

# Giving Up the Ghost

[Marc Cohn](#)

Deep in the night she quietly creeps  
Sometimes she moans, sometimes she weeps  
When the wind starts a howlin' out of control  
Shes trouble in mind, shes nothin' but soul  
Now dont feel afraid theres nothin' to fear  
Its just strange visitations year after year  
She gave me somethin' I needed but now the feeling is gone  
And its high time I told her shes gonna have to move on  
From the eerie lake to the hills that shake  
Ive been haunted on every coast  
I might miss her I know but Im letting it go  
Im givin' up the ghost, givin' up the ghost  
Last night she came in at the usual time  
Twelve is the number that the church bells did chime  
But the wind didnt blow, there was barely a breeze  
Just a light shinin' over the sycamore trees  
From the eerie lake to the hills that shake  
Ive been haunted on every coast  
I might miss her in know but Im letting it go  
Im givin' up the ghost, givin' up the ghost  
Now feelin' much better but Im still on the brink  
I just got a letter in vanishing ink

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