

My Ghost

The Handsome Family

My ghost drives around with a bag of dead fish
Falling neutrinos drift through the trees
He staggers and reels, runs up credit card bills
And clogs up the toilet with bottles of pills

Here in the bipolar ward
If you shower you get a gold star
But I'm not going far till the Haldol kicks in
Until then, until then

I'm strapped to this fucking twin bed
And I won't get any cookies or tea
Till I stop quoting Nietzsche
And brush my teeth and comb my hair

Days pass slow in slippers and robe
But my ghost still bangs on the roof
Like John the Baptist in the rain
While the nurses play Crazy Eights