

Emmy Rossum

"Easter Parade"

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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 up the band
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's no Arcadia,
No Albi, and there's no Jerusalem here

And underneath your pastures green
There's earth and there's ash
And there's bone
And there are things that disappear
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 don't 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

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