

Saint

Elton John

saint
you don't pass your time in limbo
or hang out with the crowd
sitting on the stoop like a little girl
who took the wrong road into town
but you got that short cut way about you
and no-one's gonna stare you down
you cook much better on a lower flame
you burn much better when the sun goes down
and heaven can't wait
but you ought to be a saint
i got your very best intentions
helping me along
and if i ever fail to mention
you were an overnight sensation
well take it from me,
my baby's a saint
my baby's a sainti believe you were a new arrival
on the fast train passing through
and you traded in
your luck for survival
to sweeten up the witches brew
you had a better way of working magic
a little mistery in your eyes
instead of rolling over
you remained the same
you took the whole world by surprise
and heaven can't wait
but you ought to be a saint
i got your very best intentions
helping me along
and if i ever fail to mention
you were an overnight sensation
well take it from me
my baby's a saint
my baby's a saint

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