

# 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