

## Easter Parade

Emmy the Great

Is all that we've become  
Just nothing but hats and bags  
We're waiting for taxi cabs  
So you light cigarettes  
And I'm taking drags

In the air, a sea of words,  
That didn't come soon enough  
In my mind a railway station  
And a ticket stub

And it is Easter in the town  
I can hear as they strike up the band  
We're listening to some old man  
Say he came back to life with a hole in his hand

And now the Sunday school is gathered  
Together in pink and in blue  
They're heralding angels for you  
But not for me

They're singing  
Gloria in Excelsis  
Deo, deo

Gloria in Excelsis  
But there's no,  
There's no hope

And I am grateful for the things  
That you've tried to show to me dear  
But there's no Arcadia,  
No Albi, and there's no Jerusalem here

And underneath your pastures green  
There's earth and there's ash  
And there's bone  
And there are things that disappear  
Into it and then they are gone

And there is light that hits the sky  
And then it is midnight again  
And there is my mother, my father,  
And you and we are all impermanent

And on the green they tell their tales  
About how even the dead can come back  
I just don't believe in that

So you can keep on singing  
Gloria in Excelsis  
Deo, deo

Gloria in Excelsis  
But there's no,  
There's no hope

There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing  
There's no such thing as ghosts