

Holy Ghosts

Elephante

This city's killing me
I miss the rivers and the cherry trees
I miss the magic and the mystery
Of what it'd be like to be free

I'm sick of driving on these empty streets
Of fleeing phantoms, baby, I can't see
Of taking shelter in these memories
Of what it was like to be free

So baby, hold me close
I can't take it now
All these holy ghosts
Trying to chase me down
Baby, hold me close
Baby, hold me close
Just one touch and we'll never be the same
No, we'll never be the same

I miss the golden hour
Surrounded in the thunder of a crowd
A thousand voices singing to the sound
Of what it was like to be free

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Trying to chase me down
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Just one touch and we'll never be the same
No, we'll never be the same

Just one touch and we'll never be the same
No, we'll never be the same
No, we'll never be the same
Oh, we'll never be the same
No, we'll never be the same

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