

# Ghosts of Penn Hills

[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

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