

# Phish, Meat

I am a prince I have it all  
I hear your footsteps through the wall  
I wait in silence for your call  
then take a shot and watch you fall  
I am a ghost but I cannot fly  
I'm stuck here as the years slide by  
I need a resting place 'cause I  
already felt my body die  
if I had a host of ghosts  
living on my street  
I'd jive and strive to stay alive  
and offer them some meat  
I need a different life I think  
perhaps I'd be the missing link  
and treasure moments as I drink  
away the memories let them sink