

# Sarah Masen, Hope

We&#039;ll be taking off our clothes to sing  
We&#039;ll be wearing our own skin  
We&#039;ll be taking off a whole lot more  
Just so we can sing  
Just so we can sing

Hope is coming out tonight  
Knocking at the door  
You&#039;ve got to let that stranger in  
Looking at your soul  
Looking at your soul

A peeling and a shedding mind  
Changing what we are worth  
Blessed are the meek somehow  
Taking in the earth  
They are taking in the earth

And all this talk of love and peace  
And wanting something true  
Well peace can cut the rope sometimes  
That&#039;s holding on to me and you  
That&#039;s holding on to me and you

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You?ve got to let that stranger in  
Looking at your soul  
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No sentimental bags of gold  
To occupy the hurt  
It?s knowing what the demons sold  
When falling to the earth  
When falling to the earth

Now I am stretching out across the land  
Trying my best to understand  
While fear is barking like a dog  
But I am holding out my hand  
Still holding out my hand

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Looking at your soul  
Looking at your soul