

## Your Dead Grandfather

Fruit Bats

We've been told there's a ghost in the sky  
Who pushes the button for the snow  
And if you talk to your dead grandfather your grandfather will  
show  
You how to get to know this beautiful being up there  
The one whose image we're all molded in

So let's pray to the God of miracles  
To make things stop being so terrible  
Maybe things stop being so unbearable  
If we pray to the God of miracles once in a while

There's a power bigger than us  
And you know it makes the earthquakes quake  
Were the words from your dead grandmother  
Who years before made her way  
Through the world with the help of a magic man in the sky  
A guy who's there to teach you how to be

Let's wish on a burning meteorite  
That everyone start feeling right

Let's pray to the God of miracles  
That things stop being so unbearable

Let's pray to the God of miracles  
That things stop being so terrible

Let's pray to the God of miracles  
That things stop being so terrible