

Hollywood Forever Cemetery Sings

Father John Misty

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
But someone's gotta help me dig
Someone's gotta 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
But 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

But someone's gotta help me dig
Someone's gotta help me dig
Someone's gotta help me dig