

An Epidemic Touch

The Bear Quartet

An epidemic touch did you feel that
A walk without a crutch, can I have it back
The ghost came out of the closet
Compared it's ectoplasm with daily life

And it smelled of cynicism
Reckoned it was still alive

Now every night I must try to match it's stride
Walk on by with blood red eyes
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line

Not captured just surrounded
By the laser-guided
Getting their money's worth
Regressing to their time of birth

Takes up lying again
Makes a ghost of bottled spirits

Now every night I must resist
Drinking and what goes with it
Walk on by with blood red eyes
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line
Where we stood in line