

Marcus Very Ordinary "Ghost"

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Didn't make you up - no.
I can hardly make up my own mind.
And I'm poised to suck
The poison darts from your apple behind
What I need is a pick-me-up,
Cocaine-like, breath of fresh air to the nose
And the Holy Ghost -
To never leave me alone

With my thoughts.
I'm shaking. Wheezing.
Oh my God... I'm bleeding.

In the morning light
No one looks quite as good as you.
With your raccoon eyes,
And your troll doll hair-do.
Stage an exit fit for a queen
And jump from the bed like a wolverine.
And we both agree
You never call this home.

What a shock
I'm lurching/heaving.
Oh my God... I'm bleeding.

It's pouring out of me and seeping into you.
It's pouring out of me and seeping into...

Your blood.

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