

Benson Hedges

Fun.

Holy ghosts
When do you come out to play?
'Cause if the Lord is gonna find me
He'd better start looking today
Last week my baby hit the slopes
I spent the weekend setting traps in the road
I should have been cutting out my eyelids
You'll never guess what baby did when she got home
Na na na na
Now at least the birds are singing to me
But what they're trying to say
I don't know
(You're beautiful)
I think they come from the cold
(For all your big mistakes)
I think they come from the cold
(You stayed the same)
To the city that doesn't snow
So I drove until we both broke down
I was stranded in a border town
Believing the motel TV would bring me to safety
But between MTV and Mr. O'Reilly
I've come to find, that I can't be defined
So I turned it off, now convinced I would cross
Took one last look at the gold
As it shattered on a mountaintop
Now I believe the sun, it's like a symphony
But what it's trying to play
I don't know
(You're beautiful)
I think it's come from the cold
(For all your big mistakes)
I think it's come from the cold
(You stayed the same)
To the city that doesn't snow
C'mon Holy ghosts
When do you come out to play?
'Cause if the Lord is gonna find me
He'd better start looking today
So I can rise with the river
We all float before we sink
So pray for satellites
Pray for courtesy
And pray that it can climb mountains to me!
I say goodbye to the canyon
I will set sail to the streets
Where I don't care to be forgiven
I want to be forgotten

I don't care to be forgiven
When Lord I only want to be forgotten! Now I receive a call from my family
And what they started to say
Bought me home (You're beautiful)
They think I'm beautiful
(For all your big mistakes)
They think I'm beautiful
(You're beautiful)
For all my big mistakes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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