

Dusty In Here

The Go-Betweens

like a ghost
a ghost of something old
it's cold and dusty in here
just twenty years
and six feet down I'm told
I know your face
I share your name
in the dark
when shadows have their way
a finger's a chimney
and the moon's on fire
then sleep arrives
he's got his bags and wares
the dragon sleeps
and St. George stares
you won't write, no you won't write
that's all I ask, that you just write
and you say no, that you can't speak
you've lost your voice, you let it go
you let it go
like a ghost
a ghost of something old
it's cold and dusty in here
it's in your hand
it sits just like a glove
the finger traces the lines of love
it's cold and dusty in here
someone you knew
is watching you
I'm someone you knew