

The Saints Are Coming

U2

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Superdome
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God, I know I'm one.

I cried to my daddy on the telephone,
How long now?
Until clouds unroll and you come home,
The line went.
But the shadows still remain since your descent,
Your descent.

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

A drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief,
How long now?
Until the weather change condemns belief,
How long now?
When the night watchman lets in the thief
What's wrong now?

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