

Your Ghost

Greg Laswell

If I walk down this hallway tonight it's too quiet
So I pad through the dark and call you on the phone
Push your old numbers and let your house ring
'Til I wake your ghost

Let him walk down your hallway
It's not this quiet
Slide down your receiver, sprint across the wire
Follow my number and slide into my hand

It's the blaze across your nightgown
It's the phone's ring

I think last night, you were driving circles around me
I think last night, you were driving circles around me
I think last night, you were driving circles around me
I think last night, you were driving circles around me

I can't drink this coffee til I put you in my closet
Let him shoot me down and let him call me off
Take it from his whisper, you're not that tough

It's the blaze across your nightgown
It's the phone's ring

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