

The Ghost Who Walks

Karen Elson

The ghost who walks
she's on the prowl
for the man she loved,
he cut her down
it was an ordinary night in June
when he drove her to the lake
so they could watch the full moon
The ghost who walks
she's on the prowl
for the man she loved,
he laid her down
in the tall grass
he kissed her cheek
but with a knife in his hand
he plunged it in deep
She looked at him with pleading eyes
he softly spoke,
"my dear the love has died"
and then he muffled her desperate cries
under the moonlight
Ghost who walks
she's on the prowl
wanders in the moonlight
she's crying to herself because
eyes never once looked cruel
but the moon in the blade
shimmered like a jewel
she looked at him with pleading eyes
he softly spoke,
"my dear the love has died"
and then he muffled her deadly cries
under the moonlight

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