

# Mike Doughty, Grey Ghost

Oh in the grey  
Grey ghost that I call home  
In the grey  
Stony lonesome I call home  
In the grey  
Grey ghost that I call home  
In the grey, grey ghost that I call home

Oh he will not  
Walk out the river now  
He will not walk out the river  
He will not walk out the river, singing  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
On the docks in Memphis, with the boombox, nodding out, singing  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
Don't fall through the stars

In the trail of the barge and the light upon the brine  
He has staked these thoughts and the force is undivided, singing  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
Sleepy-eyed, the man is wading out into the night, singing  
Don't fall through the stars  
Don't fall through them  
Don't fall through the stars

Embracing some hard-luck citizen  
Disgraced like some strange Bob Balaban  
And placing your heels down in the sand  
And

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