

The Grateful Dead, Saint Of Circumstance

This must be heaven, tonight I cross the line.
You must be the angel, I though I might never find.
Was it you I heard singing, Oh while I was chasin' dreams.
Driven by the wind, like the dust that blows around,
And the rain fallin' down, but I never know.
Got to be heaven, cause here's where the rainbow ends.
If this ain't the real thing, then it's close enough to pretend.
When that wind blows, when the night's about to fall.
You can hear the silence call, it's a certain sort of sound,
Like the rain fallin' down.

Holes in what's left of my reason, holes in the knees of my blues.
Odds against me been increasin', but I'll pull through.
I never could read no road map, I don't know what the weather might do.
But when that rich wind whines and I see the dark star shine,
I got a feeling there's no time to lose, no time to lose.

Never know now, just don't never know, no.
Well it's been heaven, but even the rainbows will end.
Now my sails are fillin' and the wind is willin'.
And I'm as good as gone again.
I'm still walkin', so I'm sure that I can dance.
Just a Saint of Circumstance, just a tiger in a trance.
And the rain fallin' down, well, you never know, just don't know.
Listen, sure don't know what I going for, but I'm gonna go for it for sure...