

# White Shadow

Peter Gabriel

Ten coaches roll into the dust, chrome windows turned to rust.  
Hang on inside, they know they must, hanging on the green-  
backed words

"In God We Trust."

No one knows if the spirit died, all wrapped to go like Kentuck  
y Fried,  
Trying to read the flight of birds, low on fuel, getting low on  
words.

And she comes out like a white shadow,  
She comes out like a white shadow.

Each one drawn to empty spaces, outsiders, borderline cases.  
It's hard to tell black from white when you wake up in the midd  
le of the  
night.

Weighted down by the absence of sound, broken now by the cry of  
a hound,  
Looking for movement within the haze, light can be deceptive wi  
th her rays.

And she comes out like a white shadow,  
And she comes out like a white shadow,  
She comes out like a white shadow.