

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
No matter how I try, I realise there's no reply
The saints are coming, the saints are coming

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

The saints are coming, the saints are coming
No matter how I try, I realise there's no reply
The saints are coming, the saints are coming