

# james vincent mcmorrow, Ghosts

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 its wings is a low and tragic thing

We 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

The 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 begin

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