Ghostown

I live in this ghostown The whispers from the walls fall like feathers to the ground I walk upon these cemetary streets And i don't speak the language of the skeletons that i meet

I live in this ghostown The acid from the architecture is burning the place down I wander through these solitary streets They're empty as an afterthought in purple pools of gasoline

The river's all in flames I can't go home again This city speaks in rain

I live in this ghostown The coffee burns like kerosene and the color of my world is bro wn I look out on these melancholy streets It's quiet as a photograph and lonley as my vanity

The river's all in flames I can't go home again This city's rearranged

I'm never going to leave this ghostown