

# Holy Ghost

John Mark McMillan

Who are we sometimes I wonder  
Mercenaries or lovers  
On this side of the thunder  
It can be awful hard to know

Sell our love for the paycheck or  
Spend the night on the freight deck  
For all the dues that we collect  
Our hearts can be overdrawn

Dead in the water  
Like lamb to the slaughter  
If the wind doesn't sing her song  
And I'm speaking in tongues  
Cause I need a Holy Ghost

The geeks they can smell when you're coming  
Even out in the cold  
They'll wait you out, yeah  
They'll grind you down  
But they're gonna get what they're owed

I know the red thread unravels  
I know you're blue and you're black  
But there's still time if you don't mind  
The way that the odds are stacked

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