

Ghost In My Bedsit

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

The sick patch on the carpet, the night we drank too much.
The gravy stains on the Belling Stove, it misses the woman's touch.
The hair on the soap, the make-up in the sink.
The toothbrush that you left behind, it makes me stop and think
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There's a ghost, in my bedsit, of how it used to be.
There's a ghost in my bedsit, and it keeps on haunting me.

The scratches on my records, from where you left them on the floor.
The dirty clothes in my washing bag, when you went out of the door.
Now I'm sitting all alone, and the silence burns my ears.
Memories dance around my head, every second seems like years.

The presence in my bedsit, that just won't go away.
Like the stains on my duvet, from the nights you used to stay.
Programmes we watched together, I've still got the video.
And the telephone still rings for you from friends who do not know
now.