

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