

Coldcut

"A Ghost"

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They're calling you
Some kind of ghost
But I know that's not true

Cause time and time again I spoke
And I have spoke with you

They're saying I
Am some kind of ghost
But that's so hard to say

Maybe I'll go
Maybe you're safe

No there's no way to say...

And I would love you
To come over
And I would love you
Too...

...Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the Yuletide gay
From now on, our troubles will be miles away

Here we are, as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us
Once more

Through the years, we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star above the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now

