

# Feist, Graveyard

The graveyard, the graveyard  
All full of light the only age  
The beating heart is empty of life  
Dirt and grass the shadow hall  
The moon sails past blood as ice is  
An empty crisis lonely and last

Whoa-ah-ah-ah ah-ah  
Bring them all back to life  
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Roots and lines, roots and lines  
Our family tree is a home  
From there we climb The Golden Hill  
Call and they will eternally I held your hand  
The giant wand alto low song and history  
Begins to be blue and brown eyes

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