

Ghost Band

Rancid

Woooooooooh

Ghost band, ghost band,
There's a ghost band, girl, playing our songs now,
Ghost band, ghost band,
There's a ghost band, girl, playing our song

And they knew all the lyrics by heart, now,
And they play in the perfect key,
And their tombstones are silhouetted,
And the band I can barely see,
Well our spirit fades, hard and cheated,
When the funeral's over, I can't leave it,
Everyone's going home, I'm defeated.

Woooooooooh

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There's a ghost band, girl, playing our song

And the energy's so overwhelming,
And the echo from the crowd is deafening,
And the music conveyed is convincing,
And the world doesn't seem so daunting,
And the shimmer of light tells you secrets,
In the moon, the silhouettes in an instance,
And we are seen in perfect cadence.

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