

The National

"Little Faith"

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Little faith, follow me
I set a fire in a blackberry field
Make us laugh or nothing will
I set a fire just to see what it kills

Now, I'm stuck in New York
And the rain's coming down
I don't feel like we'll go anywhere
Stuck in New York
And the rain's coming down
Still in line for the Vanity Fair

Leave our excellent souls
Head for the coast
Leave our excellent souls
Everything goes

All our lonely kicks
Are getting harder to find
We'll play nuns versus priests
Until somebody cries

All our lonely kicks
That make us saintly and thin
We'll play nuns versus priests
Until somebody wins

Awesome prince, get your sleep
Lose your heart in history
Make us laugh or nothing will
I set a fire just to see what it kills

Don't be bitter, Anna
I know how you think
You're waiting for Radio City to sink
You'll find commiseration in everyone's eyes
The storm will suck the pretty girls into the sky

All our lonely kicks
Are getting harder to find
We'll play nuns versus priests
Until somebody cries

All our lonely kicks
That make us saintly and thin
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