

Helena

Damien Jurado

Hello from the room, where I'm selling my clothes
I'd steal light from the sun, and you'd still not approve
Pushing the ground so my feet finally moved
I was never as big as the world

I keep in touch with my man down the hall
Who's been pining for days at the loss of his soul
He was caught up in the laughter of moons
We were never as big as the world

Stealing the coins from the pockets of fools
Exchanging of hands where the riddles are gold
Laughter, a currency we'll never afford
You were never as big as you were told

Seeing yourself through the waves of farewell
Where once you were them but now cannot tell
Being unsure of who you are now
The world is a liar, the stars are a must

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The world is a liar, the stars are for us