

Disco Ensemble "Eyes Of A Ghost"

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Dead beat, shoving stuff into our shopping carts
But we don't know the credit-card's corner's cut.
Empty our pockets down the same drain the paper-bills
originally came from.
Save me from basements and rooftops.
Help me; I was buried under parking lots.

Take a look into my eyes now
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost
Reach out for my hands now
Reach out for the hands of a ghost

Dead meat, we're a shareholder's dream of little
babies with price tags on their foreheads.
Gently hold my wrist and feel my pulse slowly fading
into background music.
Save me from basements and rooftops.
Help me; I was buried under parking lots.

Take a look into my eyes now
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost
Reach out for my hands now
Reach out for the hands of a ghost

Slept on the sidewalk.
I've never felt so cold.
Slept on the sidewalk.
You just walked trough my soul.

And I'll come back for what I've left.
To payback a lifetime theft.
And I'll come back for what is mine.
'Cause this life was just one out of nine.

Take a look into my eyes now
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost
Reach out for my hands now
Reach out for the hands of a ghost
The eyes of a ghost

And I'll come back for what is mine.
'Cause this life was just one out of nine

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