

# Ghosts Of Hallelujah

The Gourds

Our candles are in danger from the way we carry them  
So keep yer matches handy and wait to see if when  
The ghosts of hallelujah trickle through the walls  
Brandishing the wrong words nail the cursings in the hall

The ghosts of hallelujah leave you there alone  
Counting bottles of medicine and longing for yer home  
Don't forget the hands that made you  
Don't forget yer lonely days  
And soak yer heart in clover anytime you feel it sway

"I've got no harmless longings" at least that's what she said  
As night came even closer to the bare hips of my bed  
So temptation sings a slow song and wraps yer lust in shame  
The women take on new lives as you swagger with the lame

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