

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 turban
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)

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