

# A Ghost

## Onlinedrawing

St. Joe, trade-in  
I don't want this life  
There's too much gold, and  
not enough bad guys  
So won't you talk to St. Pete  
and see what he can do for me  
Because, of course, a ghost  
could not affect this world Gimme pale skin, pale eyes  
Soft glow, milky white  
See through me in the light  
Because, of course, a ghost  
could not affect this world I see off my wife at  
elderidge and sun  
I wait by the corner, the  
bus always comes  
Always on time  
Always the same one  
I drift through the doors,  
I float above the seats  
and hey there's my boy  
crossing the street  
He's talking with friends  
He's looking away  
This is not the end  
There are never enough days  
I scream and I shake and I  
sound like the wind  
and I miss the pain of our  
blood and our skin  
Rubies and pearls, our blood  
and our skin  
Our blood and our skin are  
worth everything. Hey St Joe, I was wrong  
About the sea and the sun and my boy  
Let me bleed, let me long  
The taste of skin is joy Because, of course, a ghost  
could not affect this world.

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