

# Ghost In This House

Shenandoah

I don't pick up the mail, I don't pick up the phone  
I don't answer the door, I'd just as soon be alone  
I don't keep this place up, I just keep the lights down  
I don't live in these rooms, I just rattle around

I'm just a ghost in this house  
I'm just a shadow upon these walls  
As quietly as a mouse I haunt these halls

I'm just a whisper of smoke  
I'm all that's left of two hearts on fire  
That once burned out of control  
It took my body and soul  
I'm just a ghost in this house

I don't care if it rains, I don't care if it's clear  
I don't mind staying in, there's another ghost here  
She sits down in your chair and she shines with your light  
And she lays down her head on your pillow at night

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