

Phantom Of My Own Opera

Daniel Johnston

I'm the phantom of my own Opera
Oh don't I know it
And I think of you, sweetheart

I'm lurking in the shadows
Of my memory
We were going to have a circus in the bar
But the creature lurks among us
The ghost of our past
The gho-o-ost of our love

And if I had my own way
I always say that phrase
I thought it was a phase
But it wasn't

And so here I am
In my baggy-clown costume
Perform any funny trick and throw a kiss to the audience

And I'm wearing a mask
But you don't have to ask
Who I'm thinking about

And there's a monkey in the background
Hung by a rope from the ceiling
And I'm the villain, acting fierce
And stretching whiskers toothsomely

The phantom wears a black coat
Long trousers and a derby
Stands erect
And cracks the whip loudly

I'm the phantom of my own opera
I perform all the parts
And I think of you, sweetheart
I'm even the audience
And I can't help thinking
We were going to have a circus in the bar

Can't pull the curtain
I can't help remembering
Turn a somersault after singing a verse

And the song is never ending
And I never quit rehearsing
A performance of a sad and twisted art
And if I had my own way
I don't know what I'd do
I probably wish it was you