

## Seven Years Gone

Quasi

Seven years gone  
Still Tim pilot the ghost ship home  
He carried on  
But now he's all alone  
Dead on his feet  
He hits the streets of Old Town  
Without a dime  
Sweet baby's breath  
Can bring him back from death any time  
Preacher Jack  
High on crack  
Quote the Bible  
Pass the hat  
Damn the pimp  
Gone the gimp  
Mike the ??? on top of Jim  
Newspaper says: We support the Prez  
The war on terror  
Bombs away  
How much is life?  
And how much just are wars?  
I can't say  
Queen of Spades  
Close the window  
Pull the shade  
She had it made  
Back in the days of the flat top fade  
Stays in her room  
She owes the moon a fortune  
She could never pay  
She hopes and she prays  
But the moon won't go away