

U2

"Saints Are Coming"

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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

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

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
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

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?

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
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