

Hockey

"Four Holy Photos"

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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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