

The Fox

Nada Surf

The fox, the fox
Lied
Eyes under my prize

The fox, the fox
Lied
Fox eyes under my prize

We're in a different war
With ourselves, and with some of you
So many things that don't hold true

With the fear that dims our light
With the barnacles on our right

On the grass, beachy head
On the cliff to which you've been lead
The curve of the hill is green and soft
As if the wind would hold you aloft

Its how you feel for me now, not how you felt
Its how you deal with envy, not how you dealt

Recognise and send away, set it asail
Serenity inside of me

We're in a different war
With ourselves, and with some of you
So many things that can't be true

On the grassy beachy head
On the cliff where you were laid
The curve, the hill is green and soft
As if the wind would hold you

Serenity inside of me
Set asail

But you'll sail alone
If you don't hold the rope
You'll go alone