

When the saints go marching in,
and the sinners march alongside them,
I want to be in that number
when all of us go marching in.

We are traveling in the footsteps
of those who've gone before,
& we'll all be reunited
on our new & sunlit shore.

& when the sun refuses to shine,
& ash blots out the sky,
I want to be in that number
when we all forget how to cry.

When the moons turns red w/blood,
and stars fall from their places,
I want to be in that number
when we have no need to dream.

When the rich go out & work
for a thousand years or more,
I want to be in that number
when the tables are truly turned.

When the air is pure & clean,
& the oceans are cool & clear,
I want to be in that number
when we treat animals as peers.

When we all have food to eat,
& we all have a place to sleep,
I want to be in that number
when Earth is Paradise again.