

Your Ghost

Tori Amos

You've left your ghost
Until tomorrow
And then he must be sent
To a strange address
In the Mediterranean

I've met your ghost
He has proposed
I've met your ghost, yes
He's proposed
He needs some time alone
Then he'll stay with me
Then he'll visit your seven seas

Please leave me your ghost
I will keep him from harm
Although I've learned that
You were wounded
My forest of glass
Caused enough damage
As your tear satin crashing
My embers and my blues
Could have another use
Your ghost has shown me
Our primroses could survive the frost
If a gentle rivulet of flame is sustained tenderly

He'll play a Beatles tune
Me, more a Bach fugue
Is this such a great divide
Between your world and mine
They both can purify
And heal what was cut and bruised

Please leave me your ghost
I will keep him from harm
I understand that you've been wounded

My embers and my blues
Could have another use
Please leave me your ghost

Just leave me
Your ghost
I will keep him warm
I will keep him warm