

# Ghostyard

Joshua James

A ghostyard  
Now I'm laid right in the middle  
A mother raised a shotgun  
Poured a little

I sure got another option  
For my wandering about

Ghostyard  
Now I'm laying right in the middle

A spirit waves  
And then he's gone

A small bird  
Crushed out in the garden  
A fat worm  
Taken for the other

Everyone could see it coming  
Being born without an eye

Small bird  
Stretched out for the others  
I see you fade  
And now she's gone

One day  
The earth will be an ocean  
Airwaves  
In place of our emotion

Everyone can see it coming  
We all got locked inside the gate  
Digitize consumption  
Turning man into a slave

Someday  
The world will be an ocean  
We all get played  
And then we're gone