

Closed Hand, Full of Friends

Foy Vance

The scenery's changing and it warms my soul
I'm 200 miles down and a long way yet to go
So get your boots on and your walking cool
And we'll together leave our footprints upon a virgin snow
That ancient sunrise will soon descend
And we'll be left here pondering on the things which you cannot change
So let's start over with no means to an end
Just in love and out of hope and a closed hand, full of friends
Yeah, well, livin' was alright but I
was dead in the water
Couldn't see it in its light, I couldn't kneel in its altar
All I wanted was to tear it right down to the ground
But I'm feeling alright now, yeah, I'm feeling alright
Every morning when the coffee's on
And I rediscover that color in your eyes, in its gold and its bronze
And in the moonlight go get the camera, just go
With the recitations of the parish poets popping on our scrolls
Yeah, well, I was alright but I was dead in the water
Could see it's light, I couldn't kneel in its altar
All I wanted was a turn right down to the promising
Through this fleeting culture
And hide away from wolves and the vultures
All they wanted was to tear me right down to the ground
Oh, I'm feeling alright, I am now, yeah, I'm feeling alright
In the recitations of the parish poets
In the buildings, in the burrows, in the locked boats
I will find my means to an end
With an open heart in hold and a closed hand, full of friends
In the recitations of the parish poets
In the buildings, in the burrows, in the lochte boats
I will find my means to an end
With an open heart in hold and a closed hand, full of friends
In the recitations of the parish poets
In the buildings, in the burrows, in the locked boats
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>