Ghost Under Rocks

Ra Ra Riot

When every little thing
You own is looking back
At you and starts to mean
Less than it ever didOn every
On every inch of stone
Skin and cloth
Made to leave youHere you are, you are breathing life in a
Ghost under rocks like notes found
In pocket coats of your father's
Lost and forgottenAll, all, all your soaking wet dreams
You've spent them
You have gone and dreamt them
Dry, now you ask your babies why, why, whyWe're gripping seats and plots
Pleading to honored lots
To give us this much more
Safe from a cutting shearOn every
On every inch of stone
Skin and cloth
Made to leave youHere you are, you are breathing life in a
Ghosts under rocks like notes found
In pocket coats of your father's
Lost and forgottenAll, all, all your soaking wet dreams
You've spent them
You have gone and dreamt them
Dry, now you ask your babies why, why, why, whyWell, if you can't decide
Your move, you either weep or moan
You waste a year to mull this through
Anyway you wanted toOh, but you could have had
Turn it into broken good
Taken off the side of it
A cut up and a parasolA pair of them you found along
And maybe never to again
As if it never was at all
Lifting you up as an offer
Up as an offerHere you are, you are breathing life in a
Ghost under rocks like notes found
In pocket coats of your fathers
Lost and forgottenAll, all, all your soaking wet dreams
You've spent them

You have gone and dreamt them
Dry, now you ask your babies why, why, why, why

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