

# Holy Places

Gemma Hayes

This stupid mess brings out your eyes  
And all those beautiful cities inside  
I've never seen a firefly but I picture it in my mind  
Distant and uneasy, will return to me eventually

Holy Places, for you and I  
We need the Holy Place, where there's fireflies

Sometimes the sun is too bright  
And the world kicks me on the inside  
These bones whistle endlessly  
For the lonely and the crazy  
My world subsides

Holy Places, for you and I  
We need the Holy Places, where there's fireflies

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And all those beautiful cities inside