

Holy Ghost

White Lies

You were writhing on the floor
Like a moth in molasses

Who ever taught you to move your body like that?

Goose pimples, yelled Spanish
Like some out of date acid

Who ever taught you to scream like that?

Maybe someday I could move like you
(Maybe someday I could move like you)
But I'm not looking for a holy ghost
Maybe someday I can scream like you
(Maybe someday I can scream like you)
But I'm not looking for a holy ghost

You were crying on the shoulders
Of the men in the shadows

Who ever taught you to sell your sex like that?

I'm thinking through halos
In a stained glass window
'Jesus strangers are as strange as that?'

Maybe someday I could move like you
(Maybe someday I could move like you)
But I'm not looking for a holy ghost
Maybe someday I can scream like you
(Maybe someday I can scream like you)
But I'm not looking for a holy ghost (2x)