

# 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  
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and if he comes he comes for you  
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