

# A La La

## Jukebox the Ghost

My hope was just in season and that's the truth of it  
As I looked up at the clouds and called them by what I did  
Naming the stars after the shapes that they saw there

Light up the moon with our mouths and shouted once againAh-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah haUnder our breath  
we muttered curses at the passer-bys

Turned the curses so they rhyme and called them lullabies and  
Sing ourselves to slumber sneaking somewhere

There's a sleep we sought way back whenW-w-w,-w-w-w,-w-w-w, -w-when w-w-w,-w-w-w,-w-w-w, -w  
whenJust sneakin somewhere in the song upon which we rely  
To keep our arms and bodies precariously entwined and

As I moved to the spot where you had just been

My mind and body turn and we begin againA la la, a la la, a la la, again  
A la la, a la la, a la la, again

Again oh babe wellCause even you can find a shoulder to lean upon  
Some other vouchered social soldier without uniform and  
He will look you in the eyes and you would feel at home

And then the moment had passed and you were once again aA la la, a la la, a la la, alone  
A la la, a la la, a la la, alone  
A la la, a la la, a la la, alone  
A la la, a la la, a la la la lone

Oooh oh babe wellYou will find me in a stance in empty arms  
Shaking my head and sneaking glances for you in the crowd  
At the passer-bys

Shaking my head like we used to do in better timesT-t-tuh, t-t-tuh, t-t-t-better times  
T-t-tuh, t-t-tuh, t-t-t-better times

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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