

Ghost

Clutch

The leather soles go shufflin' in
Stinking of smoke and ten cent gin
Now who will toast our noble host
Who has this mornin' given up the ghost?

The wooden coffer hand to hand
Kind words are offered, silent prayers
But she is satisfied the most
While stabbing madly at the roast

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve

The creditor rides with his men
The death of debtors, he won't forgive
They repossess his silver eyes
Now in the potter's field, he lies

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve

Waitin' for a dead man's shoes
Have you heard the latest news?
Lazarus is back from the dead
Lookin' as one would expect

Drippin' with the waters of Sheol
Babblin' about body and soul
And then he found his wife in their bed
Buck, naked and already wed

The tax collector beneath his sheets
The door swings open, floorboards creak
Now who will toast our noble host
Who has this mornin' given up the ghost?

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain will receive no reprieve
The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve
The sons of Cain will receive, will receive