

Clutch, Ghost

The leather soles go shuffling in,
Stinking of smoke and ten cent gin.
Now who will toast our noble host that has this morning given up the ghost?

The wooden coffer hand to hand.
Kind words are offered, silent prayers.
But she is satisfied the most while stabbing madly at the roast.

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve.
The sons of Cain receive no reprieve.

The creditor rides with his men.
The death of debtors he won't forgive.
They repossess his silver eyes, now in the potter's field he lies.

The rib of Adam, the eyes of Eve.

The sons of Cain receive no reprieve.

Waiting for a dead man's shoes.
Have you heard the latest news?
Lazarus is back from the dead looking as one would expect.
Dripping with the waters of Sheol.
Babbling about body and soul.
And Then he found his wife in their bed buck naked and already wed.

The tax collector beneath his sheets.
The door swings open. Floorboards creak.
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The sons of Cain receive no reprieve.