

## Chris Thile

# "Dead Leaves And The Dirty Ground"

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Dead Leaves and the dirty ground when I know  
You're not around shiny tops and soda pops when I  
hear your lips make a sound when I hear your lips make  
a sound

thirty notes in the mailbox will tell you that I'm coming  
home and I think I'd better sick around for a while so  
you're not  
alone for a while so you're not alone

soft hair and a velvet tongue I wanna give you what you  
give to me and every breath that is in your lungs is a  
tiny little  
gift to me

if you can hear a piano fall you can hear me coming  
down the hall if i could just hear your pretty voice I dont  
think I'd  
have to see at all I dont think I'd have to see at all  
I didnt feel so bad til the sun went down  
I got back home no one to wrap my arms around  
to wrap my arms around  
to wrap my arms around

any man with a microphone can tell you what he wants  
the most and you'll know why you love at all if you're  
thinking of the  
holy ghost if you're thinking of the holy ghost

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