

Echobelly, I'm Not A Saint

Everybody's staring at my...
Everybody's out to catch my...eye...
I've gotta think it over
I've gotta think it over

Everybody's got somebody to...
All I wanted was a body to...hide...
I've gotta think it over
I've gotta think it over

I'm not a saint. I'm not a saint. I'm not a saint. I'm not a saint.

Dog is barking, head is hurting
Car is chasing, hands are dirty I've gotta think it over
I've gotta think it over

I'm not a saint. I'm not a saint.
(It's the way I feel inside)
I'm not a saint. I'm not a saint.
(Takes me over sometimes)