

Rock 'n' Roll Ghost

A Camp

Well you know
and you go
When I'm alone I have no cause
to think about the shit we used to know
Made of snow
Well you came
and you stayed
No one here to raise a toast
Be my guest and I will be a host
To a rock 'n' roll ghost
Well, you said,
"He's better off dead"
You think that I might have heard a word
but I was much too young
and much too cool for words
Look at me now
No one here to raise a toast
Take me by the hand, man, raise a toast
A rock 'n' roll ghost
To a rock 'n' roll ghost
We don't know until we're gone
There's no one here to raise a toast
I look into the mirror and I see
A rock 'n' roll ghost
A rock 'n' roll ghost