The Shell

Lucy Dacus

I'm a ghost
Walking in a boring dream
You are there
Talking and I'm not listening
I am busy doing nothing
And you're rudely interrupting

It's a myth and now I see it clearly
You don't have to be sad to make something worth hearing
Now I'm calm and content
One more burden off my back

You don't wanna be a creator
Doesn't mean you've got nothing to say
Put down the pen, don't let it force your hand

I'm a ghost
Walking on an empty street
No name anymore
No need to call for me
I'm a long-lost hometown hero
Late to legendary past lives within me

If I had the offer to do it again
Make me invincible, invisible, or brain dead
If the body and the life were two things that we could divide
I'd deliver up my shell to be filled with somebody else

You don't wanna be a creator
Doesn't mean you've got nothing to say
Put down the pen, don't let it force your hand

You don't wanna be a leader
Doesn't mean you don't know the way
Hold your own hand, walk on without a plan

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