

Ghosts!

Those Poor Bastards

It came out of her eyes
This she swore, this she cried
Like the vapor or the mist of a ghost

Word spread around town
It was seen creeping 'round
Transparent and clear as a ghost

Prayers folks did pray
Every hour, every day
For the Lord to come banish the ghost

Speak to us, speak to us
Tell us why this town was chosen
Deliver us, deliver us
Free us from this haunted prison

But nothing did change
No nothing did change
And we locked our doors to the ghost

But doors they do crack
From the smallest impact
So we burned the whole town
Full of ghosts

And fear did create
A force that was great
As the tide of a thousand ghosts

Speak to us, speak to us
Tell us why this town was chosen
Deliver us, deliver us
Free us from this haunted prison