

Ghostly Girl

Jolie Holland

Ghostly girl, too light to stand on the ground
Nothing you do is done
And I can tell, you are not real
Girl, what are you doing here

I don't know why, I am here myself
No one else seems to know

Nobody likes a spook or so I've deduced
But I have loved some ghosts in my time
But that doesn't mean I want them around
I'd rather be lost than found, I thought I would loose my mind

But through your eyes I see
Past the billboards to the trees
And the flowering weeds
Grow through the cracks of the city

And all these things will go
And all these seeds will grow
And you'll be home in the sky