

“Ghost Town”

by: pq myers

New Year's Eve at the Berkley Carteret, a night I won't soon forget
Carnival of souls on strings and poles dancin' marionettes
Muffled conversation down the hall, strange tappin' and rappin' on the wall
Somethin' flashed by the corner of my eye it was a flamin' pinball

Music's comin' from the ballroom but no one's there
A pair of eyes outside the window - they just stare
I heard a song in the dark singing, "don't hang around.."
You may find yourself, forever tied down, to this old Ghost Town!"

A man with a tray outside the door says "These drinks are for free and there's plenty more
There's no end in sight of this New Years Night, welcome Aboard!"
He was right, my glass is always filled no matter how much I drink or spill
Thought I tried to put it down it just follows me around, guess it always will

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The Maharaja Mahesh Yogi once owned this place; the first floor was a ballroom dancin' space
Where I learned to Cha Cha then went upstairs and got my mantra, how's that for grace?
Long before these feral cats, rats & mice, this city was a garden paradise
A jewel in the crown of all seashore towns, yeah it must of been nice

At mid-night the boardwalk was aglow and we all had our tickets for the show
It was smoke and mirrors in a fun house theater, couldn't wait to go
The legends of our youth took the stage but the story teller never turned the page
He would get to the end and start over again, just like Groundhog Day

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more ↓

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Recorded at Marc Muller’s studio
Co-producer/Engineer Marc Muller
Acoustic Guitar / Vocal: pqm
Additional parts: Marc Muller

I actually spent a New Years Eve at the Berkley Carteret in Asbury Park, NJ. It was the coldest night of the year, almost too cold to walk one block south to McLoone’s Supper Club.. but I made it there and back..

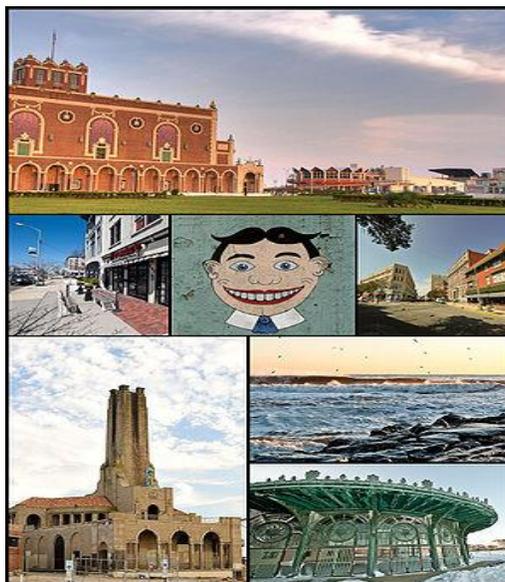
It’s true, every word in the song is exactly true... you really can hear music in the empty ballrooms on the second floor; the Maharaja Mahesh Yogi did once own the place and I did get my TM mantra there (I was 18) and you really could get formal dance lessons downstairs and... Asbury Park was a garden paradise in the 40’s & 50’s with over 170 public gardens maintained by the city... BTW if anyone is concerned, the line; “*Long before these feral cats, rats & mice...*” is referring to certain *people*, **not real** rats, cats and mice.

-pqm

Additional production notes from Marc Muller:

Ghost Town (the best song I've ever heard that captures the mystique of Asbury Park): Peter Myers - acoustic, vocal. Me - lap steel (my 1933 Rickenbacker frypan), B3, drums.

-MM



Words and Music by: pq myers © 2012
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