

## Ghosts

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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

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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