Lustre

The Church

Well we had just begun
When the night came down
Sweating rain on everyone
Anyone who was hanging around
You say there's something strange going on
I cannot see a thing
And pretty soon then we'll be drenched to the bone
And my soul is freezing

And we really should decide
Who's taking who for this
Ride the bandwagon into the ditch
Smile for the many you shocked
Bless my soul and drop a stitch
Strike while the irony is hot
And I don't have much time
There's so much left to take

It'd hard to know what's genuine
And what's a genuine fake
I think there's something weird going on
Something unforseen
The best impression of a succubus
That I have ever seen
Before we get too fried
Let's get on with the
Ride the ghost train now into the dark

Ride it right into the ground
Up through the suburbs, graveyards and parks
Going around and around
If I never see you again
That will be way too soon
And if I ever get over this
I will be over the moon
I hope that something new comes along

Something more my style
I hope that someone else comes along
And makes it worth my while

And it's lust and sloth and pride
That makes me want to
Ride the rollercoaster for all that it's worth
Live it all up to the hilt
If you can't take it with you
Away from this earth
Might as well take it full tilt
Ride the old horse through goldrush town
If that's the kind of company you keep
You're getting very tired and you need to lie down
I'll see you in your sleep

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