

Casper lives in a world without promise
Sitting at home in his pajamas
Just wishing it would all go away somehow
He walked by but he never saw us
He could have been a famous guitarist
He must have not have had a clue

Feeling like a bowl of spaghetti
Not knowing what to care
Yeah...
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

He's the one with hope in his soul
Can't let him slip through the hole
He might just go away and never return
He's hanging on a whim and a prayer
So glad to see him there
Maybe he'll make it some day, some way

Going past the expected
Maybe he'll get what he wants
Yeah...

Good golly, it's getting moldy
Got to move on, but oh no
He looks at no one, maybe perhaps he's right
There's a fear, a feeling at night
Something may turn (return?) out of sight
But you never really know

Thinking only may be his might
Things may turn out right
Yeah
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Casper!!!