

# 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

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

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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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