

A Furry Black Ghost - 1

Traversing the ages back to ancient times, I meant look wise. I really do. And yes, maybe I am a do-gooder ecologist! But isn't a very humble mindset? Oil or blood... And why the hell should I care? I'm only a guitar player. A guitar player! Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... *A guitar player!* Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm...

The frets slide beneath my fingers. I'm the plank spanker of the band! This song is so self-penned! *This song is so self-penned!* I have a sore neck—it's a stiff one—and no physiotherapist can relieve my lower back pain. Even my lover cannot. Not even him. "Does the weight of those sounds frighten you?" Do they...

I am the bearer of sounds. I carry a burden of memories, but that load matters little to me! Even if that cargo means a lot to you! *To you. To you. To you. To you. To you.* To-ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh-ooh!! To you. Ooh-ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Woo-hoo! Ooh-ooh!! Flying through the times to ancient days I will return to stretch the thread of saliva from the median groove of my tongue, in order to try and dry upon it the scores you do not read.

My alabaster lungs are tuned to my guitar. Ooh-ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh-ooh!! Ooh!! Ooh!!

Lyrics: Owen Bartlett.