

Ghost, ...And Now For My Disappearing Act

Who's got that sinking feeling again?
Whose has been out treading water or shadow stepping?
Who's almost invisible?
Raise your hands if you're stuck in stasis
Hold them high for holding patterns
Somebody scream for stabilization
Three cheers for desperate times

The sound of skateboard wheels is haunting Arlington Ave.
With the fog that fell in love with the East Bay Hills
There is an old branch scraping on my old window pane
It is a distant lullaby, it is a whisper in the wind

We are all caged birds
With burnt nests how can we survive?
It is a matter of giving in or giving up
They don't want you to f**k with gravity
Your beauty may go unnoticed
Your good deeds may be unseen
But there is a flight well worth the flight
So come on and flap your wings

On a slow walk down Logan Boulevard
I find miracles in the details of leaves and lit windows
The city is singing, the highway sounds like an ocean
It is a distant lullaby, it is a whisper in the wind

Emergency exits... isolate the isolated
Do the mood swing, do the on and off
Dear friends, who will answer our pleas?
Sleeping beauty, who will hear our prayers?