

# Your Ghost

Tori Amos

You've left your ghost  
Until tomorrow  
And then he must be sent  
To a strange address  
In the Mediterranean

I've met your ghost  
He has proposed  
I've met your ghost, yes  
He's proposed  
He needs some time alone  
Then he'll stay with me  
Then he'll visit your seven seas

Please leave me your ghost  
I will keep him from harm  
Although I've learned that  
You were wounded  
My forest of glass  
Caused enough damage  
As your tear satin crashing  
My embers and my blues  
Could have another use  
Your ghost has shown me  
Our primroses could survive the frost  
If a gentle rivulet of flame is sustained tenderly

He'll play a Beatles tune  
Me, more a Bach fugue  
Is this such a great divide  
Between your world and mine  
They both can purify  
And heal what was cut and bruised

Please leave me your ghost  
I will keep him from harm  
I understand that you've been wounded

My embers and my blues  
Could have another use  
Please leave me your ghost

Just leave me  
Your ghost  
I will keep him warm  
I will keep him warm