

# Giving Up The Ghost

[Marc Cohn](#)

Deep in the night she quietly creeps  
Sometimes she moans, sometimes she weeps  
When the wind starts a howlin' out of control  
She's trouble in mind, she's nothin' but soul  
Now don't feel afraid there's nothin' to fear  
It's just strange visitations year after year  
She gave me somethin' I needed but now the feeling is gone  
And it's high time I told her she's gonna have to move on  
From the eerie lake to the hills that shake  
I've been haunted on every coast  
I might miss her I know but I'm letting it go  
I'm givin' up the ghost, givin' up the ghost

Last night she came in at the usual time  
Twelve is the number that the church bells did chime  
But the wind didn't blow, there was barely a breeze  
Just a light shinin' over the sycamore trees  
From the eerie lake to the hills that shake  
I've been haunted on every coast  
I might miss her in know but I'm letting it go  
I'm givin' up the ghost, givin' up the ghost  
Now feelin' much better but I'm still on the brink  
I just got a letter in vanishing ink

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