

Susanna Hoffs, Ghost

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He don't get out much these days
But I wouldn't call him lazy
He sees the dawn lurk into the room
And he knows the walls will be up soon.

And he felt like he was doin' all right
And the sun sets down another night.

And days could read like the water
Of a river rushin' to the sea
Here he comes again down the stairs
Another passes without saying "hello";.

And he thought that he was doin' all right
And he says "hello";.

(can't) can't forget the ghost
Oh, can't no
No I can't (no I can't) forget the ghost
Of his smile.

Dogs who wag their tales
And birds who sing
The words are hardly
Little things.

And he thought that he was doin' all right
And so he wipes a tear.

(can't) can't forget the ghost
No I can't, can't forget the ghost
No I can't (no I can't) forget the ghost
Of his smile.