

Mischief Brew

"Rambler's Ghost"

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She's off to anywhere
every town grows stale soon enough
So it's fields to the east and hills to the west
Under crescent moons and grassy beds, she lays her head to rest

She's been in a hundred movies and in six billion dreams
Taking out her wood and wire, singin' romance 'round the fire
Givin' tastes of truth to those of us employed as liars

And we sing ain't that the life, she's got it made
Her head in the sand, her guitar in the shade
Rambling Beauty, she sang to me
Was she in my mind, or on the TV?
Yeah she's on my mind, come from the TV

Noble hobo, corporate cutthroat got the wisdom of the tramp
Brother, can't spare no crumbs, don't you trip o'er the bums
As you step out of a cab on the way to see a gypsy band

Railroad boxcar, blast'n'burns on down the line
And her feet are a-singin' and the song she's a-singin'
Tells of greener fields & freer times

And we sing ain't that the life, she's got it made
Her head in the sand, her guitar in the shade
Rambling Beauty, she sang to me
Was she in my mind, or on the TV?
Yeah she's on my mind, come from the TV

Rambling Beauty, let me be your mate for a while
Be a shoulder for your head, carry a bag & roll a bed
Another day in this place, and I swear I'll end up dead

And how I'm sorry that my ancestors threw you in jail
But now I can see ramblings were poetry
Will you sell me the rights if I put up the bail?

And we'll sing ain't that the life, we've got it made
Our heads in the sand, our guitars in the shade
Rambling Beauty, sing sweet to me
Yeah, you're on my mind, just like on TV
Yeah, you're on my mind, come from the TV

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