

# 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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