

## Dubaldo Marie Claire

### "Ghost"

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Written by wilkie

Transcribed by Dave Turco (aturco@netcom.com)

Excuse me father, what i'm trying to say,  
Is that i'm scared 'cause all my friends have been laid.  
It's in their eyes and the things that they do with their  
hands,  
Fastening trousers,  
Holding their hands tight,  
Showing their mothers,  
Where can i hide.

Excuse me mother, what i'm trying to say,  
Is that i think that all my friends have been laid.  
I couldn't hate them but i don't like the way that it feels,  
Moving inside me,  
Women dispise me,  
Children laugh at me,  
No, don't hate me.  
Don't squish me,  
Help me,  
Don't scratch me.

Excuse me father, what i'm trying to say,  
Is that i'm scared 'cause all my friends have been laid.  
It's in their clothes and in the way that they brush their  
hair,  
It's walking behind me,  
Holding my glances,  
Mincing their movements,  
Slowing their dances.  
Holding their hands tight,  
Showing their mothers,  
Where can i hide.

Excuse me mother, what i'm trying to  
Hey brush their hair,  
It's walking behind me,  
Holding my glances,  
Mincing their movements,  
Slowing their dances

