

The Ghost At Number One

Jellyfish

Ugly apparition, God's gift to oxygen
The puffed up immortal son
How they love him cause he'll become
The ghost at number one

How does it feel
To be the only one?
How does it feel
To be the only one that knows that you're right?
How does it feel
To be a loaded gun?
How does it feel
Inside a chamber packed with piss and spite?

Sure life's no cherry but a cupcake for the meek (shoot up bop bop)

(Like a valentine)
So he shoots up his poison until the frosting tastes so sweet

Yeah he's givin' it all he's got the king of rebels hit the jackpot

But his finish line was an artistic flop
Even the critics can't outrun
The ghost at number one

How does it feel
To be the only one?
How does it feel
To be the only one that knows that you're right?
How does it feel
To be a chalkline dollar sign
How does it feel
Up at the address all the widows write?

Mrs.Lynn the fruit of your labour
Gives us a saviour, nappy superstar.
To you we bid congratulations, to him adulation.
A blessed life begun, for the ghost at number one.

How does it feel
To be the only one?
How does it feel
To be the only one that knows that you're right?
How does it feel
To be a visionary poet
How does it feel
To pack a pen with vinegar and insight
How does it feel
To be the only one?
How does it feel
To be the only one that knows that you're right?
How does it feel
To be a so deep down underground?
How does it feel
To be the only one who knows you've been buried alive?

Mrs. Lynn the fruit of your labour

Gives us a saviour.