

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 your host
To a rock'n roll ghost
A rock'n roll ghost

Well you said
She'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
Or the 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
The rock'n roll ghost
My rock'n roll ghost