

Live, Ghost

everybody has a ghost
everybody has a ghost who sings like you do
yours is not like mine
but it's alright, keep it up

boy loses rib in new orleans
he can't help eyein' up the whores
under the bridge
boy loses rib and lets a hellified cry into the dark

where did i go wrong?
where did i go wrong?
i never needed this before
i need a woman to help me feel

everybody has the dream
everybody has the dream like a world tattoo
yours is not like mine, it's alright, keep it up
the scalped dives into the skin
good doctors never leave a scar
no proof again

i'll taake the myth, you take the blood
it's all the same to the world dreamer
it's all the same in the end

boy loses rib in new orleans
he trades some ether for a chance
under the bridge
boy loses rib as he's summoned to the mud
flat on his back
cryin' where did i go wrong?