

# Jellyfish

## "The Ghost At Number One"

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Ugly apparition, God's gift to oxygen  
The puffed up immortal son  
How they love him 'cause he'll become  
The ghost at number one

How does it feel  
To be the only one?  
How does it feel  
To be the only one that knows that you're right?

How does it feel  
To be a loaded gun?  
How does it feel  
Inside a chamber packed with piss and spite?

Sure life's no cherry but a cupcake for the meek  
So he shoots up his poison  
Until the frosting tastes so sweet  
(Like the Valentine)

Yeah, he's givin' it all he's got  
The king of rebels hit the jackpot  
But his finish line was an artistic flop  
Even the critics can't outrun the ghost at number one

How does it feel  
To be the only one?  
How does it feel  
To be the only one that knows that you're right?

How does it feel  
To be a chalk line dollar sign?  
How does it feel  
About the address all the widows write?

Mrs. Lynn, the fruit of your labor  
Gives us a Saviour, nappy superstar  
To you we bid congratulations, to him adulation  
A blessed life begun for the ghost at number one

How does it feel  
To be the only one?

How does it feel  
To be the only one that knows that you're right?

How does it feel  
To be a visionary poet?  
How does it feel  
To pack a pen with vinegar and insight?

How does it feel  
To be the only one?  
How does it feel  
To be the only one that knows that you're right?

How does it feel  
To be a so deep down underground?  
How does it feel  
To be the only one who knows you've been buried  
alive?

Mrs. Lynn, the fruit of your labor  
Gives us a Saviour  
Mrs. Lynn, the fruit of your labor  
Gives us a Saviour

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