

What It Is

The Growlers

Thick heads oh you don't believe
Until the spirit has crept in between your sheets
Oh what it is
Oh what it is

That's just a draft and you imagined a laugh
Discredit the gasp for he's been pullin' the schnapps
Oh what it is
Oh what it is

From the patriarch to the man in the book
Insane to the saints they have all been shook
Oh what it is
Oh what it is

Things aren't always what they seem
Demons or ghosts or a rumpot's dream
Sleep deprived or hypnotized
Easy to throw aside until it's in your eyes

I am a man of no specific faith
I have no knowledge of beyond the grave
But I can't deny
The dead don't always die
I have seen a ghost and it was no mistake
It was as clear as all the drinks I've drank
But I swear I was dry
The dead don't always die

I was no believer in the tales of fear
To think that Lucifer was always here
That may be a lie
The dead don't always die
Life is a blessin' 'til you meet your death
Make good with your living breath
Make good with life
You may never die
Eternal life