

Ghost Of A Chance

Primitive Radio Gods

Sister soul came to see me, and she made no amends
On the air, Sunday's midnight, sister soul understands

Pull the shades, let it rain all day
Radio station plays Mr. John Coltrane's favourite things
Lady Day she sings
That I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you

Beautiful stranger, now it's just me and you
Brush the dust off the needle, put it deep in the groove

Pull the shades, let it rain all day
Radio station plays Mr. Miles Davis' kind of blue
And I know it's true
That I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you

Cold and gray, it's gonna rain all day
Sarah Vaughan lingers on, but the black coffee's gone
And I hate to say goodbye
But I don't stand the ghost of a chance with you now
With you now... with you now... with you now...