

# All the Pretty Things

## Mohicans

We are, we are, we're caught in the in-between  
Of who we already are and who we're yet to be  
We're looking for love but finding we're still in need  
It's only what we have lost will we be allowed to keep  
And we're waiting but our eyes are wandering to  
All this earth holds dear  
Look at all the pretty things  
That steal my heart away  
I can feel I'm fading  
'Cause Lord, I love so many things  
That keep me from your face  
Come and save me  
And we run, we run, to finally be set free  
But we're fighting for what we already have received  
So we're waiting but our eyes are wandering to  
All this earth holds dear

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