A Ghost

Onelinedrawing

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 worldGimme pale skin, pale eyes
Soft glow, milky white
See through me in the light
Because, of course, a ghost
could not affect this worldI 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 joyBecause, of course, a ghost
could not affect this world.

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