

Prefab Sprout, Ghost Town Blues

Sitting alone when her work is through,
these days she's listless though that spring sky is blue.
Her parents try but it's not much use.
Her boyfriend left home, it was late Summertime,
life was good, they were young, but glory is purblind,
how could a future like that go wrong ?
I know the Mayor of this hysterical town,
he worked himself up from the dirt on the ground.
Now everyone asks him questions and so on.
People consider they've a right to be told,
he just can't imagine what it is he should know,
people naturally wonder what it's all leading to...
Oh Anne Garland, you can't call this heartbeat a man.
Too sad you bet - we're all caught in history's web.
But don't cry too soon, you might as well fall in love with the Moon.
Oh Anne Garland, we win or we lose at his hand.
Cars collide and they kill the groom,
death's neatly spruced for his honeymoon.
Find an answer while I leave the room.
Man made the neon and he learned how to fly,
but Gold made the stars while he fashioned the sky,
perhaps I should learn to shut my mouth.