

# Elton John, Saint

You don't pass your time in limbo  
Or hang out with the crowd  
Sitting on the stoop like a little girl  
Who took the wrong road into town  
But you got that short cut way about you  
And no one's gonna stare you down  
You cook much better on a lower flame  
You burn much better when the sun goes down

And heaven can wait  
But you ought to be a saint  
I got your very best intentions  
Helping me along  
And if I ever fail to mention  
You were an overnight sensation  
Well take it from me  
My baby's a saint  
My baby's a saint

I believe you were a new arrival  
On the fast train passing through  
And you traded in your luck for survival  
To sweeten up the witch's brew  
You had a better way of working magic  
A little mystery in your eyes  
Instead of rolling over you remained the same  
You took the whole world by surprise