

Josiah Gentry

"Anna"

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There's a ghost in the white house on the hill
She is there to see the sun
But the children thought that it could kill
Heaven knows where they have run

I used to have this feeling I was free
But the wind has taken it from me
I've been alone a thousand days it seems
I have felt not anymore redeemed

There's a ghost in the white house on the hill
Praise the Lord I know her name
There's a ghost and I think I love her still
But heaven knows that I'm to blame

I used to have a family and a home
Now I'm left here living on my own
I have killed the only love I know
I pray that no one ever finds her bones

I have tried to plug my ears
So I don't hear, but I
Know that all the storms over the years
Couldn't move me

And I am sorry
I'm sorry
I'm sorry, my dear Anna

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