

## My Ghost

### The Handsome Family

My ghost drives around with a bag of dead fish  
Falling neutrinos drift through the trees  
He staggers and reels, runs up credit card bills  
And clogs up the toilet with bottles of pills

Here in the bipolar ward  
If you shower you get a gold star  
But I'm not going far till the Haldol kicks in  
Until then, until then

I'm strapped to this fucking twin bed  
And I won't get any cookies or tea  
Till I stop quoting Nietzsche  
And brush my teeth and comb my hair

Days pass slow in slippers and robe  
But my ghost still bangs on the roof  
Like John the Baptist in the rain  
While the nurses play Crazy Eights