

The Beloved, Saints Preserve Us

another cold evening another september
i'm tired because things could be better
too many people bear their burdens
carrying crosses hammering nails
wasting lifetime waiting to see you
but nothing disturbs you
disturbs you

saints preserve us, then desert us
saints preserve us, then they desert us

but if these tears you shed were what they seemed
what did you expect to see?
this landscape's cold and less than forgiving
there's no hope of forgetting
staring, you smile
thinking of you all of the while

saints preserve us, then desert us
saints preserve us, then desert us

so when i get away i'll send my regards
thinking i should tell you
that i would much rather say that i don't miss you
i can't and won't forgive you
all i'm doing, all that i'm doing
is trying to forget you
to forget you
oh but i won't forget you

saints preserve us, then desert us
saints preserve us, then desert us
all these saints they preserve us
only to desert us
oh they desert us