

Ghost Story

John Cale

It was seven o'clock in the morning
Too late to handle the day
At home it was only two thirty
The skin on my wrists turning grey

Stood up, wished us good luck
He changed his attitudes twice
The box in the corner shivered in fear
He was tired and hungry for days.

The next year she bought a new stomach
From Liverpool made in Detroit
Constantly passing old matches
Some sentries and millionaires

Who did? Gallagher did
The same old thing every time
Gave up, more empty cups
They were tired and hungry for nights.

It made life a little easier
To have Holland on the run
It didn't take that long to forget her
My old man and his gun

Rushed out, lions about
Wasting away on advice
A hundred and three, 400 or more
It'll haunt you for the rest of your life