

Catie Curtis, Saint Lucy

I woke up dreaming in romance languages
Tangled stories by ghost writers
But more like screaming like my eyes in bandages
All around me your flowers
Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes, to me
I walk in to the hall, Ms Love's doing magic tricks
I take a seat in the back by the door
And the next thing I know I am right there in the front row
Trying to crawl inside her smoke and mirrors
Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes, to me
My neighbor is digging a well in the backyard
While I stumble around looking for a light upstairs
And I can't help but wonder if this is all I am good for
If it's all that I am if it's my only prayer then
How far tell me, will faith get me
When the well is almost dry
How far tell me, will faith get me
When the well is, well well well
Oh, Saint Lucy
I can't find the place where I need to be
Oh, Saint Lucy
Lend your eyes, to me