

Ghosts Of Penn Hills (Live in Chicago)

[William Fitzsimmons](#)

Could I please have a minute to catch my breath?
Everyone that I loved has been left behind
Not the kind who would tend to believe in ghosts but I see them every night
Had a dream that I was just a boy
again and my father was young and still full of time
Now my grandmother's body is in the earth but I see her every night
I will love you till the ghosts of these Penn Hills will bring me where you are
I was woke by the baby at 5 am
Found out later that's when you left and I hope that it's true that we will meet again
And I'll tell my girls your name but I'll miss you all the same
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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