

When the Saints Go Marching In

Bruce Springsteen

We are all trav'ling in the footsteps
Of those that've gone before
We'll all be reunited
On that new and sunlit shore

When the saints marching in
When the saints go marching in
Lord, how I want be in that number
When the saints go marching in

And when the sun refuses to shine
When the sun refuses to shine
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

Oh when the saints go marching in
Oh when the saints go marching in
Lord, how I want to be in that number
Oh when the saints go marching in

And when the trumpet sounds its call
When the trumpet sounds its call
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call

When the saints marching in
When the saints go marching in
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

And some say that this world of trouble
Is the only one we'll ever see
But I'm waiting for that morning
When the new world is revealed

Oh when the moon turns red with blood
Oh when the moon turns red with blood
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the moon turns red with blood

When the saints (oh when the saints) go marching in (go marching in)
When the saints go marching in (go marching in)
Lord, how I want (Lord, how I want) to be in that number (be in that number)
When the saints go marching in

Oh when the saints (oh when the saints) go marching in (go marching in)
When the saints go marching in
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

Lord, how I want (Lord, how I want) be in that number (to be in that number)
When the saints (when the saints) go marching in (go marching in)