

Giving Up The Ghost

Marc Cohn

Deep in the night she quietly creep
Sometime she moan, sometime she weep
When the wind starts a howling out of control
She's trouble in mind, she's nothing but soul
Now don't feel afraid there's nothing to fear
It's just strange visitation year after year
She gave me something I needed but now the feeling is gone
And it's high time I told her she's gonna have to move on

From the eerie lake to the hills that shake
I've been haunted on every coast
I might miss her I know
But I'm letting it go
I'm giving up the ghost
Giving 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 didn't blow, there was barely a breeze
Just a light shining over the sycamore trees

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Now feeling much better
But I'm still on the brink
I just got a letter in vanishing ink