

Ghost Under Rocks

Ra Ra Riot

When every little thing
You own is looking back
At you and starts to mean
Less than it ever did,

On every,
On every inch of stone,
Skin and cloth
Made to leave you

Here you are you are breathing life into
Ghost under rocks like notes found
In pocket coats of your fathers,
Lost and forgotten,
All all all your soaking wet dreams
You've spent them,
You have gone and dreamt them
Dry, now you ask your babies why, why, why

We're gripping seats and plots,
Pleading to honored lots
To give us this much more,
Safe from a cutting shear

On every,
On every inch of stone,
Skin and cloth
Made to leave you

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Ghosts under rocks like notes found
In pocket coats of your fathers
Lost and forgotten
All all all your soaking wet dreams
You've spent them
You have gone and dreamt them
Dry, now you ask your babies why, why, why

Well if you can't decide
Whether you either weep or moan
You waste a year to mull this through
Anyway you wanted to
Oh but you could have had
Turn it into broken good
Taken off the side of it
A cut up and a parasol
A pair of them you found along
Maybe never to again
As if it never was at all,
Lifting you up as an offer
Up as an offer

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