

## **Daphne Loves Derby "Dirt Doesn't Travel"**

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Under the new born tree, oh  
We left your body in a box  
I'll pray for your ghost to haunt this home  
And keep us warm  
I hope you finally found your way

Don't you worry  
Death will keep you company  
I've been worried for you

Above the ancient room  
Your body turns to soil without a fight  
And I can finally hear your ghost tonight  
But what's the point  
I hope you're too ashamed to speak  
Don't you worry  
Death will keep you company  
I've been worried for you

Speak to me  
I will set you free  
I will celebrate  
A different side of me

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