

## Dusty In Here

## The Go-Betweens

like a ghost  
a ghost of something old  
it's cold and dusty in here  
just twenty years  
and six feet down I'm told  
I know your face  
I share your name  
in the dark  
when shadows have their way  
a finger's a chimney  
and the moon's on fire  
then sleep arrives  
he's got his bags and wares  
the dragon sleeps  
and St. George stares  
you won't write, no you won't write  
that's all I ask, that you just write  
and you say no, that you can't speak  
you've lost your voice, you let it go  
you let it go  
like a ghost  
a ghost of something old  
it's cold and dusty in here  
it's in your hand  
it sits just like a glove  
the finger traces the lines of love  
it's cold and dusty in here  
someone you knew  
is watching you  
I'm someone you knew