll know
Pain in the chest it's the shape it's the shape
Of promises made years ago
Now I need a pacemaker I'm old
Shoulda never brought you along
I'm a saint, I'm a saint, I'm a saint

I'd rather be a plagiary
Unique among the friends I keep
I in love you gotta feel it out
If you're losing fire gotta stomp it out
Just don't call my Ma, tell her I'm the one
Please don't call my Ma, tell her I'm the one

I'm a saint, till I ain't, till I ain't, till I ain't
When you figure it out then you'll know
Pain in the chest it's the shape it's the shape
Of promises made years ago
Now I need a pacemaker I'm old
Shoulda never brought you along
I'm a saint, I'm a saint, I'm a saint
I'm a saint

And I'm bleeding out
Bleeding out
Bleeding out
I'm bleeding out
Bleeding out

Please don't call my Ma, tell her I'm the one
Please don't call my Ma, tell her I'm the one

I'm a saint, till I ain't, till I ain't, till I ain't
When you figure it out then you'll know
Pain in the chest it's the shape it's the shape
Of promises made years ago
Now I need a pacemaker I'm old
Shoulda never brought you along
I'm a saint, I'm a saint, I'm a saint
I'm a saint