

## San Luis

Gregory Alan Isakov

Weightlessness, no gravity  
Were we somewhere in-between

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis

Oh, highway boys all sleeping in  
With their dirty mouths and broken strings  
Oh, their eyes are shining like the sea  
For you, the queen of San Luis

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis

Cutting through the avenues  
I'd always find my way to you  
Beside the hook, the hammer lies

Fumbling round in the smoke  
Spending time chasing ghosts  
Hold me down, hold me down, child  
Hold me down, hold me down, child

California called you queen  
With your golden hair and magazine  
Were you somewhere in-between  
Fast asleep, a flying dream

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis

I'm a ghost of you, you're a ghost of me  
A bird's-eye view of San Luis