

## The New Cities

### "Loose Translation"

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One holy ghost for a (holy/lonely) girl  
In the dream she shook then read, I quote,  
"We're all past elation now" (???)  
In the school of thought, in the halls of state,  
When the leaves turned pink,  
The loose translation must have lost her  
It must have cost her to go back

To the civilization caught between here  
And the real one  
Just to say what you'd begun to say once

We have been enrolled in the wrong schools  
All thru the pride of falling, falling  
Price of education now  
There have been no clues in the last few  
Takes in the steps we trace  
The education must have cost her  
It must have cost her to go back

To the civilization caught between here  
And the real one  
Just to say what you'd begun to say once

The education must have cost her  
The loose translation must have lost her  
It must have lost her, yeah...

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