

Dirt Doesn't Travel

Daphne Loves Derby

Under the new born tree, oh
We left your body in a box
I'll pray for your ghost to haunt this home
And keep us warm
I hope you finally found your way

Don't you worry
Death will keep you company
I've been worried for you

Above the ancient room
Your body turns to soil without a fight
And I can finally hear your ghost tonight
But what's the point
I hope you're too ashamed to speak

Don't you worry
Death will keep you company
I've been worried for you

Speak to me
I will set you free
I will celebrate
A different side of me