

## Walking The Ghost

James

There's a knocking at my window  
Not one for yes but two for no  
Some spirit is unsatisfied  
From watching her world spin out of control  
At night she goes walking around her old home  
Objecting to how it's all changed  
She preferred her arrangements to the ones which we have made  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost  
There's baggage on my shoulders  
Making me stoop bending my frame  
My neck is crocked lopsided  
I will never be tall again  
At night she goes walking around her old home  
You can feel so much sadness wrapped up in her bones  
I can feel so much sadness wrapped up in her bones  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost  
I'm sensitive to unkindness  
Stab in the back burn in the ribs  
I need your fingers to straighten my flesh  
I hope your fingers are kind  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost  
Walking the ghost