

# Ghostly Girl

Jolie Holland

Ghostly girl, too light to stand on the ground  
Nothing you do is done  
And I can tell, you are not real  
Girl, what are you doing here

I don't know why, I am here myself  
No one else seems to know

Nobody likes a spook or so I've deduced  
But I have loved some ghosts in my time  
But that doesn't mean I want them around  
I'd rather be lost than found, I thought I would loose my mind

But through your eyes I see  
Past the billboards to the trees  
And the flowering weeds  
Grow through the cracks of the city

And all these things will go  
And all these seeds will grow  
And you'll be home in the sky