John Wesley Harding "Your Ghost"

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You ghost visits every night at midnight I can hear the clanking of your chains First it frightened me but now somehow I'm glad to see you've come again

And i used to be so terrified to hear you

Moaning like the hinges on the door

But now that late night sound is like a lullaby to me

Though i know i won't be sleeping anymore

I know i won't be sleeping anymore

Your ghost, your ghost Opens the door Your ghost, your ghost Don't scare me no more Don't scare me no more

Every night we sit up in the darkness
Talk about whatever's on your mind
Someone did away with you and so you're doomed to
limbo
That's another theory you've opined
That's a spooky theory you've opined

Your ghost, your ghost Creeps on the floor Your ghost, your ghost Don't scare me no more Don't scare me no more

Your ghost and my human living body
Turns out that we are the best of friends
If the story is you're coming back to haunt me
Then i'm pleased to say it has a happy end.

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