

## Greyhound

Ghost Mice

I wish they would've let you on that Greyhound bus  
I wish the driver didn't think that you were drunk  
And I wish you would've came all the way from California  
To leave that message on my wall  
And I wish you would've bought that can of spray paint  
I like to try and guess what color you would have picked  
And I wish you would've left that message big and bold on my wall  
Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish  
And I wish that when I came home that September  
With my mind a mess and my tail between my legs  
That my headlights would have lit up that message that you left me  
And I would have turned the car around and drove away  
I would drive all the way back to California  
And meet you in that place we'd planned to meet  
  
And I would not complain and I wouldn't ask you to explain  
'Cause I would know that you were looking out for me  
And I think about how different things might be  
If you would've been able to leave that message for me  
Would you have saved me from my sorrow?  
'Cause you had saved me from myself  
Could I have saved you from your misery?  
Could I have been of help?  
Would we be in California, or would we be somewhere else?  
But we'll never know  
No, we'll never know, because  
They wouldn't let you on that f\*cking Greyhound bus  
You never made it to Indiana  
'Cause they wouldn't let you on  
You never got a chance to write those words  
Alas Babylon