

Squirrel Nut Zippers, The Ghost Of Stephen Foster

Met the ghost of Stephen Foster at the Hotel Paradise
This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes:
Rooms were made for carpets,
Towers made for spires,
Ships were made for cannonade to fire off from inside them

Going to run all night
Going to run all day
Camptown ladies never sing all the doo dah day no, no, no
Going to run all night
Going to run all day
Camptown ladies never sing all the doo dah day no, no, no

Met the ghost of Stephen Foster at the hotel paradise
This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes:
Ships were made for sinking,
Whiskey made for drinking,
If we were made of cellophane, we'd all get stinking drunk much faster ha, ha, ha

Going to run all night
Going to run all day
Camptown ladies never sing all the doo dah day no, no, no
Going to run all night
Going to run all day
Camptown ladies never sing all the doo dah day no, no, no