A Fine Frenzy "Red Ribbon Foxes"

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"Red Ribbon Foxes"

There's snow on your collar, boy There's snow on the bench There's snow on the sleeping grave And the crooked fence

And if you've been crying With my hand on my chest I swear I'll never tell

The town is aglow with lights
The carolers sing
You sister won't sleep tonight
For the morning brings
That old happy Christmas
You came here to find it
I did as well

For joy doesn't come in boxes Nor peace in a heavy watch Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught But the search it never stops

The son of a holy man You dream of the saints So thin with your poet hands And your eyes of flame

And I'd like to kiss you Full on the mouth I don't care if you tell

For love doesn't come in boxes Nor truth in a crowded shop Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught But the search it never stops

For faith doesn't come in boxes Nor God in your silver cross Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught But the search goes on and on

The search it never stops

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