

# The Church, It's No Reason

Crocodile skin water, city shadows wait  
Put your head into your hands, the ending is so great  
Take a ride to sundown, buy a ticket home  
Take all the things I've bought you, leave all the rest alone  
Marble skins turn human, people fade to gray  
Put your head into my hands we'll make them go away  
As you're crying softly, you won't ever be disturbed  
Red on pink, the sun will sink, have you even heard?

And the colors take me down  
It's no reason to be sad  
And you leave without a sound  
It's no reason to be glad

Salty tears are wasted, children lie awake  
Put your head into my hands, don't let your spirit break  
Black smoke from the chimneys, white smoke from the hills  
Everything is moving, but we're standing still

Celebrations fading, boats upon the waves  
Put your head into my hands, trying to be brave  
The carnival has packed up, the storm has left us peace  
Poppies sleep undamaged, we drive into the east