

Leona Naess, Favorite Ghost

Walls are building
Bridges crumbling
Summer's caving in
Seas are rising
And friends analyzing
Well, someone's letting go
And I'm somewhere in the middle of the shadows in the meadows
Trying to let you know

He's somewhere out there
Straightening his tie
Looking for the answer
And the question is why
Still I love him the most
My favorite ghost

Young boys are chasing
Old men are racing
Women will let them go
Days are lazy
London's hazy
Where's my sullen glow

He's somewhere out there
Straightening his tie
Looking for the answer
And the question is why
Still I love him the most
My favorite ghost

Walls are building
Bridges crumbling
Help me let you go

He's somewhere out there
Straightening his tie
Looking for the answer
And the question is why
Still he loves me the most
My favorite
My only
My favorite
My only
Ghost