

Down, Ghosts Along The Mississippi

In the morning it takes me quite a while to clear my head
And as the day moves on I find it hard to smile at something said
So I took control, priority #1, and that's me
So I cut the dragons head off and put away my gun
So let it be
I'm dying prematurely, I'm wasting my life for sure
I'm trying to kill what's happening to me
A ghost along the Mississippi
I never thought before, a life could be so strange, but it is
And a guess anyone a day, because 10 or 12 more and more
But I've got a gift, it's something called my friends or love
With them and I combined, I'll beat an early end
It's been done before
Nothing of passing away, or losing just one more day
I'm dying to kill what's wrong with me
A ghost along the Mississippi
Can't happen to me
Won't do it to me