

# Ghost Story

## John McSweeney

I watch the western sky  
The sun is sinking  
The geese are flying south  
It sets me thinking  
I did not miss you much  
I did not suffer  
What did not kill me  
Just made me tougher  
I feel the winter come  
His icy sinews,  
Now in the firelight  
The case continues  
Another night in court  
The same old trial  
The same old questions asked  
The same denial  
The shadows closing round  
Like jury members  
I look for answers in  
The fire's embers  
Why was I missing then  
That whole December?  
I give my usual line,  
I don't remember  
Another winter comes  
His icy fingers creep  
Into these bones of mine  
These memories never sleep  
And all these differences  
A cloak I borrowed  
We kept our distances  
Why should it follow that  
I must have loved you?  
What is the force that binds the stars?  
I wore this mask to hide my scars  
What is the power that pulls the tide?  
Never could find a place to hide  
What moves the earth around the sun?  
What could I do but run and run and run?

Afraid to love, afraid to fail  
A mast without a sail  
The moon's a fingernail  
And slowly sinking  
Another day begins  
And now I'm thinking  
That this is indifference  
Was my invention  
When everything I did  
Sought your attention  
You were my compass star  
You were my measure  
You were a pirate's map  
Of buried treasure  
If this was all correct  
The last thing I'd expect  
The prosecution rests  
It's time that I confessed  
I must have loved you  
I must have loved you

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