

My Life As a Ghost

[Tanya Donelly](#)

This perfect day we make our way to the end of it
With perfect grace I lay my head in your lap and walk away
These days are sweet and strange
We're happy in our star scattered way, always
In this my life, in this my life as a ghost
In this my life, my happy life as a ghost
I've been lifting out the stains from the stones
Planting flowers, where you'll never find my bones
Seven sisters, seven stars shooting home
Shouts and whispers of a better fight, a better time
A day for the sweet and strange
And happy in some star shattered way, our way
In this my life, in this my life as a ghost
In this my life, my happy life as a ghost
This perfect day I lay my shield at your feet and beg to stay

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