

# 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 again Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah ha Under 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 when W-w-w, -w-w-w, -w-w-w, -w-when w-w-w, -w-w-w, -w-w-w, -w  
when Just 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 again A la la, a la la, a la la, again  
A la la, a la la, a la la, again  
Again oh babe well Cause 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 a 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, alone  
A la la, a la la, a la la la la lone  
Ooh oh babe well You 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 times T-t-tuh, t-t-tuh, t-t-t-better times  
T-t-tuh, t-t-tuh, t-t-t-better times

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