

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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