

Ghosts

Ghosts

At night there's ghosts that slip round the screen, they're much too smart to think of the times when we swung from the trees
- you, me and my friends, the road so far below

Don't you feel this sometimes?

If God turned up today could anybody
think of anything clever to say?
I taught 'em but they're in their
own idea of hell

So come on everybody gotta help me unwind
Get rid of those ghosts in my mind, in my mind

Newton, slipping something slyly into the drink says, "Satan my
boy,
I'm starting to think that there's better ways of making a mint
coz my blood turns blue and my head is shrinking"
Einstein howling senseless trapped
down in the hole
He' all jumped up, turned to dust coz he got nailed down some time ago
now his thoughts are for nothing and its
starting to show now

Don't you feel this sometimes?

If God turned up today could anybody
think of anything clever to say?
I taught 'em but they're in their
own idea of hell

So come on everybody gotta help me unwind
Get rid of those ghosts in my mind, in my mind

Coz my memory
Yeah it tells me
That I am not what I used to be