

Ghosts

Kris Drever

They say we're not like them,
A generation ago,
We came on the same ships we were hidden below.

We came seeking protection,
Away from the strife,
Away from the struggles and the hardships of life

*I'm not an incomer,
My parents were ghosts,
Sir I was born here so where would I go?*

There's ghosts on the motorway,
The world is on fire,
There's ghosts on the sandflats as the water gets higher and higher.

There's ghosts in the brothels,
Behind thick stony walls,
There's ghosts and their children in prison food halls.

*I'm not an incomer,
My parents were ghosts,
Sir I was born here so where would I go?*