

Conversation With a Ghost

Ellis Paul

I'll respond to you in letters
Sorry so slow, sorry so few
In a nutshell, I'm much better

So far the complaints I hear are few
So how have you been? have you been to the races? did you take my
mother --

Is your sister in braces? I wish I could've been there to see you through
Hey, are all those things you told me once still true? Do you remember that time

It was cold in the park

You were running a race, I was there on a lark

Who would've thought that new york could be such a small town
Margaret is tired,

Let's let her get some sleep

Bored with these letters,

Let her count her sheep

So goodbye love, goodbye love...

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