

## Ghost

# "A New Trick For The Old Dog"

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I talked to this city  
From the cracks we all fell through  
It had nothing to say and so I stayed  
This will be my rebutle  
With open mouths and empty spoons  
With class in evenings and afternoons  
I talked to the right people  
From the years we all fell through  
They had much to say and so I left  
This will be my rebutle  
The ways we bend untill we break  
We're breaking down  
The ways we mold untill we fit

It never fit  
This puzzle piece  
It never fit  
So sand edges and force fixture  
Had much to say and so I stayed this will be my rebutle

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