

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 smile
Who couldn't keep his promises 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
And count the saints
And count the saints 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
And count the saints
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