

Compos Mentis "Ghost Song"

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Down the streets of the eastern parts of our kingdom
Ghosts haunting all the little isles that my eyes have
seen

Ghosts among the masses rushing down Main Street
A little ghost is hiding in the merchant's sack of gold

There are ghosts in the corners of the city
Ghosts infest the provincial town of sad

There are ghosts echoing all around me
They're rattling out the closet as she opens the door
To the past after peeking into the keyhole of the future
Oh, dear haunted ancestry of mine

There are ghosts in my songs and my sweet love's
charm
Voices are ghosts in the pale and hazy afternoon

Ghosts sweep the shores out westward
Ghosts in every school yard of the North
Down in the marshlands
Even the petty hole where I was born; it ain't spared

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