

A Furry Black Ghost 1 ^{TAKE 1}

Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... *Oh!* *Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm-ah!...*

Traversing the ages back to ancient times, I meant look wise. ^{WISE} I really do. And yes, maybe I am, 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! *A guitar player! Player! Player! Player!* Hmm-mhm... *Hmm-mhm... Ah!! Hmm-mhm... Ah-oh!!*

The frets slide beneath my fingers. I'm the plank spanker of the band! 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...

Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... *Oh!* *Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... Hum. Hmm-mhm-ah!...*

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...}

Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... Mhm-hum. Hmm-mhm... *Hmm-mhm... Ah-oh!!*

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.

Lyrics: Owen Bartlett.