

Prayers Of The Saints

[Dave Barnes](#)

Mama's alone where the sirens call
They're filling up her mind like they fill the hall
Mama can't fight what she don't know
Baby looks fine while the cancer grows

Talking about the prayers of the saints
They can do what most men can't
God bends his ears just to hear what they say
Talking about the way they move
Makes them do the things that they do
Somewhere a saint is praying for you

Papa's alone while the sun sets red
Papa stands fine, baby lays in bed
Papa blames this on what he don't know
Baby looks fine while the cancer grows

Talking bout the prayers of the saints
They can do what most men can't
God bends his ears just to hear what they say
Talking about the way they move
Makes them do the things they do
Somewhere a saint is praying for you
Somewhere a saint is praying for you

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