

Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground

[Chris Thile](#)

Dead Leaves and the dirty ground when I know
You're not around shiny tops and soda pops when I
hear your lips make a sound when I hear your lips make a sound
thirty notes in the mailbox will tell you that I'm
coming home and I think I'd better sick around for a while so you're not
alone for a while so you're not alone
soft hair and a velvet tongue I wanna give you what you give to me and
every breath that is in your lungs is a tiny little
gift to me if you can hear a piano fall you can hear me coming down the hall if i could just hear your pretty voice
I dont think I'd
have to see at all I dont think I'd have to see at all
I didnt feel so bad til the sun went down
I got back home no one to wrap my arms around
to wrap my arms around
to wrap my arms around
any man with a microphone can tell you what he wants the most and you'll know why
you love at all if you're thinking of the
holy ghost if you're thinking of the holy ghost

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