

Father John Misty "Hollywood Forever Cemetary Sings"

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Jesus Christ, girl
What are people gonna think
When I show up to one of several funerals
I've attended for grandpa this week
With you
With me

Someone's got to help me dig
Someone's got to help me dig

Jesus Christ, girl
It hasn't been long so it seems
Since I was picking out an island and a tomb for you
At the Hollywood Cemetery
You kiss
On me

We should let this dead guy sleep
We should let this dead guy sleep

Jesus Christ, girl
I laid up for hours in a daze
Retracing the expanse of your American back
With Adderall and weed in my veins
You came
I think
Cause the marble made my cheeks look pink
But I'm unsure of so many things

Someone's got to help me dig
Someone's got to help me dig
Someone's got to help me dig

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