

Ghost Nation

Hunters & Collectors

Too old to move, too rich to ignore
Garden of Eden on the South Pacific shore
Sweet wonderland.
No horizon, no borderline
Too far away to know or define
Sweet wonderland.
Empty playground, drenched in sorrow
The forest weeps last harvest tomorrow
Sweet wonderland.
Made in Japan

The pleasure boats are leaving
But there's nowhere to go
Into time-on, only minutes left
Hear the whistle blow
Sweet wonderland.
Dream of the future, forget about the past
I'll sell you something, you think it's gonna last
Sweet wonderland
Give away your riches, give away your gold
Ghost nation's soul can never be sold.

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