

verse

# THOSE SAINTS

17th of March in the year of '96  
Outside the Academy - 100 bucks a ticket  
Up on stage, we're playin' up a storm  
Maria's Wedding - the roof is comin' off  
10 minutes later, crowd safe out the door  
Three people lyin' on a balcony floor  
One little bullet change so many lives  
When you play in a band you can run but you can't hide

Back in the van we're all countin' the cost  
Big Murph lyin' comatose in New Orleans  
Friends droppin' off like proverbial flies  
But you gotta keep movin' - no time to cry  
'Til one night we were rockin' Columbus, Ohio  
Johnny Byrne's partyin' back in the East Village  
Phone rings at 4am - "what's that you say"  
Johnny just fell off the fire escape?

Break for 2 instrumental lines of "Saint"

This could be the straw that breaks the camel's back  
'Til Geoff and Freddie mount a brass attack  
And the pipes start screamin' out defiance  
This show don't stop until after the last dance

Chorus

Am F  
So come on baby, get up off your ass  
D G G7  
This ain't no dress rehearsal rag  
A7 C Am  
No matter what you say or do  
D G G7  
Those saints just gonna keep on marchin' through  
A7 Am C Am  
Makes no difference if you're green, white, orange or blue  
D G  
Those saint's just keep on marchin' through

↑  
Saints

1st 3rd  
#xs  
7 1 2 1 3  
G E G  
2nd 7 1 2 1 3 7 2 1 3 4 5  
#6#  
F E D  
F E D  
F E D

Verse

So we go to Ireland, sing about Paddy Sands  
But they think we're just a crowd of dumb yanks  
"Er, you don't understand the political culture"  
If you don't know your past forget about the future  
So we go on home to New York City  
Where the men are men, sheep are scared, the girls pretty  
Then the drummer wakes up hummin' "smoke gets in your eyes"  
This ain't no Broadway musical, babe, your bulldozer on fire

Get back in the van and lick your wounds  
Gotta make a new record, write some tunes  
Then a man from the Mets says "are yez available"  
Come on and play for us out in Shea Stadium  
33 years to the day since the Beatles were here  
We'll pay yez top dollar, throw in a coupla beers  
Try your hand at bein' John Lennon  
Kick start the band into the next millennium

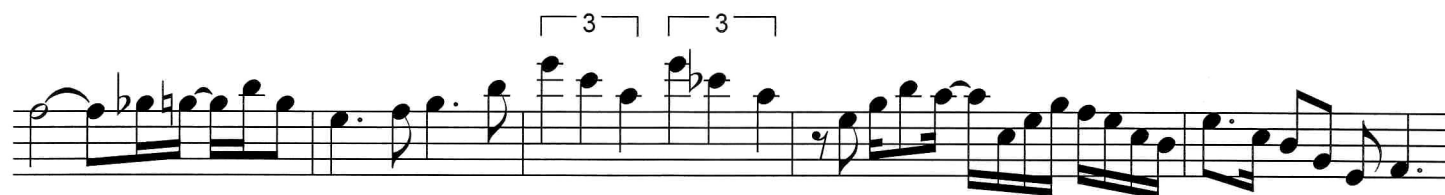
← 4x5

She's rockin' - no time for regrets  
When the rhythm section starts kickin' in  
Then Chris comes out rappin' "Time to Go"  
Time to banish misfortune, man, here we go

