

# 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