

# St. Anthony

Richard McGraw

Anthony, if you can hear me  
I hope that you are better  
now that the worst of things  
came knocking upon your door  
His face was like real estate  
Intending to mold your fate  
he got what he came for. Making out in the 6th grade.  
You were so ahead of your time.  
I didn't bother to make out  
till I was f\*cking 99.  
In the gymnasium  
befriending the big girls,  
letting the white boys  
join in the freestyle. Alright, Alright  
goodnight, goodnight  
Alright, Alright goodnight  
Now that you're number one  
Get down on your  
graveyard knees  
Cut loose from this  
Newburgh scene.  
Return to the fragrant trees.  
No animal vacancy.  
No cheap mediocrity.  
No evidence in the sky.  
No eyes to see me cry.  
Goodnight.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>