

## St. Anne

### Make Do and Mend

We're all living just to find the latest loss,  
So cut your anchor loose and swim your way across.  
And when the day gives way to dusk and the circle closes 'round  
,  
Fold your hands across my heart and hold me down.

It was around this time of year when we first met,  
You were my age and I didn't know it yet  
But you'd be there for every time I lost my step  
In a world that spun too fast under my legs.

I've seen pictures of you then,  
Like the patron saint of everything I lack.  
And I know I've kept you up more nights than I could care to guess,  
But somehow you never thought to love me less.

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I think this year I've lost more than I've found.  
It spun me 'round and knocked me down and dragged me out.  
But no matter how I find myself falling in around you've been my  
y sore eyes  
And solid ground.

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