

Many Ghosts

Akron/Family

Hang my picture
Cut my tree
Swallow the forest
Let's surround it
Leap from the mountain
Fall to the sea
Hanging from coattails
And following me

Well, I have held on to many ghosts
Many ghosts, many ghosts
To tell my story

And I have held on to many ghosts
Many ghosts, many ghosts
To tell my story

It goes like this
Back and forth all day

It goes like this, kid
Back and forth all day

Read my story
Buzz my beak
Holding the mason jar
And caressing me
The feels of the sky
They breeze when I breathe
Reading from books
Empty boxes marked "free"

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