

The Go-Betweens

"Dusty in here"

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Like a ghost
A ghost of something old
It's cold and dusty in here.
Just twenty years
And six feet down I'm told
I know your face
I share your name.

In the dark
When shadows have their way
A finger's a chimney
And the moon's on fire.
Then sleep arrives
He's got his bags and wares
The dragon sleeps
And St. George stares.

You won't write, no you won't write
That's all I ask, that you just write
And you say no, that you can't speak
You've lost your voice, you let it go
You let it go.

Like a ghost
A ghost of something old
It's cold and dusty in here.
It's in your hand
It sits just like a glove
The finger traces the lines of love.

It's cold and dusty in here.
Someone you knew
Is watching you
I'm someone you knew.

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