

Like A Ghost

Steve Kilbey

At the place pagal I'm sitting in a chair
Waiting for some service, taking in the air
My life spins past
As I'm thinking of you
The waitress comes up I look her in the face
Say "bring me something fit for the human race"
She doesn't hear a word
She looks right through

Like a ghost (take a look before I melt away)
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Twelve o'clock when the wine runs out
Go out on the balcony, hear someone shout
I look below
Is that my body on the street
Check the mirror, nobody home
I can't find a razor, can't find a comb
We've got to have a talk
'cause you're dressed in a sheet

Well I really start to worry when I stand in the queue
It's starting to pour and I don't know what to do
Funny thing is
That I don't get wet
I hail a cab but he sails out of sight
What's my name, what's my age, what am I doing in this night
These questions and answers
I try but I forget