

Ghostly Girl

[Jolie Holland](#)

Ghostly girl, too light to stand on the ground
Nothing you do is done
And I can tell, you are not real
Girl, what are you doing here I don't know why, I am here myself
No one else seems to know Nobody likes a spook or so I've deduced
But I have loved some ghosts in my time
But that doesn't mean I want them around
I'd rather be lost than found, I thought I would lose my mind But through your eyes I see
Past the billboards to the trees
And the flowering weeds
Grow through the cracks of the city

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