

St. Stephen

Ty Segall

Saint Stephen with a rose
In and out of the garden he goes
Country garland in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes, the people all complain

Stephen prospered in his time
Well he may and he may decline
Did it matter? Does it now?
Stephen would answer if he only knew how

Wishing well with a golden bell
Bucket hanging clear to Hell
Hell halfway 'twixt now and then
Stephen fill it up and lower down
And lower down again

Ladyfinger dipped in moonlight
Writing "What for?" across the morning sky
Sunlight splatters dawn with answers
Darkness shrugs and bids the day good-bye

Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow
Wrap the babe in scarlet covers, call it your own

Can you answer? Yes I can
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

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