

# Prayers Of The Saints

Dave Barnes

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

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