

# Eyes Of A Ghost

Disco Ensemble

Dead beat, shoving stuff into our shopping carts  
But we don't know the credit-card's corner's cut.  
Empty our pockets down the same drain the paper-  
bills originally came from.  
Save me from basements and rooftops.  
Help me; I was buried under parking lots.

Take a look into my eyes now  
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost  
Reach out for my hands now  
Reach out for the hands of a ghost

Dead meat, we're a shareholder's dream of little babies with pr  
ice tags on their foreheads.  
Gently hold my wrist and feel my pulse slowly fading into backg  
round music.  
Save me from basements and rooftops.  
Help me; I was buried under parking lots.

Take a look into my eyes now  
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost  
Reach out for my hands now  
Reach out for the hands of a ghost

Slept on the sidewalk.  
I've never felt so cold.  
Slept on the sidewalk.  
You just walked through my soul.

And I'll come back for what I've left.  
To payback a lifetime theft.  
And I'll come back for what is mine.  
'Cause this life was just one out of nine.

Take a look into my eyes now  
Take a look into the eyes of a ghost  
Reach out for my hands now  
Reach out for the hands of a ghost  
The eyes of a ghost

And I'll come back for what is mine.  
'Cause this life was just one out of nine