The Ghost of Genova Heights

Stars

He hoped to be remembered as the one who told his men to turn b
ack
And go where he'd begun
Roses are the flower he would prefer
Scatter all his ashes on the pier

Genova Heights, Genova Heights
Are hard to leave, are hard to leave
The bedroom lights of Genova Heights are hard to leave

You did wrong that you thought was good, and now you're back in
 the neighbourhood
I see you when I never should, now you're back in the neighbour
hood
You did wrong that you thought was good, and now you're back in
 the neighbourhood
I see you when I never should, now you're back in the neighbour
hood

He taps upon the glass when I'm asleep, so now I keep my window
 closed at night
S.O.S. in morse code when the wind blows, he is waiting for his
 moment to be right

Genova Heights, Genova Heights
Are hard to leave, are hard to leave
The endless nights of Genova Heights are hard to leave, so hard
 to leave...

You did wrong that you thought was good, and now you're back in
 the neighbourhood
I see you when I never should, now you're back in the neighbour
hood
You did wrong that you thought was good, and now you're back in
 the neighbourhood
I see you when I never should, now you're back in the neighbour
hood