

Crappy Ghost

The Presidents Of The United States Of America

She was transparent and practically nonexistent
She played and played her poor guitar into submission
She ate dust bunnies and dead bugs
She slept under the rug

Crappy ghost crappy ghost
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go? go
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go?
I'm calling a crappy ghost

She floated home in fried wide eyed amazement
She shared the afterlife with other ghouls on rock-hard pavement
She wished the world was kinder still
She had nothing but time to kill

She shuffled four tracks and microphones into position
She had no song ideas just mostly ghostly improvisation
She was too kind and gentle of a soul
She tried to fill her inner hole

Crappy ghost crappy ghost
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go? go
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go?
I'm calling a crappy ghost
I'm calling a crappy-

Crappy ghost crappy ghost
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go? go
Crappy ghost
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go? go
Crappy ghost
Where did you come from
Why did you have to go?
I'm calling a crappy ghost
I'm calling a crappy ghost
I'm calling a crappy ghost
Here comes crappy