

Editors

"A Life as a Ghost"

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The kids are dancing tonight, maybe we'll join them.
There's blood in the air tonight, it crushes the
boredom.

Grab your coats, get to the boats, head to the coast.
Tonight we sail to the edge of the world.

Get out of this house now,
Head for the horizon.
Tonight we take the town,
So pick your poison.

Here's a toast, a life as a ghost is better than most,
If we have our love in the gutter.

Dance, fucker, dance,
You were born to entertain,
Sing, choir boy, sing,
Wash your sins down the drain,
In a violent haze, under the streetlights' gaze,
Dance, fucker, dance,
You were born to entertain!

Now without water,
Death takes us before hunger,
We dug a well for the water,
We put on this fire!

Dance, fucker, dance,
You were born to entertain,
Sing, choir boy, sing,
Wash your conscience down the drain,
In a violent haze, under the streetlights' gaze,
Dance, fucker, dance,
You were born to entertain!

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