

Charlie Landsborough "Saints"

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Their hearts was a jeweler she polished everyday
With little acts of kindness as she went along her way
She was No picture for your wall
Some times saints don't looks like saints at all
He raised her children by him self
And they were left alone
He fed their wounded hearts with love until they had
their own
He seemed so insignificant and small
Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all

Saints aren't always blessed simply faces
Angels can be found unexpected places
They're not that hard to recognize
You can tell them by the little bits of heaven in their
eyes

He drinks too much and swears more then he should
some people say
But they don't count the precious hours of life he gives
away
To help the weak and humble when they fall
Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all

Saints aren't always blessed simply faces
Angels can be found unexpected places
They're not that hard to recognize
You can tell them by the little bits of heaven in their eye

Music

ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â!ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â!ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â!ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â!

Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all

Saints aren't always blessed simply faces

Angels can be found unexpected places

They're not that hard to recognize

You can tell them by the little bits of heaven in their
eyes

She sacrificed her early life and all she might have
known

To keep her Aging mother from the fear of being alone

How she sits alone herself while Shadows fall

Sometimes saints don't look like saints at all

Sometimes saints don't look like saints at all

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