

Phish, Meat

I am a prince I have it all
I hear your footsteps through the wall
I wait in silence for your call
then take a shot and watch you fall
I am a ghost but I cannot fly
I'm stuck here as the years slide by
I need a resting place 'cause I
already felt my body die
if I had a host of ghosts
living on my street
I'd jive and strive to stay alive
and offer them some meat
I need a different life I think
perhaps I'd be the missing link
and treasure moments as I drink
away the memories let them sink