

Hospital For Sinners

The Wallflowers

Some have crosses
Bells that ring
Most have angels
painted with wings
Old ones and blonde ones
can find their way in
got statues, apostles,
and other godly things
In deserts they build em
of mortar and clay
In barrios they stick em
by fire escapes
They outlast the setbacks
earthquakes and plagues
They burn them like haystacks
and another one is raised
in the backwoods of the country
in the Empire State
wherever theres somebody
at the crossroads that waits
The junction of right now
and a little too late
see one before you
with wide open gates
Its a hospital for sinners
aint no museum for saints
Could be a casket
and bums on the steps
a baby in a basket
being left
Its a good place to shuffle
when youve gone through the deck
Its the closest to heaven
on earth you can get
Itll shelter a poor man
and humble the great
derelicts and outlaws
can hide for a day
The worst hearts youve known
can be salvation saved
in the same room that lovers
vows are exchanged
Its a hospital of sinners
aint no museum for saints
Youll sing till you drop
then ask to be saved
Well, if its a comeback you want
then get your hands raised
Theres more than a few
on nearly every map
more than a couple
alone on this path
You want to be in one

you beg your way back
cut off at the knees
and its feet still collapsehospital of sinners
aint no museum of saintsIts a hospital of sinners
aint no museum of saints

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