

Florence & The Machine, St Jude

Another conversation without a destination
We love about it never won
And each side is a loser
So who cares if I have grown

And I'm learning so I'm leaving
Even though I'm breathing
I'm trying to find a meaning
Live and lost, revealing
Live and lost, revealing

St Jude, patron saint of the lost causes
St Jude, we were lost before she started
St Jude, we lay in bed as she whipped around us
St Jude, maybe I'll always be more comfortable in killing all

And I was on the island and you were there too
But somehow through the storm I forget to you,
Oh St Jude, somehow she knew
And she came to give her blessing one causing devastation
I couldn't keep my mouth shut, I had to mention
Grabbing your attention

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St Jude, St Jude, St Jude

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