

St. Stephen

Grateful Dead

Saint Stephen with a rose
In and out of the garden he goes
Country garden in the wind and the rain
Wherever he goes the people all complain
Stephen prospered in his time
Well, he may and he may decline
Did it matter, does it now?
Stephen would answer if he only knew how
Wishing well with a golden bell
Bucket hangin' clear to Hell
Hell halfway twixt now and then
Stephen fill it up and lower down and lower down again
Lady finger, dipped in moonlight
Writing, "What for?", across the morning sky
Sunlight splatters, dawn with answer
Darkness shrugs and bids the day goodbye
Speeding arrow, sharp and narrow
What a lot of fleeting matters you have spurned
Several seasons with their treasons
Wrap the babe in scarlet colors, call it your own
Did he doubt or did he try?
Answers aplenty in the bye and bye
Talk about your plenty and talk about your ills
One man gathers what another man spills
Saint Stephen will remain
All he's lost he shall regain
Seashore washed by the suds and foam
Been here so long, he's got to callin' it home
Fortune comes a crawlin', calliope woman
Spinnin' that curious sense of your own
Can you answer? Yes I can
But what would be the answer to the answer man?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>