

In The Arms Of A Ghost

Jakob Dylan

I'd be the last one to know if you are always unhappy,
first one who would ever ask why?
It was me you abandoned, or have I imagine that you were ever mine.
It's a black and white photo of you that I own,
that proves you were ever alive.
Is that me that you're holding?
Or am I just hoping you held me at least one time?

There's a tap on the window and bird that come in the
evenings when I'm alone.
As the shadow that crosses up over the ceiling up above my bed
below.
No two angels are alike, but I want to think that if
that were you, I'd know.
Love is much worse often blind in the arms of a ghost.

Oh was your eyes the same kind of blue as the sea or
more like the sky when it's dawn?
Did your hair grow blonde by the end of the summer
and you always wear it long.
Did you stay between cities in a wilderness where living
wasn't too much to bear?

Did you fall from a wire, who pathway of fire that
over would take you there?
There's a light that appears up over the buildings before the other ones.
Vanish this one's has been notice returning back to where it's from.
No two stars are alike, but I want to think that if
that were you, I'd know.
Love is much worse often blind in the arms of a ghost.

Well In the night do you bow with your head down and
ask god to be there with you?
And if you do, why won't you ask him why I can't be there too?
Are you laughing or crying is somebody there, someone that you
want near?
these thoughts of you, they lie down deep where there aren't any tears.
In my sleep I can hear the voice of a woman that's beautiful and young.
Saying "do understand you're none other reasons why I am gone".
No two dreams are alike, but I want to think that if
that were you, I'd know.
Love is much worse often blind in the arms of a ghost.