

Holy Ghost!, Okay

Surely you're joking
Calling me this late
And sure, I have misspoken
Especially as of late

Oh but the ten missed calls
Don't have the ring of last fall
No no no not at all
And surely you're joking
And the punchline isn't far

Oh you're not gonna take it
No I'm not gonna take it
No we're not gonna take it on the road
Oh I'm not falling over
But I'm not calling sober
And I'm not gonna take this when I'm home
It's okay
It's okay

Surely the credits will note the junior script
And sure it's immature, and lacks a certain wit
Oh the pope has appeal, it doesn't need to feel real
No, no, no that's his deal
And surely you're joking
And the punchline isn't far

Oh you're not gonna take it
No I'm not gonna take it
No we're not gonna take it on the road
Oh I'm not falling over
But I'm not calling sober
And I'm not gonna take this when I'm home
It's okay
It's okay

Even though I know the blood is thick
The third act starts and it gets hard to take
It isn't over, it isn't, is it?
From here on in, my inside sight
And even though I know the blood is thick
The third act starts and love turns into hate
It isn't over, oh is it end?
From here I am!