

One:Day:Life

"A Ghost"

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St. Joe, trade-in
I don't want this life
There's too much gold, and
Not enough bad guys
So won't you talk to St. Pete
And see what he can do for me
Because, of course, a ghost
Could not affect this world

Gimme pale skin, pale eyes
Soft glow, milky white
See through me in the light
Because, of course, a ghost
Could not affect this world

I see off my wife at
Elderidge and sun
I wait by the corner, the
Bus always comes
Always on time
Always the same one
I drift through the doors,
I float above the seats
And hey there's my boy
Crossing the street
He's talking with friends
He's looking away
This is not the end
There are never enough days
I scream and I shake and I
Sound like the wind
And I miss the pain of our
Blood and our skin
Rubies and pearls, our blood
And our skin
Our blood and our skin are
Worth everything.

Hey St Joe, I was wrong
About the sea and the sun and my boy
Let me bleed, let me long

The taste of skin is joy

Because, of course, a ghost
Could not affect this world.

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