

## Giving Up The Ghost

Marc Cohn

Deep in the night she quietly creep  
Sometime she moan, sometime she weep  
When the wind starts a howling out of control  
She's trouble in mind, she's nothing but soul  
Now don't feel afraid there's nothing to fear  
It's just strange visitation year after year  
She gave me something I needed but now the feeling is gone  
And it's high time I told her she's gonna have to move on

From the eerie lake to the hills that shake  
I've been haunted on every coast  
I might miss her I know  
But I'm letting it go  
I'm giving up the ghost  
Giving up the ghost

Last night she came in at the usual time  
Twelve is the number that the church bells did chime  
But the wind didn't blow, there was barely a breeze  
Just a light shining over the sycamore trees

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I've been haunted on every coast  
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Now feeling much better  
But I'm still on the brink  
I just got a letter in vanishing ink