Ghosts

James Vincent McMorrow

The moon holds the light
And the moon's this spinning globe
Shedding light upon the road
The bird won't fly
And a bird without it's wings is a low and tragic thingWe are ghosts
We are ghosts amongst these hills
From the trees of velvet green
To the ground beneath our feet
We are ghosts
We are ghosts amongst these hills
Pressing out along the shore
Pressing out along the shoreThe mountain song
Matters not the thoughts of thirds
Matters only to be heard
And though I'm gone
I will come again in Spring
When the harvest can beginWe are ghosts
We are ghosts amongst these hills
From the trees of velvet green
To the ground beneath our feet
We are ghosts
We are ghosts amongst these hills
Pressing out along the shore
Pressing out along the shore

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