

Pocket Full Of Rocks

"Ghost Town"

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In the firelight
Shinin' bright
Their faces worn and weathered
It's a hard life
An endless flight
From one night to another
Silver moonlight falls
Between grey walls
Through shutters old and weary
Broken window pane
Stands in vain
While night winds moan and whisper

And there's no lover
Whose heart burns
In this ghost town
Just the long shadows
That chase through this ghost town

Faded memories
Of used to be
Lie wasted and forgotten
Like a lost love
Who patiently waits
For it's day of reckon

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