

# The Church, Lustre

Well we had just begun  
When the night came down  
Sweating rain on everyone  
Anyone who was hanging around  
You say there's something strange going on  
I cannot see a thing  
And pretty soon then we'll be drenched to the bone  
And my soul is freezing  
And we really should decide  
Who's taking who for this  
Ride the bandwagon into the ditch  
Smile for the many you shocked  
Bless my soul and drop a stitch

Strike while the irony is hot  
And I don't have much time  
There's so much left to take  
It'd hard to know what's genuine  
And what's a genuine fake  
I think there's something weird going on  
Something unforeseen  
The best impression of a succubus  
That I have ever seen  
Before we get too fried  
Let's get on with the  
Ride the ghost train now into the dark  
Ride it right into the ground  
Up through the suburbs, graveyards and parks  
Going around and around  
If I never see you again  
That will be way too soon  
And if I ever get over this  
I will be over the moon  
I hope that something new comes along  
Something more my style  
I hope that someone else comes along  
And makes it worth my while  
And it's lust and sloth and pride  
That makes me want to  
Ride the rollercoaster for all that it's worth  
Live it all up to the hilt  
If you can't take it with you  
Away from this earth  
Might as well take it full tilt  
Ride the old horse through goldrush town  
If that's the kind of company you keep  
You're getting very tired and you need to lie down  
I'll see you in your sleep