

My Old Ghosts

The Wooden Sky

Horses by my window go
When you're fast asleep far below
And I hope that you never know
That while you sleep I still find time for my old ghosts
See I was born just yesterday
And I try to tell my feet to stay but they won't
You know it's hard to find a friend
But I'm dumb and I might change my mind again
When it's slow I think I'd rather die
Then pass this off on some unsuspecting child
Angie came to me today
And said she was born to lead but not to say
That she knows there's no hope
Of making good on all those promises that she wrote
Surely there's been some mistake
Some blind omission or a spot for change but no
You know it's hard to find a friend
But I'm dumb and I might change my mind again
When I'm low I still look to ghosts
To keep a cool eye on the hand that holds my throat
See I was born just yesterday
And I try to tell my feet to stay but they won't

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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