

Casper lives in a world without promise  
Sitting at home in his pajamas  
Just wishing it would all go away somehow  
He walked by but he never saw us  
He could have been a famous guitarist  
He must have not have had a clue

Feeling like a bowl of spaghetti  
Not knowing what to care  
Yeah...  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

He's the one with hope in his soul  
Can't let him slip through the hole  
He might just go away and never return  
He's hanging on a whim and a prayer  
So glad to see him there  
Maybe he'll make it some day, some way

Going past the expected  
Maybe he'll get what he wants  
Yeah...

Good golly, it's getting moldy  
Got to move on, but oh no  
He looks at no one, maybe perhaps he's right  
There's a fear, a feeling at night  
Something may turn (return?) out of sight  
But you never really know

Thinking only may be his might  
Things may turn out right  
Yeah  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Casper!!!