

U2 & Green Day, The Saints are coming

Intro:

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 home,
the line went.
But the shadows still remain since your descent,
your descent.

Verse 2:

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.

Chorus 1:

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

Bridge:

New Birth, Re-Birth
Trombone Shorty
We're living like birds in the maganonious trees,
Child on a rooftop, mother on her knees,
Her sign reads please, I am an American,

Verse 3:

A drowning sorrow floods the deepest grief,
how long now?
Until the weather change condemns belief,
how long now?
When the night watchman is in the fleet
Whats wrong now?

Chorus 2:

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