

# Charlie Landsborough, Saints

Their hearts was a jeweler she polished everyday  
With little acts of kindness as she went along her way  
She was No picture for your wall  
Some times saints don't looks like saints at all  
He raised her children by him self  
And they were left alone  
He fed their wounded hearts with love until they had their own  
He seemed so insignificant and small  
Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all

Saints aren't always blessed simply faces  
Angels can be found unexpected places  
They're not that hard to recognize  
You can tell them by the little bits of heaven in their eyes

He drinks too much and swears more then he should some people say  
But they don't count the precious hours of life he gives away  
To help the weak and humble when they fall  
Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all

Saints aren't always blessed simply faces  
Angels can be found unexpected places  
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Music  
Sometimes Saints don't look like saints at all  
Saints aren't always blessed simply faces  
Angels can be found unexpected places  
They're not that hard to recognize  
You can tell them by the little bits of heaven in their eyes  
She sacrificed her early life and all she might have known  
To keep her Aging mother from the fear of being alone  
How she sits alone herself while Shadows fall  
Sometimes saints don't look like saints at all  
Sometimes saints don't look like saints at all