

The Ghost of Johnny Cash

Shawn Mullins

I woke up in a cold sweat
From a dream at 3 a.m.
I was drifting on a sea of shadows
The rain was whipping in the wind

I saw a man, dressed all in black
Reach out and take the helm
And he charted us a course
Out into the spirit realm

I can taste the salt
And feel the blisters on my hands
As I'm pulling at the oars
Rowing on to glory land

And sitting in the stern
Singing hymns and talking trash
Is my broken guardian angel
The ghost of Johnny Cash

Well, Johnny's quoting from the Bible
Well, I'm trying to steer this leaky craft
His familiar voice reminds me
I'm a man who's cut in half

His tarnished halo slips and shines
As the raging billows crash
And I'm riding out the deluge
With the ghost of Johnny Cash

Some sinners need their saints to be
Survivors of the fall
'Cause when you're down here on your knees
Most angels look too tall

So I'll just live this life out
Dust to dust and ash to ash
With my guide from the other side
The ghost of Johnny Cash

You gotta stand for something
'Cause when you're gone you're gone
And the devil lost a lot of souls
When Johnny put that black suit on

He's still flipping off the Pharisees
Laughing that ole scratch
While he haunts the halls of heaven
The ghost of Johnny Cash

Some sinners need their saints to be
Survivors of the fall
'Cause when you're down here on your knees
Most angels look too tall

So I'll just live this life out
Dust to dust and ash to ash

With my guide from the other side
The ghost of Johnny Cash

Yeah, I've just lived this life out
Dust to dust and ash to ash
Until I'm raising hell in heaven
With the ghost of Johnny Cash