

## Ghost Of Your Father

New Model Army

It took fourteen hours to hitch from London to Portsmouth  
I can picture you in your battered old coat  
Blown by the trucks on the side of the road  
Cursing the world just until one pulls over  
The cab is warm, the driver is talking  
And oh if he had his time over again  
And you laugh with the man, but you think of another  
Stealing away around each darkened corner  
The ghost of your father always, always watching  
And he waits for you when the black tide comes  
And you feel the ghost of your father waiting

An unbearable stillness hangs over these days  
Humming with the promises broken  
The bewildered watch from behind misted-up glass  
As the ambitious and lucky get to feed on the carcass  
When you feel so much in such a small space  
Do you think you can keep on running  
Like the papers that blow down your empty street  
Outside in the dark when you cannot sleep  
The ghost of your father always, always watching  
And he waits for you when the black tide comes  
Do you feel the ghost of your father waiting?