

The Golden Ghost

Matt Costa

Take him to Alaska
In the freezing cold
Where trouble is a glacier
Melting in the snow

Take him to the desert
He'll be the sand
In the red sunset
He's your man

The cursive on his hat
Read the golden ghost
He shook my hand
Said you must be lost

He said there are eight stages
In the game of fear
It's all one way
On the road you took here

There's a golden ghost
In my rear view mirror
There's a golden ghost

There's a golden ghost
With a heart of gasoline
There's a golden ghost

There's a golden ghost
Through the myriad turns
And at every dead end
There's a golden ghost

If you come for fortune
He can hypnotize
If you come for freedom
He has a disguise

But if you ever doubt him
Or any of his plans
Just look into the sunset
He's your man
He's your man
He's your man

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In my rear view mirror
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There's a golden ghost
With a heart of gasoline
There's a golden ghost

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