Old Ghosts

Emma Pollock

I'm not sorry that you're gone
The hell we raised was always fun
But I'm not sorry that you're goneI'd pick the place; you'd pick a fight
And all who witnessed lost the night
To the unravelling of spite and all things we collectedAnd how am I supposed to speak to
Those I ridiculed but still looked up to?Oh coming here it takes some nerve
So I am grateful for your generous omission of unwelcome reminiscingWhy so reasonable now?
Why so reasonable now?
What you got that's so important?
It just can't wait for morning call
Coming here I meet old ghosts
And one that I fear more than most
The grasping hand it takes my throat as I ascend the stairwayAnd as the mirror does remind
I know you're never far behind
Oh please don't make a fuss the years just took their toll on usYears fall off me as I reach you
And here again I am the child that once revered youIf this body must hold two
I'll pray the other is not you
And I will run so fast I'll lose you from the looking glassWhy so reasonable now?
Why so reasonable now?
What you got that's so important?
It just can't wait for morning call
Why so reasonable now?
Why so reasonable now?
Whatever happened to all of your people?
Whatever happened to all of your boys?
Chasing their tail between market and steeple
Whatever happened to all of your boys?
Whatever happened to all of your boys?And how am I supposed to speak to
Those I ridiculed but still looked up to?
Years fall off me as I reach you
And here again I am the child that once revered youAnd how am I supposed to speak to
Those I ridiculed but still looked up to?
Years fall off me as I reach you
And here again I am the child that once revered you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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