

Count the Saints

Foxes

If I close my eyes, will it come to life?
Is it something I'm dreaming of?
If a steady hand, doesn't rule my heart,
will it lead me to somewhere happy enough?

Now my soul is sore in a sinful world,
(and you don't get out alive)
If I meet myself in a halfway home,
and I will remember the things you said.

Love isn't always fair,
but that's no reason to be so cruel to me.
Hold on to what is there,
and count the saints.

There's a reason why, I keep it all inside.
To shun my hopes from the raining sky,
then arrange it all into simple lines.
To be part of a world where love can reside.

And the hope's are holding my careful heart
(and it don't get out alive)
and I gave myself to a lonely --
Who couldn't keep his promises.

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but that's no reason to be so cruel to me.
Hold on to what is there,
and count the saints.
And count the saints,
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