

# Pale Green Ghosts

John Grant

Back then I often found myself  
Driving on the road at night,  
And the radio was broadcasting the ocean.  
Warm late Spring wind whips through my hair.  
I am right here, but I wanna be there,  
And no one in this world is gonna stop me.

Pale green ghosts at the end of May--  
Soldiers of this black highway--  
Helping me to know my place.  
Pale green ghosts must take great care,  
Release themselves into the air--  
Reminding me that I must be aware.

I-25 and 36 to Boulder  
I was getting warm, but now I'm getting colder,  
And I stomp my feet--demanding like a child.  
I hope you get everything you wanted boy.  
I hope you conquer the world and turn it into your toy,  
But don't come crying when you're forced to learn the truth.

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