Ghostown

Namedropper

I live in this ghostown
The whispers from the walls fall like feathers to the ground
I walk upon these cemetary streets
And i don't speak the language of the skeletons that i meetI live in this ghostown
The acid from the architecture is burning the place down
I wander through these solitary streets
They're empty as an afterthought in purple pools of gasolineThe river's all in flames
I can't go home again
This city speaks in rainI live in this ghostown
The coffee burns like kerosene and the color of my world is brown
I look out on these melancholy streets
It's quiet as a photograph and lonley as my vanityThe river's all in flames
I can't go home again
This city's rearrangedI'm never going to leave this ghostown

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