

# 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's Focus 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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