

# Ghost

Jeremy Messersmith

One more night in Omaha  
Bus stop just before the dawn  
Cold wind followed me somehow

Through parking lots and shopping malls  
Rinse my thoughts in alcohol  
Black clouds rolling over me

If there is a line I'll cross it, no lesson will I learn  
Even if I'm standing on it, no bridge that I won't burn  
Coming back to where we started, I'm only passing through  
I've become a ghost in your garden, fading into view

You broke my heart with sticks and stones  
Swore I'm never coming home  
Last words never written down

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Been so long since I've been gone  
Doubt if you'll know me at all  
Downpour, did I make you proud?

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Day is short, my shadows' long  
One more hour till Wichita  
Sunlight never felt so kind

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