

# John Grant, Pale Green Ghosts

Back then I often found myself  
Driving on the road at night,  
And the radio was broadcasting the ocean.  
Warm late Spring wind whips through my hair.  
I am right here, but I wanna be there,  
And no one in this world is gonna stop me.

Pale green ghosts at the end of May  
Soldiers of this black highway  
Helping me to know my place.  
Pale green ghosts must take great care,  
Release themselves into the air  
Reminding me that I must be aware.

At 25 and 36 to Boulder  
I was getting warm, but now I'm getting colder,  
And I stomp my feet demanding like a child.  
I hope you get everything you wanted boy.  
I hope you conquer the world and turn it into your toy,  
But don't come crying when you're forced to learn the truth.

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