

## Ghost Story

John Cale

It was seven o'clock in the morning  
Too late to handle the day  
At home it was only two thirty  
The skin on my wrists turning grey

Stood up, wished us good luck  
He changed his attitudes twice  
The box in the corner shivered in fear  
He was tired and hungry for days.

The next year she bought a new stomach  
From Liverpool made in Detroit  
Constantly passing old matches  
Some sentries and millionaires

Who did? Gallagher did  
The same old thing every time  
Gave up, more empty cups  
They were tired and hungry for nights.

It made life a little easier  
To have Holland on the run  
It didn't take that long to forget her  
My old man and his gun

Rushed out, lions about  
Wasting away on advice  
A hundred and three, 400 or more  
It'll haunt you for the rest of your life