

## Ghost Train

New Model Army

It's a long warm September and we're both still alive  
And the sea is like a painting beneath the mirrored sky  
Raise the dead, raise the dead  
We'll go riding on the ghost train, together raise the dead

Through the summer scented shadows, we were frozen in the light  
And She brushed upon our faces, disappeared into the night  
Raise the dead, raise the dead  
We'll go riding on the ghost train, together raise the dead

Time becomes liquid and death becomes a friend  
We'll live the life together with the wheel still in spin  
Raise the dead, raise the dead  
We'll go riding on the ghost train with the wheel spinning round