

Her Ghost

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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