

# Madness, The Ghost Of Reverend Greene

Spit on my grave if it makes you feel better baby,  
Curse my name to the heaven's above and maybe,  
I'll throw you down a ladder in the shape of a streak of lightning,  
I may have been snuffed out, it's so frightening ,  
You haven't seen nothing until you've seen -  
The ghost of reverend greene.

You can tell your story's to worthless magazines,  
Sell yourself up the river in black limousines,  
But don't crawling to me on hands and knees,  
I'd like to kick you in the teeth,  
But I'm 6 foot underneath,  
You haven't seen nothing until you've seen -  
The ghost of reverend greene.

I'd always thought we had something special between us,  
Something special that now seems so hollow,

So I'll leave out the bedroom ceiling,  
And retire to the attic to whence my life hath no meaning,  
Here lies the ghost of reverend greene.

Throw your fist into the air if you have to,  
Wear garlic necklaces maybe that would suit you,  
You drove me out to the point of no return  
With your uncanny wicked ways and for this you must in turn,  
Your not getting of lightly,  
Not until you've seen the ghost of reverend greene.

Honey you may have gotten away with murder,  
And I may have lost you to another,  
But I'm back  
The ghost of reverend greene.  
Ooooo, ooooo  
The ghost of reverend greene.