Pale Green Ghosts

John Grant

Back then I often found myself
Driving on the road at night,
And the radio was broadcasting the ocean.
Warm late Spring wind whips through my hair.
I am right here, but I wanna be there,
And no one in this world is gonna stop me.

Pale green ghosts at the end of May--
Soldiers of this black highway--
Helping me to know my place.
Pale green ghosts must take great care,
Release themselves into the air--
Reminding me that I must be aware.

I-25 and 36 to Boulder
I was getting warm, but now I'm getting colder,
And I stomp my feet--demanding like a child.
I hope you get everything you wanted boy.
I hope you conquer the world and turn it into your toy,
But don't come crying when you're forced to learn the truth.

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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