

Holy Mother, Call The Ghost

My people fight to hold me
My people fight to choose
My people built this wall of inner strength to keep from you
Surrender's not my language
I never learned to pick and choose
My freedom violated contracts of a corporate rule
When I die I wanna taste of hope
When in doubt, I'll call the ghost
If I'm flying with my friends
I know I will be watching you from here
Now everyone I talk to tells me
Everyone I talk to knows
Now everyone has got their own direction for my life to go
My people fight for freedom
And my people fight to grow
My people hide behind the hidden secrets you don't know
When I die, I wanna take you there
When in doubt I'll call the ghost
If I'm flying with my friends
Up here, a path of straight and narrow gold
When I die I wanna take you there
When in doubt I'll call the ghost
The spirits surround me, my life I want back
Does anyone regret this anger, anyone regret you know
Does anybody really care what makes the path of straight and narrow gold
Another foreign figures army sets his sites on killing all
Why is the value of our life within his hands
When I die I wanna take you there
When in doubt I'll call the ghost
If I'm flying with my friends
Up here, a path of straight and narrow gold
Cause when I die, I wanna take you there
When I'm in doubt, I'll call the ghost
When I'm dyin', when I'm dyin'
A path of straight and narrow gold