

Billie Holiday, GHOST OF YESTERDAY

Irene Wilson / Arthur Herzog Jr.

Ghost of yesterday
Stalking 'round my room
All night long you stay
Walk around profound gloom
When the darkness falls
When I've gone to bed
Weirdly come your calls
Mournfully, scornfully dead
Folly of a love I strangled
Pulsing heart I thought was gone
Gives no peace
Will not cease
Prowling 'round till dawn
Ghost of yesterday
Every night you're here
Whispering away
"Might have been, might have been, oh, my dear"
Foolish heart must pay
Ghost of yesterday
Yesterday