## **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 alrightEvery 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 alrightIn 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 friendsIn 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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Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/