

White Shadow

Zeta Vs. Far east ghost

Ten coaches roll into the dust, chrome windows turned to rust.
Hang on inside, they know they must, hanging on the green-backed words
"In God We Trust."

No one knows if the spirit died, all wrapped to go like Kentucky Fried,
Trying to read the flight of birds, low on fuel, getting low on words. And she comes out like a white shadow,
She comes out like a white shadow. Each one drawn to empty spaces, outsiders, borderline cases.

It's hard to tell black from white when you wake up in the middle of the
night.

Weighted down by the absence of sound, broken now by the cry of a hound,
Looking for movement within the haze, light can be deceptive with her rays. And she comes out like a white
shadow,

And she comes out like a white shadow,
She comes out like a white shadow

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