

Jeremy Messersmith, GHOST

One more night in Omaha
Bus stop just before the dawn
Cold wind followed me somehow

Through parking lots and shopping malls
Rinse my thoughts in alcohol
Black clouds rolling over me

If there is a line I'll cross it, no lesson will I learn
Even if I'm standing on it, no bridge that I won't burn
Coming back to where we started, I'm only passing through
I've become a ghost in your garden, fading into view

You broke my heart with sticks and stones
Swore I'm never coming home
Last words never written down

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Been so long since I've been gone
Doubt if you'll know me at all
Downpour, did I make you proud?

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Day is short, my shadows' long
One more hour till Wichita
Sunlight never felt so kind

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Even if I'm standing on it, no bridge that I won't burn
Coming back to where we started, I'm only passing through
I've become a ghost in your garden, fading into view