Luka Bloom, The Hungry Ghost

There is a hungry ghost waiting for me
Hoping the past will slip from memory
I thank God for the nights I cried
I thank God I nearly died
I don't know how I survived

Falling up and down the main street
A naked fool on every dance floor
Falling up and down the main street
People said, "That's what being young is for"
How could they know, I could take no more

There is a hungry ghost waiting for me
Should I take for granted, I am free now

Falling up and down the main street
A naked fool on every dance floor
Falling up and down the main street
People said, "That's what being young is for"
How could they know, I could take no more

To smell the amarillo
Dream beneath some tree
Wait for the daffodil
I am free now.