

## Clark Kent Phone Booth "Ghost River Bed"

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There was a time when I was a little guy and the radio  
played  
Took a broom for guitar  
and pretending to walk down the stage  
thought the people sang my songs  
just the neighbour shouting from below sayin'™  
"œHay!  
You'™ re insane?! I'™ ll call them cops"  
Another time still I was a little guy  
A six chord in my hand  
They seem one hundred thousand  
Yet not good to help me sing  
Sometimes I thought my ear'™ d explode  
Still that neighbour shouting off below  
From that day as background voice he joined the band  
Na na na na!  
Sometime past is a ghost river bed, yeah  
Another time I met a shy black haired girl fool of Elton  
John  
Her hands touched on the black and white keys of her  
piano so soft  
Fingers slipping on the the silk  
She was playin'™ a living thing  
I said "œ Hey! keep on playin'™ , I'™ ll call the  
band "œ  
A friend o'™ mine knew me since I was a child  
and he played the guitar  
we'™ ve grown up in the same small town,  
in the same old tunes  
started singing songs aloud  
something made us feel so proud  
drink youth health  
raise your voice and turn to man  
Na na na na!  
Na na na na!  
Swimming in a ghost river bed  
Swimming in a ghost river bed  
Felt like swimming in a ghost river bed  
Swimming in a ghost river bed

