

Ghostman

Tom Mody

Awaken and shaken, awaiting to be taken
Locked outside my funeral door old man won't let me break-in
It's no mistake at every wake I've seen that black suit stare
The Ghostman's been there every time for those I love and care
He's gawking or stalking either way he's just not talking
I know it's complicated man, I just start walking
He seems to me a crazy man but where I turn he's there
Of ties that bind me in this life he is aware

He shades me like a turbin
We drift along the sand
Chanting and panting he lets me know I really am
In a new reality (boy)

I'm channeled and handled and left without a doubt
My family line ain't doing time they're waiting on the mount
The Bossman is a dancin' with Roses at his side
"Sonamagun" the holy one's got the devil towing the line
I'm packing, backtracking, my course is unrelenting
I know it's complicated man, there's no forgetting
That smell of Sunday morning, the bread is baking thin
Still locked outside my funeral door old man I'm busting in

I'm tangled in the grape vines
Don't hold me for my sins
Ghostman take my hand I know the walls are paper thin
Of my new reality (boy)

Pounding to the rhythm
hearts that beat as one
Blood lines pumping strong
I've known since I began
I've reached the promised land

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