

Only Ghosts

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Sleepers in the grave
Oh how we stayed
How you never up and waked

But you hide in your cellars
Brewing thoughts to make you drunk
And you wait for your prophets to come

Look for you
Well I hope they do

So your seeds in the dead
The darkness in bed
And you know only one thing is clear

Only ghosts will be
Only ghosts will be
The hardest to hear