

# Big Head Todd And The Monsters, Ellis Island

New York lady slips underneath the dim trumpet light.  
Come from a land she's never known.  
She sees in her future castles burning bright,  
But she's got no place to go.  
And if you should ever speak with her,  
Keep your promises to a whisper.

She is listening, she is listening  
She hears everything, she hears everything  
Into the air, and disappears,  
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.

She wonders why everything ain't right  
For all the people down here below.  
Hey, sister where's your life?  
Brother, where's your home?  
And if you should ever speak with her,  
Keep your promises to a whisper.

She is listening, she is listening  
She hears everything, she hears everything  
Into the air, and disappears,  
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.

There's a whisper inside every broken heart.  
A frail, frail dream.  
Which runs through the traffic and plays a part.  
Sweet love through eternity.  
And if you should ever speak with her,  
Keep your promises to a whisper.

She is listening, she is listening  
She hears everything, she hears everything  
Into the air, and disappears,  
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.  
Into the evening, forgotten in her lonely soul.