

# The Saints Are Coming

## The Skids

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy,  
And God, I know I'm one. VERSE 1  
I cried to my daddy on the telephone,  
How long now?

Until the clouds unroll and you come down,  
The line went  
But the shadows still remain since your descent,  
Your descent

### CHORUS 1

The saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
The saints are coming, the saints are coming  
I say no matter how I try, I realize there's no reply  
New birth, rebirth, trombone shorty  
Livin' like birds in the magnolia trees,  
Child on the roof top,  
Mother on her knees.  
Her sing reads, please,

### I AM AN AMERICAN! VERSE 2

A drowning sorrow floods deepest grief,  
How long now?  
Until the weather change condemns belief,  
How long now?  
And once was mainly condence believe,  
What's wrong now?

### CHORUS 2

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

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