

Ghost Writer

Here comes that old wall
Like a smack in the back of a Cadillac
Only Empty Tales
Of material worlds from this Underwood

Understand that I don't have a choice, choice
I can only call upon that voice, voice
Of my dearest friend from way back when
That spirit who can lend a hand from all the way across the great divide

Oh – ghost writer
I'm nothing without you dear
Oh – ghost writer
I'm nothing without you here

Out blow the candles and lights
I roll back my eyes its dead silent
Whispers softly come
At first just a few, then ten tons

Stories of dimensions near and far, so far
Bugs with names, three legs and flying cars, yes cars
Catapulting through the universe
That spirit who can lend a verse from all the way across the great divide

Oh – ghost writer
I'm nothing without you dear
Oh – ghost writer
I'm nothing without you here

Pillars of poems piled
Miles to the ceiling
Scratches, scribbles, coffee stains

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