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Dave Alvin "Prayers Of The Saints"

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Mama's alone where the sirens call They're filling up her mind like they fill the hall Mama can't fight what she don't know Baby looks fine while the cancer grows

Talking bout the prayers of the saints They can do what most men can't God bends his ears just to hear what they say Something bout the way they move Makes them do the things they do Somewhere a saint is praying for you

Papa's alone while the sun sets red He stands there fine, baby lays in bed Papa blames this on what he don't know Baby looks fine while the cancer grows

Talking bout the prayers of the saints They can do what most men can't God bends his ears just to hear what they say Something bout the way they move Makes them do the things they do Somewhere a saint is praying for you

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