

Ghosts

The Presets

Once I was a very young man, and very young man are none too clever
Sailed across to faraway lands
And farway towns of tin and terror
Ran amok in a strip called love
Lost my mind in the streets of neon
Now coming on back, huh
Help me up move right, left foot forward Oh we've had a merry old time, but merry old times
don't count for nothing
Cocaine, song and women and wine
Memories blur and they make me shudder
Bed in the morning, eight, four, five, couple of days to get my head off
Now coming on back, huh
Help me up move right left foot forward
To Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho
I'm troubled by Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Ghosts in heaven Far below the shiniest stars,
shiniest stars won't shine forever
Take your soul and you can go far,
If you don't fall from grace or favor
Golder weights are those who star
You can take now and I'll take never Now coming on back, huh
Help me up move right left foot forward
To Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho
I'm troubled by Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Ghosts in heaven
Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho
I'm troubled by Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Gho Ghosts in heaven
Soon I'll be a very old man, and very old men they dream of summers
Spent with falls in faraway clans
While hometown crowds sing hymns of courage
Ran amok in a strip called love
Lost my mind in the streets of neon
Now coming on back home, huh
Help me up move right left foot forward

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