

## **Gregory Page**

# **"The Ghost With Sad Eyes"**

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Sunday morning on my feet

Take a walk out Chapel Street

Watching old green trolley cars roll by

I shake hands with a ghost that has sad eyes

The wind blows through the trees

It sounds so good to me

The end of summer's here

And I'm so glad, it's over

Like the sky my heart's blue

Half a world away

I miss you

Sitting in a motor car

Driving under the stars

Miles from a where's I want to be

And in my rearview mirror

The ghost I see

Bullfrogs sing their song

Crickets hum along

The end of summer's here

And I'm so glad, it's over

Like the sky my heart's blue

Half a world away

I miss you  
How I love to fly a kite  
In the middle of the night  
Dear god, make me a bird  
So I can fly away,  
And finally the ghost  
Sleeps in it's grave  
Rest in peace tonight  
Under the pale moonlight  
The end of summer's here  
And I'm so glad, it's over  
Like the sky my heart's blue  
Half a world away

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