

## Mostly M.E.

Lomelda

On the my first trip to the coast  
Through the backseat window  
The evergreen shadows reminded me of home  
Now they remind me of us sitting close  
When I'm crying with the ghosts  
Crying with the ghosts  
It's mostly sky

It's mostly leaving town I guess  
Never thought I'd be such a mess  
I confess I know the consequence  
I loved you but I lost you to silence  
And now I'm losing my breath  
Just from counting up weekends  
When I'm crying with the ghosts  
Crying with the ghosts  
The world is mostly sky

The place we leave  
And when we don't leave  
Walking where the dead gather in the fog  
I saw you through it  
I can see ya through it