Ghostwriter

Calexico

Dying of thirst, could I still be alive or worse
Where was I last, parked on the street when a shadow
Was cast
Taking me out, a struggle ensued
What was that hole in my shirt and the blood that
Spilled to the floor
Like a dead man'sFocus is blurred and a voice off camera is heard
The lighting's to blame, tell the assistant director
The same
Pulling away to a final dissolve
Soundtrack provides a lush bed of strings
Before the screen fades to black
And the credits rise above like the soul of
A dead man

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