

Ghosts for Laundry

The Bear Quartet

Past midnight stories
Ghosts for laundry
The soul is bare
When time is sleepy
Start the machines

Past midnight's perfect
For ghosts and laundry
Coffee and all the rest
Context to silhouettes
This is how it feels

Past midnight is a place
That's holy in itself
It's connected to somewhere else
That's stationed out in space

Past midnight's in me
Ghosts for laundry
Unaware of their voices
Calling somebody
No, they're not bugging
Me no, they're not bugging me