Ghost Town Blues

Prefab Sprout

Sitting alone when her work is through
These days she's listless though that spring sky is blue
Her parents try but it's not much use
Her boyfriend left home, it was late summertimeLife was good, they were young but glory is purblind
How could a future like that go wrong?
I know the mayor of this hysterical town
He worked himself up from the dirt on the groundNow everyone asks him questions and so on
People consider they've a right to be told
He just can't imagine what it is he should know
People naturally wonder what it's all leading toOh, Anne Garland, you can't call this heartbeat a man
Too sad you bet, we're all caught in history's web
But don't cry too soon, you might as well fall in love with the moon
Oh, Anne Garland, we win or we lose at his handCars collide and they kill the groom
Death's neatly spruced for his honeymoon
Find an answer while I leave the roomMan made the neon and he learned how to fly
But Gold made the stars while he fashioned the sky
Perhaps I should learn to shut my mouth

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