

Wide Mouth Mason, Falling Down

I saw a ghost out on a dirt road
They're known as "humeurs" or so I'm told
A mist you drive through with an eerie glow
In your headlights

Far away from the city sound
Decrepit houses are sagging down
Leaning over, no one's been around
For ages

I'm falling down

I need to be alone tonight
My head just won't work right
If I'm not back for day light
I'm sorry