

# I Could Be A Saint

Emma Pollock

Don't say that everything is easy  
When I know that everything is hard  
I will be your saint or your sinner  
I will be whatever plays the part

Don't say that everything is easy  
When you don't know the effort I put in  
I will be your saint or your sinner  
I will be whatever lets you win

You are the painter and I am the painted  
But your proclamation has left this thing tainted

How you gonna break my heart  
When you've never even made my day?  
How you gonna make me pay  
When I've given all I had away?  
And all of it gave was true  
And none of it I gave to you

So you can count the ways in which I love you  
And I confess I've yet to find them out  
But I have plans to get myself enlightened  
I will try not to miss any of them out

You're sending roses while I'm seeking refuge  
You're bending backwards while I'm heading homewards

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