

Phish, Ghost

I feel I never told you
the story of the ghost
that I once knew and talked to
of whom I'd never boast
for this was my big secret
how I'd get ahead
and never have to worry
I'd call him instead
his answer came in actions
he never spoke a word
or maybe I laid down the phone
before he could be heard
I somehow feel forsaken
like he had closed the door
I guess I just stopped needing him
as much as once before
but maybe he's still with me
the latch was left unhooked
he's waiting in the wind and rain
I simply haven't looked