

Ghost On The Canvas

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I know a place between life and death for you and me
Best take hold on the threshold of eternity
And see the ghost on the canvas
most people don't see there
Ghost on the canvas
most people don't know
When they're looking at soul *

In between here and there, there is a place that we can grow
The spirits make love in the wheat field with crows
Like the ghost on the canvas
most people don't see this
Ghost on the canvas
No, they never see a soul

Ring around the rosary
pocket full of prose you read
Ashes ashes we all fall in love
with the ghost on the canvas

We dream in color, others they color their dreams
It takes one to know one
The spirit always knows what it sees

Like the ghost on the canvas
never can have us
The ghost on the canvas,
it's the soul, it makes them go
to the ghost on the canvas

I'm a ghost on the canvas

(* not sure)