

Emmy The Great, Easter Parade

Is all that we've become,
Just nothing but hats and bags
We're waiting for taxi cabs
So you light cigarettes
And i'm taking drags

In the air, a sea of words,
That didn't come soon enough
In my mind a railway station
And a ticket stub

And it is easter in the town
I can hear as they strike off the bell
We're listening to some old man
Say he came back to life with a hole in his hand

And now the sunday school is gathered Together in pink and in blue
They're heralding angels for you
But not for me

They're singing
Gloria in excelsis
Deo deo

Gloria in excelsis
But there's no,
There's no hope

And i am grateful for the things
That you've tried to show to me dear
But there no arcadia
No alby and theres no jerusalem here

And underneath your pastures green
There's earth and there ash
And theres bone
And there are things that dissapear
Into it and then they are gone

And there is light that hits the sky
And then it is midnight again
And there is my mother, my father,
And you and we are all impermanent

And on the green they tell their tales About how even the dead can come back
I just dont believe in that

So you can keep on singing

Gloria in excelsis
Deo deo

Gloria in excelsis
But there's no,
There's no hope

There's no such thing (x7)
There's no such thing as ghosts