

THE GHOST OF A FLEA

Close to the skin  
Taut as a spring  
I'm sharp as a pin  
Close — to the skin

Close to the skin  
To your landscape I cling  
Drinking it in  
So close— to the skin

Out of reach and out of mortal sight  
I am inaccessible in light  
There's no other side to me Yeah,  
I abide in flat 2D  
There is quintessentially  
Nothing to see

Close to the skin  
Such an intimate thing  
Thirsty and thin  
So close — to the skin

Close to the skin  
Ghoulish in grin  
I yearn to come in — c'mon  
I'm so close — to the skin

On your crimson contents do I sup  
Did I already mention you just couldn't make  
it up?

There's no other side to me  
Yeah, I abide in flat 2D  
There is quintessentially  
Nothing to see

The phantom of the parasite  
Sings the threnody  
Of his tiny plight

You just couldn't make it up  
Unconceivable  
Inbelievable  
Namechecks Blake and Donne  
Pulex take and run

There's no other side to me  
I abide in strict 2D  
There is no real depth to me  
And it may jar you to perceive  
Rubbing at the trace I leave  
That you still remember me...

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