

# 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