

Deadman, Ghost Story

a weary man with haunted eyes showed up at my door last night
he said he was a friend of mine his face had changed since he'd done his time
i let him in for a little while after a drink he began to smile
and laughed and said the world's his prison cell somewhere between heaven and hell
somewhere between heaven and hell
i'm waiting for the day to come
i'm waiting for the day to come
the wind howled and began to moan the lamp flickered and the house groaned
the pressure changed my hands grew cold as i remembered the story the locals told
about a man who will visit you with haunted eyes to collect his due
he was a tax collector like matthew and if he comes he comes for you
and if he comes he comes for you
this is a holy place
this is a holy place
well i prayed for an angel to break the day i prayed for a way to find escape
i'm crying out loud i want to die praying for the light to see the signs to see the signs
i slowly tried to excuse myself went for the keys on the back bookshelf
and when i went to turn around he was standing there holding the keys in his hand
he said "you think you can get away don't you know this is judgement day?"
and i said "i won't except that fate" i had no time to hesitate
i had no time to hesitate
this is a holy place
this is a holy place
and if he comes he comes for you
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