A Fine Frenzy, Red Ribbon Foxes

Red Ribbon Foxes
There's snow on your collar, boy
There's snow on the bench
There's snow on the sleeping grave
And the crooked fence
And if you've been crying
With my hand on my chest
I swear I'll never tell
The town is aglow with lights
The carolers sing
You sister won't sleep tonight
For the morning brings
That old happy Christmas
You came here to find it
I did as well
For joy doesn't come in boxes
Nor peace in a heavy watch
Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught
But the search it never stops
The son of a holy man
You dream of the saints
So thin with your poet hands
And your eyes of flame
And I'd like to kiss you
Full on the mouth
I don't care if you tell
For love doesn't come in boxes
Nor truth in a crowded shop
Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught
But the search it never stops
For faith doesn't come in boxes
Nor God in your silver cross
Those red ribbon foxes are not so easy caught
But the search goes on and on
The search it never stops