

# White Lies, Holy Ghost

You were writhing on the floor like a moth in molasses  
Whoever taught you to move your body like that?  
Goose pimples just vanished like some out of date acid  
Whoever taught you to scream like that?

Maybe someday I could move like you  
(Maybe someday I could move like you)  
Well I'm not looking for a holy ghost.  
Maybe someday I could scream like you  
(Maybe someday I could scream like you)  
Well I'm not looking for a holy ghost.

You were crying on the shoulders of the men in the shadows  
Whoever taught you to sell your sex like that?  
I'm thinking two halos in a stained glass window  
Jesus, strangers are as strange as that

Maybe someday I could move like you  
(Maybe someday I could move like you)  
Well I'm not looking for a holy ghost.  
Maybe someday I could scream like you  
(Maybe someday I could scream like you)  
Well I'm not looking for a holy ghost.