

## 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