

MARCHING LIKE FOOLS

(a. aparicio)

Marching like fools.
Broken again. Trying to move on.
Gloria, Gloria.
Trusted again, battling on.
Misguided again, Wait for the dawn.

Chorus

That's the way Love goes.
It goes, it goes, it grows cold and cold.

Shrouded in tulle.
Cover my face. Hide all my tears.
Gloria, Gloria.
Shredding my words. Swallow my fears.
Wait for the dawn. Counting the years.

Chorus

It goes, so high. It touched the sky.
From East, the sound. What's lost is found.

Chorus out

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From the album, "**All These Brilliant Things**".
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