

# Ghost

## Clutch

The leather soles go shufflin' in  
Stinking of smoke and ten cent gin  
Now who will toast our noble host  
Who has this mornin' given up the ghost? The wooden coffer hand to hand  
Kind words are offered, silent prayers  
But she is satisfied the most  
While stabbing madly at the roast The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve  
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve The creditor rides with his men  
The death of debtors, he won't forgive  
They repossess his silver eyes  
Now in the potter's field, he lies The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve  
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve Waitin' for a dead man's shoes  
Have you heard the latest news?  
Lazarus is back from the dead  
Lookin' as one would expect Drippin' with the waters of Sheol  
Babblin' about body and soul  
And then he found his wife in their bed  
Buck, naked and already wed The tax collector beneath his sheets  
The door swings open, floorboards creak  
Now who will toast our noble host  
Who has this mornin' given up the ghost? The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve  
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain will receive no reprieve  
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve  
The sons of Cain will receive, will receive

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