

Ghost in a Ditch

Franz Ferdinand

This ghost lay in a ditch on thursday
Where i was meant to be
I almost missed my death it's so good
Now he's decked in flowers for me

I hope she doesn't like me
Or i'll still be standing more than likely
Where he once stood
And that's not good

We pretend not to look at each other
But he could see over his shoulder
He got me a time,
He got that a time,
Never a time again

I noticed the hair on her head that's not real
Now i'm left with a dead and a naked ordeal
When all i want is down at the shore,
Sitting in my car

And bitter sometimes
But the taste is sweet
Your friends only like themselves in photographs
I don't like them,
I don't like you

We pretend not to care for another
I stand on my feet when i hold her
We pretend not to look at the change,
And for good i cry

So when the stars look bright above me,
And in the streetlights i can't see
I walk on down to make a stand,
Where he once stood

So now they lie there breast to breast and toe to toe
And all i want is down at the shore,
Sitting in my car

We end it, it's all over,
She'll marry me but i'll hold her
She shoveled the dirt into my face,
But i don't care

I love her