

# 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!