

Ghosts In The Wind

Richard Thompson

Call my name?
Did you call my name in the night?
In the whispers and sighs
In the whispers and sighs of the night

Ah, ghosts in the wind
Yeah, ghosts in the wind

Now this old house moves
This old house moves and moans
The tongues of the night
The tongues of the night stir my bones

Ah, ghosts in the wind
Oh, ghosts in the wind

When will my sore heart ever mend

I'm empty and cold
I'm empty and cold like a ruin
The wind tears through me
The wind tears through me like the ruin

Ah, ghosts in the wind
Oh, ghosts in the wind

When will my sore heart ever mend

Ghosts in the wind
Ah, ghosts in the wind