Walking the Ghost

James

There's a knocking at my window
Not one for yes but two for no
Some spirit is unsatisfied
From watching her world spin out of control
At night she goes walking around her old home
Objecting to how it's all changed
She preferred her arrangements to the ones which we have made
Walking the ghost
Walking the ghost
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There's baggage on my shoulders
Making me stoop bending my frame
My neck is crocked lopsided
I will never be tall again
At night she goes walking around her old home
You can feel so much sadness wrapped up in her bones
I can feel so much sadness wrapped up in her bones
Walking the ghost
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I'm sensitive to unkindness
Stab in the back burn in the ribs
I need your fingers to straighten my flesh
I hope your fingers are kind
Walking the ghost
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