

# Frank Black, Go Find Your Saint

Had no life, I was feeling like some kind of unfinished project  
I had a friend John, he said let me  
turn you on to the saint of Inanimate Objects  
Go find, go find your saint  
Go find, go find your saint

Pill by pill a miracle occurred  
The whole world got better  
How I prayed until I said the words  
I knew would upset her

She said, "Get off your knees and don't tarry  
I ain't gonna be what I ain't"  
Go find, go find your saint  
Go find, go find your saint

I packed my bags  
I never did look back  
But I'm glad that I met her

Go find, go find your saint  
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The union was gone but I sang my songs at the Hall of the Felled Tree  
Under the charm of the Saint's folded arms  
Well I hope she can help me