

Damien Rice, Your Ghost

If I walk down this hallway
Tonight, it's too quiet
So I pad through the dark
And call you on the phone
Push your old numbers
And let your house ring
Till I wake your ghost

Let him walk down your hallway
It's too quiet
Slide down your receiver
Sprint across the wire
Follow my number
Slide into my hand

It's the blaze across my nightgown
It's the phone's ring
I think last night
You were driving circles around me
I think last night
You were driving circles around me
I think last night
You were driving circles around me

I can't drink this coffee
Till I put you in my closet
Let him shoot me down
Let him call me off
I take it from his whisper
You're not that tough

It's the blaze across my nightgown
It's the phone's ring
You were in my dream
You were driving circles around me
You were in my dream
You were driving circles around me
You were in my dream
You were driving circles around me
I think last night
You were driving circles around me
I think last night
You were driving circles around me