

Blow, The "Fists Up"

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i have tried
my hopes have blossomed
and my hopes have fried,
i tried to cut them all down
but i found hopes were still living deep inside,
like a team of renegade lovers
working long hours sneaking around
with a belief in the life of our love,
like a light at the end at the end
of a long tunnel; a struggle

fist up!
for all their faith in one preceding a face,
they really do believe that if
they hang on long enough
that you'll come around
and finally let it show
and all their hopes will be rewarded
for their impetus to grow,
well utopian piece would fall across the land
you'll reach over for my hand,
you'll really want to hold my hand

And i don't want to come to the point of this song,
because the point of this song
would happen to be so long.

It gets hard:
the vigilantes can't agree on who's in charge,
they gave their souls for the cause
but the love that they were after is still at large
see this faith in which they found allegiance
ripping at the seams as hope is running it's course
the rebels just cant muster the force
to walk the thin line between belief and delusion
and

fists up! for all their faith
in one preceding a face
they really did believe
that if they've hung on long enough

that you'd come around
and finally let it show
and all their hopes would be rewarded
for their impetus to grow
utopian peace would fall across the land
you'd reach over for my hand,
you would've really wanted to hold my hand

and i don't want to come to the point of this song
because the point of this song would happen to be so
long[long long long long long long]

It was perfect you know
with just one little problem
the fact that it turns out
you don't really want it
my love is a fortress,
my love is a Louvre
but it cant ever thrive
if i'm forced to keep proving it.

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