

# Ghost In The Dark

Clou

Are you sleeping under tables  
out in the park till 4 a.m.  
it's no wonder she has left you  
with trembling sad and silver hands

What's going through your head

Do you think you're still a captain  
when you sail a sinking ship  
I see you bragging in the corner  
to a shrinking audience

The tale that never ends

Ghost in the dark  
a shadow cast in a crowded bar room  
cold reckless heart  
no music in man  
you are ghost in the dark  
slipping through the cracks  
drowning in the letters never sent

And do you shiver in the morning  
when your clothes have been soaked through  
like daggers cut to bone  
the wind is carving holes in you

Lost and left behind

I know you wish to bury hatchets  
before they come to bury you  
seeking tender arms of lovers  
and the warmth of fire lit rooms

Are you coming home tonight

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