

A Furry Black Ghost - 2

My alabaster lungs are tuned to my guitar.

Am I gone solo in this song? Who is going to follow... What heart could breathe into it fresh, oxygenated, vital, and harmonious blood?

Mhm-hum. Hmm...

Mom used to call Grandpa "Baghdad"—but why Baghdad? Full of ruts. I am the surrogate mother of sounds.

As a man, I mean.

The carriage of my head was one day propelled from one continent to the other. So to speak.

Since animals also have souls, humans must respect them.

Lyrics: Andy & Bruce Woolley.