

The Frames

"Hopeful"

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Down in the street, they're calling your name
If you stay here with me, you'll only complain
So let go my hand, go be with your friends
You turn out the light, will I see you tonight

My one little hopeful
My one little hope....ful
And up on the hills, they're locking their doors
They're hiding away, and you choose to ignore
And you keep it well hide, do not share with the kids
And I'll stand here alone, at the end of this phone

My one little hopeful
My one little hope....ful

La la la la, la la la la la

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