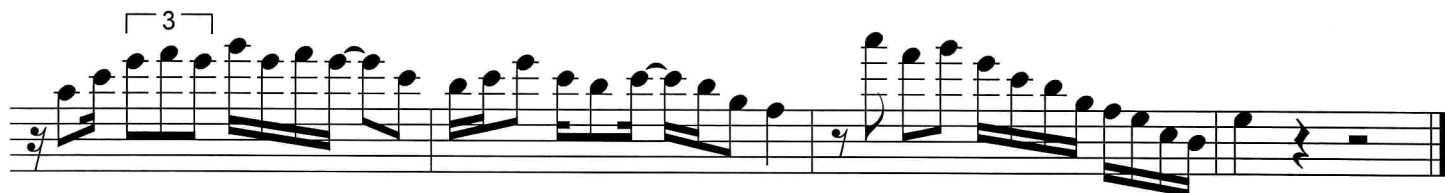
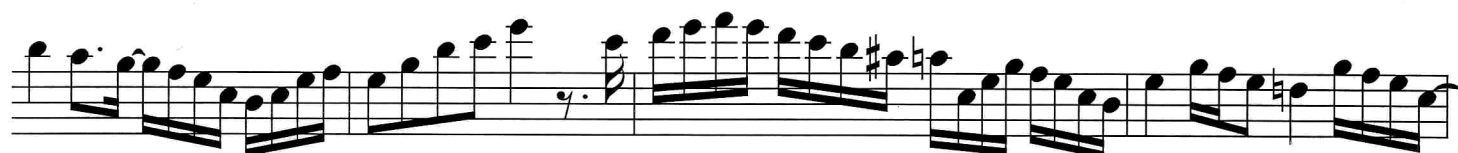
## Melody



## Verse Melody Chorus

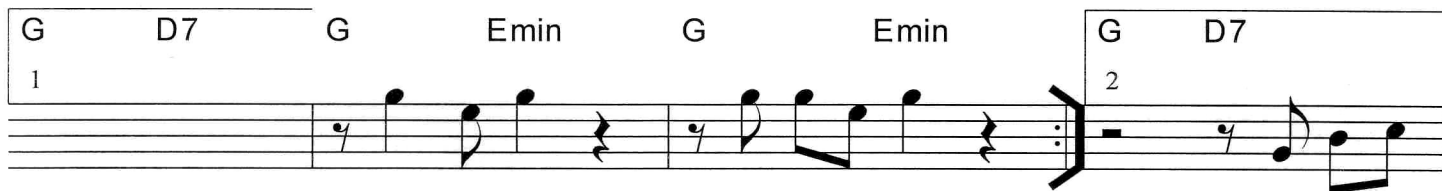
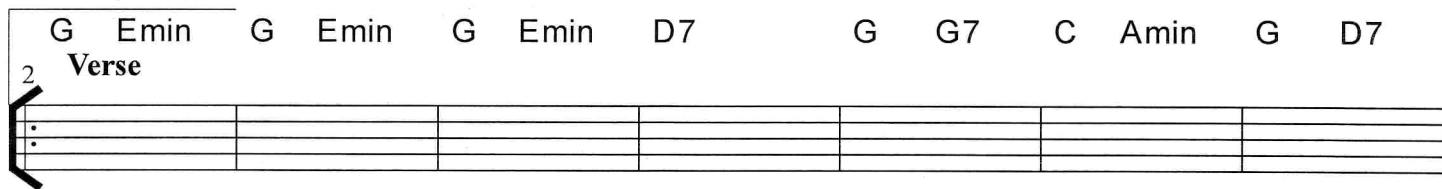
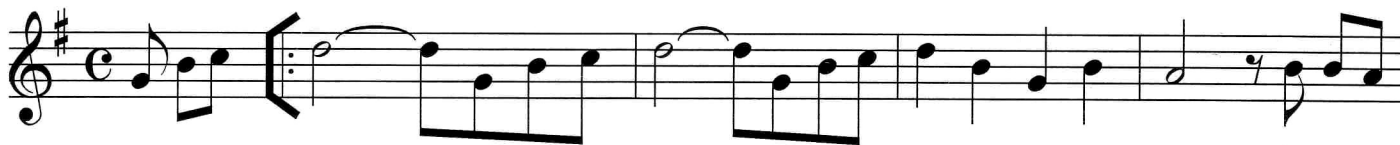


## Verse Melody Chorus



# Saints

G Emin G Emin G Emin D7



*D.S. al Coda*



*D.C.*