

# Ghosts Of Penn Hills

[William Fitzsimmons](#)

Could I please have a minute to catch my breath?  
Everyone that I loved has been left behind  
Not the kind who would tend to believe in ghosts but I see them every night  
Had a dream that I was just a boy  
again and my father was young and still full of time  
Now my grandmother's body is in the earth but I see her every night  
I will love you till the ghosts of these Penn Hills will bring me where you are  
I was woke by the baby at 5 am  
Found out later that's when you left and I hope that it's true that we will meet again  
And I'll tell my girls your name but I'll miss you all the same  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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