

Feist, Graveyard

The graveyard, the graveyard
All full of light the only age
The beating heart is empty of life
Dirt and grass the shadow hall
The moon sails past blood as ice is
An empty crisis lonely and last

Whoa-ah-ah-ah ah-ah
Bring them all back to life
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Roots and lines, roots and lines
Our family tree is a home
From there we climb The Golden Hill
Call and they will eternally I held your hand
The giant wand alto low song and history
Begins to be blue and brown eyes

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