

The Neon Light Of The Saints

Shawn Colvin

The saints all hang their heads
The avenue is long
They're muffling their voices
In the cold breaking dawn
The saints are in their element
The elements are brave
The voices and the wrecking crew
And the marching of the saints

The saints are playing horseshoes
The flood is in the past
And mercy isn't critical
Sometimes they even laugh
On their way uptown
So much to do so much to say
In letters red and crystalline
Go marching in the saints

The saints, the saints
Gonna meet you once again
The saints, the saints
In the neon light of the saints

The saints are just as relevant
As the old evening blues
The saints wrap 'round the city
They flicker and they choose
Sometimes they are connected
Sometimes they hope and pray
In letters red and crystalline
Go marching in the saints