

Grant Lee Phillips, St. Expedite

Watching the clock over Jackson Square
I could feel my life drifting away
Losing my home like the muddy banks
In eleven straight days of rain

I want to call on the St. Expedite
I better call on that St. Expedite

Hung on the carousel it took me a while
To see that it just goes 'round
I kept a'thinking your name rings a bell
You resemble someone when you smile

And I want to say it's the St. Expedite
Honey you got a face like St. Expedite

Ah ah ah

My spirit grows heavy and I wonder at times
What keeps it from floating up high
The hatred of people that I might have crossed
Or the gravity of our desires

It's hell either way calling St. Expedite
Hell either way calling St. Expedite
It's hell either way calling St. Expedite
Well it's hell either way calling St. Expedite