

Ghosts

Mr Hudson

Like ghosts we both appear,
In this polaroid I'll treasure through the years. (years)
Full of promise and of smiles,
We are happily quite ignorant of pain.

And oh, how life can quickly change,
You can't predict the rain
Or second-guess the stars,
To find some method in the mad,
Or some goodness in the bad men
That now and then block our way.

And as ghosts we'll disappear again,
Back into photographs they'll scatter through the years.
Friends assumed we'd moved away.
No, we're just hibernating.

And oh, how life can quickly change,
You can't predict the rain
Or second-guess the stars, Nooooo,
To find some method in the mad,
Just some goodness in the bad men
That now and then block our way.