

Grey Ghost

The Homophones

Oh, in the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey
Stony lonesome I call home
In the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home Oh, he will not
Walk out the river now
He will not walk out the river
He will not walk out the river, singing Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them On the docks in Memphis
With the boom box, nodding out, singing Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars Oh, in the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey
Stony lonesome I call home
In the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home In the trail of the barge
And the light upon the brine
He has staked these thoughts
And the force is undivided, singing Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them Sleepy-eyed, the man is wading
Out into the night, singing Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars
Dont fall through them
Dont fall through the stars Embracing some hard-luck citizen
Disgraced like some strange Bob Balaban
And placing your heels down in the sand
And In the grey
Grey ghost that I call home

In the grey
Stony lonesome I call home
In the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home Oh, in the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey
Stony lonesome I call home
In the grey
Grey ghost that I call home
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home In the grey, grey ghost that I call home
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home

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