Hollywood Forever Cemetery Sings

Father John Misty

Jesus Christ, girl
What are people going to think?
When I show up to one of several funerals
I've attended for Grandpa this weekWith you
With me
But someone's got to help me digJesus Christ, girl
It hasn't been long so it seems
Since I was picking out an island and a tomb for you
At the Hollywood CemeteryYou kiss
On me
But we should let this dead guy sleep
We should let this dead guy sleepJesus Christ, girl
I laid up for hours in a daze
Retracing the expanse of your American back
With Adderall and weed in my veinsYou came
I think?
Because the marble made my cheeks look pink
But I'm unsure of so many thingsBut
Someone's got to help me dig

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