

# Meat

## Grown-Ups

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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