

Broadway Calls, Give Up The Ghost

I'm broke and sorry.
You should have heard the one last night.
It broke my heart, and I woke up sick and cold inside the van.
I'm still coughing up the songs I sang last night.
I'm a ghost. Separate from that guy you knew.
And the songs I sing don't do anything,
but get us to the next town, and the next town, and the next town.
But just wrap me up and tuck me into bed.
I've got too much pessimism in my head.
You've suffered way too long, and I'm sorry boys,
I'm sorry boys this will be my last self pity song.
Woah, I recall the look last night of the kids getting carried away.