

Tull Jethro

"Old Ghosts"

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Hair stands high on the cat's back like
a ridge of threatening hills.
Sheepdogs howl, make tracks and growl -
their tails hanging low.
And young children falter in their games
at the altar of life's hide-and-seek
between tall pillars, where Sunday-night killers
in grey raincoats peek.
Misty colours unfold in a backcloth cold -
fine tapestry of silk
I draw around me like a cloak
and glide a-drifting
on eddies whirled in beech leaves furled -
brown and gold they fly
through the warm mesh of sunlight
sifting now from a cloudless sky.
I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play

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