Damage Manual, The "The Peepshow Ghosts"

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Baby, why'd you wake me?

Is it my idea of eyes, a thousand sleeping eyes?

It's creeping up to you like peepshow ghosts they do

A sorry fault of mine will take you back in time

The peepshow ghosts will fade away

And reappear in you

And if my dead darling stays away

She will break my heart in two

The booths all ragged style

You crawled that extra mile

Where the woman ends

And shame begins

The world can read your mind

The girl can make you blind

All hostage stolen flesh

Will nail you to the rest

I dreamed about the faithless

I asked them passers by

Could you wake me if I start to shake

If I should start to cry

Remind me of my crime and every fault of mine

When bitter starts to turn around

And bites your swollen face

The stolen stabbing darkness

The nakedness and starkness

Will kill you if you stay too near to hear just pray

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