

The White City

Rosaline

Few and far are my beliefs
Three short, three long, three short again
The ghost escaped but we saw his face
It hangs above his head until he throws it to the ground (alter
ing the whole thing)
The city's knees are bent down
And he'll still recall what he still has to say
Few and far are my beliefs, few and far, few and far
We can tear open the archives today.
Few and far are my beliefs, few and far are my beliefs, few and
far are my beliefs
The ghost escaped but we saw his face
Party like it's 1893, a celebration like it's 1893, a certain f
eel of urgency
It hangs above his head until he throws it to the ground (alter
ing the whole thing)
The city's knees are bent down