

# All Times Through Paradise

The Saints

Red light is on all the good is gone  
I'm in a home, I'm all alone  
All to myself I say we gotta get off this shelf and  
The moon it don't shine and the sun it don't call  
So we gotta walk down to the city park  
To where everybody's calling out for someone  
Who might save their little life because  
The moon it don't shine and the sun don't call on the  
phone  
And all the lost children now they think that they are  
the ones who'll come walkin' on home  
You read a book, saw how it looked  
Everybody took a little chance  
Down to the mainstreet where we traded in for cheap  
romance  
And the moon it don't shine and the sun don't call on  
the phone  
And all them lost children now think that they are the  
ones who'll come walkin' on home  
But they're gone  
The moon it don't shine and the sun don't call on the  
phone  
And all them lost children now they think that they are  
the ones who'll come walkin' on home  
But they're gone  
Yes they are gone  
Everybody's gone  
Yeah, all gone  
You were the one who thought life was someone damn had  
no life  
All times through paradise you thought it'd be quite so  
nice but  
The moon it don't shine and the sun don't call on the  
phone  
An all them lost children now they think that they are  
the ones who'll come walkin' on home  
but they crawl to the moon and the sun, he won't crawl  
to anyone  
And the night is a dark sign it takes the light from  
the day  
And my eyes they don't see what the world was for me to  
be  
And we're walking home  
I said we're walking home  
I said we're walking home  
Yeah we're walking home