

# The Ghost Who Walks

Karen Elson

The ghost who walks  
she's on the prowl  
for the man she loved,  
he cut her down  
it was an ordinary night in June  
when he drove her to the lake  
so they could watch the full moon  
The ghost who walks  
she's on the prowl  
for the man she loved,  
he laid her down  
in the tall grass  
he kissed her cheek  
but with a knife in his hand  
he plunged it in deep  
She looked at him with pleading eyes  
he softly spoke,  
"my dear the love has died"  
and then he muffled her desperate cries  
under the moonlight  
Ghost who walks  
she's on the prowl  
wanders in the moonlight  
she's crying to herself because  
eyes never once looked cruel  
but the moon in the blade  
shimmered like a jewel  
she looked at him with pleading eyes  
he softly spoke,  
"my dear the love has died"  
and then he muffled her deadly cries  
under the moonlight  
Under the moonlight  
under the moonlight  
under the moonlight

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