

Miss Ghost

Don Henley

On a misbegotten, moonless night, I stumbled in my door
Disgusted with my circumstance, soaked to every pore
When floating from my bedroom, came a moaning and a sigh
?Oh, I've had one too many, it's just the wind?, says I
I lit up a cigarette, I poured a good stiff drink
You see I needed to compose myself, I needed time to think
No sooner had I settled down, the moaning came again
Drifting through the silence like some otherworldly violin
I bounded up the staircase, now went slippin' and slidin' down the hall
You know, I've been around the whole wide world
But I was not prepared at all, uninvited visitor, unsuspecting host
Well, I see you've made yourself at home, good evening Miss Ghost
You're more beautiful than ever, I feel just like a kid
I commence to trembling when I think of all the things we did
Skin as pale as marble, lips as red as blood
Imagine my surprise my dear, well I thought that you were gone for good
You look so lovely lying there, all stretched out on your back
But I'm the one who's strung up here on old temptation's rusty rack
And in the wee small hours is when I miss you the most
And I confess it, I have missed you Miss Ghost

I threw open the window
And I howled at the rain
And I cursed the weakness of the flesh
This breath and bone and this brute reptilian brain
What dirty tricks the mind can play in the lonely dead of night
When you bump into the shadow of a faded love that wasn't right
Way down beneath the surface, far beyond the light of day
So many things lie buried deep and baby they should stay that way
Oh, my wicked little habit
We've really made a mess
Everything's been trivialized
In our vain pursuit of happiness
And even though you've come for me, I won't go back with you
To some temporary heaven, down some empty dead-end avenue
But it's been so good to have you here and I propose a toast
Here's to seeing through you, Miss ghost
Yeah, Miss ghost

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