

James, Walking The Ghost

there's a knocking at my window
not two for yes, but one for no
some spirit is unsatisfied
from watching her world spin out of control
at night she goes walking around her old home
objecting to how it's all changed
she prefers her arrangements to the ones which we made
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
walkin the ghost
there's baggage on my shoulders
making me stoop, bending my frame
my neck is crooked, lopsided
I will never be tall again
at night she goes walking around her old home
you can feel so much sadness locked up in her bones
I can feel so much sadness locked up in her bones
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
I'm sensitive to unkindness
stab in the back, burn in the ribs
I need your fingers to straighten my flesh
I hope your fingers are kind
Hope, fingers
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
walking the ghost
I can feel someone is with me now,
pulling me on, whispering advice,
poking in my back,
singing prophecies, winged shadows,
words on a breeze
I'm picking up
I'm picking up
I'm picking up your message
and I'm trying to hear with all the noise around here
with all the noise around here
I can't hear any clearer
I can't hear any clearer
I can't hear any clearer
I can't hear any clearer
I can't stop my head from ringing
I can't stop my head from ringing
I can't stop my head from ringing
and there's fingers in my hair
stuck in my back
lifting up my skin
shifting skin, shifting skin
shedding my skin and I'm leaving it behind
I'm leaving it behind
and I'm walking my ghost
I am walking my ghost
my ghost
my ghost
my ghost
my ghost