

With the Ink of a Ghost

José González

I know as I see
Touching through the mist
All hypocrites they're racing deadlines on the list

Eager to imply
There were footprints in the rain
Meeting all tonight
Telling they're doing great
Telling they're doing great

Scatter [?]
And this brings into the air
Old [?] in the trees
Praying to stay clear

Some might be afraid of them elegantly
In the past
She runs from the deepest valley passed the sun
Opening p the wall
Time spending contemplating

And they're missing dawn
They're burning up the gates
But once afraid to lose more
Got the rain in the moment black
Come to life

He came from the dark to realize
When it lasts
She runs from the deepest valley passed the sun
Opening up the wall
Witness to the changing times
It makes sense to all at last

Shape the currents and it has been living in
All this time witness to the changing time

I don't last a week
Moving out the tree
Molding once to be
Serene with the tile