Holy Ghost

John Mark McMillan

Who are we sometimes I wonder
Mercenaries or lovers
On this side of the thunder
It can be awful hard to knowSell our love for the paycheck or
Spend the night on the freight deck
For all the dues that we collect
Our hearts can be overdrawnDead in the water
Like lamb to the slaughter
If the wind doesn't sing her song
And I'Â™m speaking in tongues
Cause I need a Holy GhostThe geeks they can smell when you'Â™re coming
Even out in the cold
They'll wait you out, yeah
They'll grind you down
But they'Â™re gonna get what they'Â™re owedI know the red thread unravels
I know you're blue and you'Â™re black
But there's still time if you don'Â™t mind
The way that the odds are stackedDead in the water
Lamb to the slaughter
If the wind doesn't sing her song
And I'Â™m speaking in tongues
Cause I need a Holy GhostDead in the water
Lamb to the slaughter
If the wind doesn't sing her song
And I'Â™m speaking in tongues
Cause I need a Holy Ghost

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