

# Her Ghost

Jon Brion

Her ghost is six or so feet tall  
And the lights in the house are dim  
His voice still echoes through the hall  
She can't get away from him

I clear the couch off and I sit  
She hangs up the phone and then  
She says she can't believe he quit  
But I know he'll be back again

Every hour on the hour

He will reappear and make it clear that he's around  
It's not your average social call  
He does it all without a sound

Her ghost is propped up in the hall  
He speaks no evil there  
He doesn't notice me at all  
I find it a bit unfair

I'm bathed in shadow from that wall  
I know he'll be in the air  
Every hour on the hour

She'll watch her apparition stare her down, but pass  
her by  
And I've no ammunition  
I'm the one who's being exorcised

Every hour on the hour  
Every moment all my power  
And every where I turn  
I tend to learn that she's got  
Memories that never burn

And this is of concern and I prepare to go  
'Cause this I know that  
Though he's out of sight  
He's in her mind and in my hair  
I'm tiring of this fight  
Besides it's getting me nowhere

Her ghost makes all of this occur  
He does it breathlessly  
So long as he's the life in her  
He'll be the death of me