

The Ghosts You Draw on My Back

múm

The wind plays flute
Through the cellar door
And on my window sill
Plays a sad old song
I hope tonight
You will touch my hair
And draw ghosts on my back

Walk the shore
To impassable
Shout at screaming waves
Shout at silent rocks
I think tonight
I'll dream of salty tongues
So tears drip down by leg