

Dead Leaves And The Dirty Ground

Chris Thile

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 ha
ll 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 a
nd you'll know why you love at all if you're thinking of the
holy ghost if you're thinking of the holy ghost