

# The Saints Are Coming

## The Skids

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 oneI cried to my daddy on the telephone  
How long now?  
Until the clouds unroll and you come down  
The line went  
But the shadows still remain since your descent  
Your descentI 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 descentThe saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
The saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no replyA drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief  
How long now?  
Until the weather change condemns belief  
How long now?  
When the night watchman lets in the thief  
Whats wrong now?The saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
The saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply

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