

Skids, The Saints Are Coming

There is a house in new orleans
They call the rising sun
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And god, i know i'm one

I cried to my daddy on the telephone
How long now
Until the clouds unroll and you come home
The line went
But the shadows still remain since your descent
Your descent

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The saints are coming, the saints are coming
I say no matter how i try, i realise there's no reply
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I say no matter how i try, i realise there's no reply

New birth to the rebirth
New orleans

Living like birds in magnolia trees
A child on a rooftop, a mother on her knees
Her sign reads
Please, i am an american

A drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief
How long now
Until a weather change condemns belief
How long now
When the night watchman lets in the thief
What's wrong now

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