

Ghosts

Mr Hudson

Like ghosts we both appear
In this Polaroid I'll treasure through the years
(Years)

Full of promise and of smiles
We are happily quite ignorant of pain
And oh, how life can quickly change
You can't predict the rain
Or second guess the stars
To find some method in the mad
Or some goodness in the bad men
That now and then block our way

And as ghosts we'll disappear again
Back into photographs
They'll scatter through the years
Friends assumed we'd moved away
No, we're just hibernating
And oh, how life can quickly change
You can't predict the rain
Or second guess the stars, no
To find some method in the mad
Just some goodness in the bad men
That now and then block our way

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