

**The Saint of Warren Avenue** (Matt Watroba) © 2010

The saint of Warren Avenue served the drinks and worked the grill  
Her specialty was lonely hearts shattered dreams and busted wills  
She swore just like a sailor on a drunken one-day pass  
She spoke the language of a street that was paved with broken glass

The Saint of Warren Avenue raised a family with no dad  
Her ways were wild and dangerous just a catholic girl gone bad  
You could map the tough life in the deep lines of her face  
You could feel the hard earned love intense in her embrace

**CHORUS:**

Sometimes saints are sinners  
Sometimes saints are pure  
At best a clear reflection  
Of the broken souls they cure  
She would work her wonder  
In the shadows of a life  
She could find the miracle  
In common human strife

The Saint of Warren Avenue Took sick and went away  
Hundreds mourned her passing at the funeral home that day  
One by one each one stood up and told their story bare  
Of the woman who accepted them when their life was in despair

One told how he showed up late abandoned and alone  
She took him in for all those years she opened up her home  
The same was true for animals found hungry at her door  
She spent her bar maid wages on the helpless and the poor  
**CHORUS**