

# Squirrel Nut Zippers, Ghost Of Stephen Foster

Met the Ghost of Stephen Foster at the Hotel Paradise

This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes:

Rooms were made for carpets,

Towers made for spires,

Ships were made for cannonade fire off from inside them

(Chorus): Gwine to run all night

Gwine to run all day

Camptown ladies never sang all the doo dah day no, no, no (End Chorus)

(Chorus)

Met the Ghost of Stephen Foster at the Hotel Paradise

This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes:

Ships were made for sinking,

Whiskey made for drinking,

If we were made of cellophane, we'd all get stinking drunk quite faster ha, ha, ha

(Chorus)

(Chorus)