

The Saints Are Coming

The Skids

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 The saints are coming, the saints are coming
I say no matter how I try, I realise there's no reply A drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief
How long now
Until a weather change condemns belief
The stone says
This paternal guide once had his day
Once had his day

Songwriters

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