

Tomato Red

Ghost Atlas

Tomato red willow
Shades the head on my pillow
Hallelujah, say my name
Waking lips to greet the sun

Say all the right things
I feel like I need it

Muted tongues of mutual
Self conscious morning ritual
Find my footing in the fog
I want to find your smile in the epilogue

Say all the right things
I feel like I need it
I feel like I need it
I don't know if I'll believe it

Sing hallelujah, come what it may
If I feel it
Sing hallelujah, come what it may
I don't know if I'll believe it
Sing hallelujah, come what it may
And oh, if I feel it
I don't know if I'll believe it