

# 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 it's really not important  
No, it's 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  
It's 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 This the song, this the song  
The song of four holy photos  
They never look into their own eyes  
It's the second closest you'll get

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