

Four Holy Photos

Hockey

Hold up a picture of a highway,
And a picture of a home.
And a picture of some money,
And a picture of some bones
All together
All in a row
But out of all those pictures, you'll only notice one
But its really not important
No its no more than a fortune
It just shows what doors are open
If you're looking at the home, well your feet are scared
You're looking at the road, you're gonna feel restless for a while, yes for
a while, for a while
If you're looking at the money, well you benefit from the army
You're looking the bones, well you got some silly reasons in their eyes, yes
in their eyes, in their eyes

This the song
This the song
The song of four holy photos
They never look into their own eyes
Its the second closest you'll get

There's settlement of foreigners in a land that they can't see
Where the birds are always singing
And the water runs clean
But all these things
Told them nothing
There's a makeshift church
And there's a hand that pulls a rope
And the rope swings the bells
As they ring into the trees
And make an echo
And it never stops
Well so i hung up those pictures in their foraminous place
Where their mood is a little nervous
But they felt they had a reason enough to stay
So they stayed
And no-one when they looked, could even see the bones at all
The leaders took the money
And the others took the color of the road
Yes, and the home
And no-one argued
It was one of them who did
And he spoke on what he saw
And ruined his reputation
He was labeled as a misfit
Ah you know, that's just what saints get sometimes

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