

My Life As A Ghost

Tanya Donelly

This perfect day
We make our way to the end of it
With perfect grace
I lay my head in your lap and walk away
These days are sweet and strange
We're happy in our star-scattered way
Always

In this my life
In this my life as a ghost
In this my life
My happy life as a ghost

I've been lifting out the stains from the stones
Planting flowers where you'll never find my bones
Seven sisters seven stars shooting home
Shouts and whispers of a better fight in better times
A day for the sweet and strange
Or happy in some star-shattered way
Our way

In this my life
In this my life as a ghost
In this my life
My happy life as a ghost

This perfect day
I lay my shield at your feet and beg to stay