Meat

Denis Leary

I am a prince I have it all
I hear your footsteps through the wall
I wait in silence for your call
Then take a shot and watch you fall
I am a ghost but I cannot fly
I'm stuck here as the years slide by
I need a resting place 'cause i
Already felt my body die

If I had a host of ghosts
Living on my street
I'd jive and strive to stay alive
And offer them some meat
I need a different life I think
Perhaps I'd be the missing link
And treasure moments as I drink
Away the memories let the sink

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