

The White Stripes, St. Andrew (This Battle Is In T

This battle is in the air.
I'm looking upwards.
Where are the angels?
I'm not in my home.

St. Andrew, don't forsake me.
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Who is here to greet me?
The children are crying.
I'm not in my home.
I travel backwards in ecstasy.
Where are the angels?
Don't forget me.

St. Andrew, I've been true.
What do I need to say?
What do I need to say?