

The Ghost of Billy Mulville

[John Spillane](#)

The Ghost of Billy Mulvihill Lyrics

While looking out my window in the heart of Dublin 4
The ghost of Billy Mulvihill was walking by my door.

He wore a heavy coat his face was pale and thin
He waved up at my window but I wouldn't let him in.

What was he doing walking on upper Leeson street?
A cardboard suitcase in his hand and hobnails on his feet
He flashed up at my window his old big toothy grin.
But I moved back in the shadows and I wouldn't call him in.

As I moved behind the curtain and beat a coward's retreat,
The ghost of Billy Mulvihill walked up Leeson street.
He vanished in the traffic his suitcase full of sin,
I knew he wanted comfort but I wouldn't let him in.

That night as I saw writing the clock said nearly four,
The ghost of Billy Mulvihill stood on my kitchen floor
"The fight you're fighting Mikey is a fight you'll never win."
But I locked the door inside my head and I wouldn't let him in.

Repeat He waved up at my window but I wouldn't let him in.
I knew he wanted comfort but I wouldn't let him in.
I locked the door inside my head and I did not let him in.

Lyrics Submitted by Margaret Bicknell

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