

David Gilmour, Yes, I Have Ghosts

The heat of the sun stayed on through the night
Made spectres of strangers playing games with my sight
I passed through the station, a face in the crowd
The whistle was blowing, the barrier came down
There was my baby, in another's embrace
I called out her name in shame and disgrace
Yes, I have ghosts, not all of them dead
Making dust of my dreams, spinning round and around
Around in my head
Train on the tracks, teeth of the zip
The slider moves down, we were joined at the hip
Stealing the groove, the widening gap
Unfastening rails from a past with no map
Yes, I have ghosts, a fleeting sight
It's always the living that are haunting my nights
Where is the sweet soul that you used to be?
Gone like a thistle that's blown on the breeze
I guess when it's over, this haunting will end
The waiting, the baiting, my killer, my friend
Yes, I have ghosts, not all of them dead
And they dance by the moon, millstones white as the sheet
On my bed