

## Four Holy Photos

Hockey

Hold up a picture of a highway,  
And a picture of a home.  
And a picture of some money,  
And a picture of some bones  
All together  
All in a row  
But out of all those pictures, you'll only notice one  
But its really not important  
No its no more than a fortune  
It just shows what doors are open  
If you're looking at the home, well your feet are scared  
You're looking at the road, you're gonna feel restless for a while, yes for  
a while, for a while  
If you're looking at the money, well you benefit from the army  
You're looking the bones, well you got some silly reasons in their eyes, yes  
in their eyes, in their eyes

This the song  
This the song  
The song of four holy photos  
They never look into their own eyes  
Its the second closest you'll get

There's settlement of foreigners in a land that they can't see  
Where the birds are always singing  
And the water runs clean  
But all these things  
Told them nothing  
There's a makeshift church  
And there's a hand that pulls a rope  
And the rope swings the bells  
As they ring into the trees  
And make an echo  
And it never stops  
Well so i hung up those pictures in their foraminous place  
Where their mood is a little nervous  
But they felt they had a reason enough to stay  
So they stayed  
And no-one when they looked, could even see the bones at all  
The leaders took the money  
And the others took the color of the road  
Yes, and the home  
And no-one argued  
It was one of them who did  
And he spoke on what he saw  
And ruined his reputation  
He was labeled as a misfit  
Ah you know, that's just what saints get sometimes

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The song of four holy photos  
They never look into their own eyes  
Its the second closest you'll get