

# 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