

New Model Army, Ghost Train

It's a long warm September and we're both still alive
And the sea is like a painting beneath the mirrored sky
Raise the dead, raise the dead
We'll go riding on the ghost train, together raise the dead

Through the summer scented shadows, we were frozen in the light
And She brushed upon our faces, disappeared into the night
Raise the dead, raise the dead
We'll go riding on the ghost train, together raise the dead

Time becomes liquid and death becomes a friend
We'll live the life together with the wheel still in spin
Raise the dead, raise the dead
We'll go riding on the ghost train with the wheel spinning round