

Jim White, Ghost-Town Of My Brain

I like to go out walking in the ghost-town of my brain.
Kick the rusted scrap-iron of my memories and dreams.
Yeah, here's a busted compass...look, the needle's standing still.
Much as some folks hate to lose their way, me, I pray to God that I will.
I got a confession; I never ever had no appetite for pain.
So it's a mystery to me why I like walking in the ghost-town...ghost-town of my brain.
I'm on a coal train headed south, guess we're bound for Birmingham.
Thick as thieves with a black girl twice as messed-up as I am.
The smile upon her face betrays the sorrow in her heart.
Like the testimony of a fun house mirror that some fool broke apart.
Girl listen here; you're just a leaf caught in God's secret hurricane.
And on this cold and dark wild midnight you are dancing in the ghost-town...ghost-town of my brain
Feel them magnets in the shadows?
Hear the voice of stranger virtue?
Take no comforts with them specters 'cause you know that they can hurt you.
Sweet mother load of secrets, feed my wild and endless hunger.
Seek the misty trail beyond the veil where the world gets torn asunder.
Gimme needles in the haystacks, Lord and riddles in the rain...
'cause I like to go out walking in the ghost-town...ghost-town of my brain.