

Deserted Homes

Fallulah

I don't know where people go
when they desert their homes
Vaporized like all the water cooked
on their stoves
Maybe time is just two hands leading us
through the most

Letting go, letting go, letting go
Letting go, letting go, letting go

I don't know where people go
when they desert their homes
Could you be there with me when I
see their ghost?

Many, many, many
People on the road
Of letting go, letting go, letting go
Don't let me go, let me go, let me go

Looking for something familiar
In faces that are gone
Freezing time is easier
If you are holding on

Come with me, come with me
Nothing is left to see
Come with me, come with me
Close to reality
Come with me, come with me
Nothing is left to see
Come with me, come with me
Close to mortality

I don't know where people go
There's nothing here to show
If I stay too long will I too
Turn to stone?

Many, many, many
Secrets to be told
Let it go, let it go, let it go

Looking for something familiar
In faces that are gone
Freezing time is easier
If you are holding on

Come with me, come with me
Nothing is left to see
Come with me, come with me
Close to reality
Come with me, come with me
Nothing is left to see
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Close to mortality

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