

Gay Blades, The "Shadow's Like A Ghost"

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So he stumbles in with a broken jaw and a bloody pair
of shoes
And a heart unbroken torn unspoken, fuck you attitude
"Well you should be warned I'm cold to the core and
I do just as i choose,"
With a pride half stolen hand rolled chain smoking
street tough kind of truth

But a bastard song won't make this up for you

Oh, try to shake it off
But my shadow's like a ghost and I won't pray for
nothing
Oh just to feel young

So we cleaned him up, and we gave him love and what
I thought was safe refuge

And tried to warm his stupid core used to heart ache
and abuse
Well it seems to me as he fell asleep, some part of him
let loose,
The bitterness an empty net for memories he'd love to
lose

But a bastard son won't change himself for you.

Tell me does it haunt you now
Let me fill it up pass it all around
Show us where the blood drips down to the ground

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