

Thin White Rope

"Americana The Ghost"

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Guy Kyser)

You'll get what you expected from your 18-dollar home
The worth of having cheated and the rage of being
alone

There was a year when days and hours flew
And I gained an hour when I moved out here with you
Out of all the thousands I wasted on you
You'll have the time to break in your 18-dollar home
To feel the worth of cheating and the rage of being
alone

Your walls are bare like all the walls you've known
Your room's the same as dozens you have known
Taken more than a table and chairs to make a home
But you have two things to furnish your 18-dollar home
The worth of having cheated and the rage of being
alone

Your window is your prehistoric eye
Your window is your prehistoric eye
Go ahead and watch those dinosaurs roll by
Companions you can turn on in your 18-dollar home
The worth of having cheated and the rage of being
alone

Well I woke up on the gravel garound
At the feet of a long tall train
Remembering not where I was from
Remembering not my name

I thought of friends from years ago
In a youth I'd thrown away
And a girl who used to love me so
Though I couldn't recall her face

Then I realized I was only drunk
And the years were stripped away
I felt like a widower stoned and watching
A film of his wedding day

She ran to the car with a t-shirt on
Her face as sad as the moon
Well I was Isot and I was bummed
By the ghost of yet to come

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