

# Ghost Town Blues

Prefab Sprout

Sitting alone when her work is through  
These days she's listless though that spring sky is blue  
Her parents try but it's not much use  
Her boyfriend left home, it was late summertime

Life was good, they were young but glory is purblind  
How could a future like that go wrong?  
I know the mayor of this hysterical town  
He worked himself up from the dirt on the ground

Now everyone asks him questions and so on  
People consider they've a right to be told  
He just can't imagine what it is he should know  
People naturally wonder what it's all leading to

Oh, Anne Garland, you can't call this heartbeat a man  
Too sad you bet, we're all caught in history's web  
But don't cry too soon, you might as well fall in love with the  
moon  
Oh, Anne Garland, we win or we lose at his hand

Cars collide and they kill the groom  
Death's neatly spruced for his honeymoon  
Find an answer while I leave the room

Man made the neon and he learned how to fly  
But Gold made the stars while he fashioned the sky  
Perhaps I should learn to shut my mouth