

# PVRIS, St. Patrick

I know it's chemicals that make me cling to you.  
And I need a miracle to get away from you.  
I know it's chemicals,  
and I need a miracle,  
And I'm not spiritual  
But please stay,  
'Cause I think you're a saint and I think you're an angel.

I said,  
You give me something to talk about, something to talk about.  
I said,  
You give me something to think about that's not the shit in my head.  
You're a miracle.  
You're a miracle.  
A miracle.

Transparent hands were at my neck,  
But I love the way you let me breathe instead.  
Take in your chemicals,  
You are a miracle,  
And I'm not spiritual,  
But please stay,  
'Cause you're a glimpse of bliss, a little taste of heaven.

I said,  
You give me something to talk about, something to talk about.  
I said,  
You give me something to think about that's not the shit in my head.  
You're a miracle.  
You're a miracle.  
A miracle.

I need a miracle to bring me back to you.  
I know you're gone now but I still wait for you.