

Jet Set Roger

"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 a backcloth cold ---
Fine tapestry of silk
I draw around me like a cloak
And soundless glide a-drifting
On eddies whirled in beech leaves furled ---
Brown and gold they fly
In 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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