

# 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