

Quasi, Seven Years Gone

Seven years gone

Skeleton pilot the ghost ship home

He carried on, but now he's all alone

Dead on his feet, he hits the streets of old town without a dime

Sweet baby's breath could bring him back from death any time

Preacher jack, high on crack

Quote the bible, pass the hat

Dan the pimp, don the gimp, mike the ape, and tom the chimp

Newspaper says we support the prez, the "war on terror", bombs away

How much is lies and how much just unwise, i can't say

Queen of spades

Close the window, pull the shades

She had it made back in the days of the flat-top fade

She stays in her room

She owes the moon a fortune she could never pay

She hopes and she prays, but the moon won't go away