The Mountain Goats

He came knocking down the streetlights, tearing up the new grass on the lawn

He was frightening off the livestock, I could feel him coming on

I let the citronella dissolve in my hand and I began to feel real bad

When the ghost of your father comes to town, what the hell else can you do?

I flung open all the windows, put the water on for tea and let him pass right on through

And he took to knocking over furniture, getting into the reception on the wireless

He tore up all the dry goods in the pantry, he was strong and he was tireless

When the priest came to call, I sent him on his way I got a tremor in my hands and my feet are made of clay When the ghost of your father starts pushing you around, how are you going to make him stop?

I took down all the crosses, I let him set up shop