

Rory Block

"Ghost Blues"

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Came home this morning,
Looking half-way like a ghost.
Walked in this morning,
Feeling half-way like a ghost.

Face looked like marble,
My blood burned just like toast.
Face looked like marble,
My blood burned just like toast.

Yeah...yeah

If I had some sense,
I'd tear that building down.
If I had some sense,
I'd tear that building down.

No more gin house,
Just smiles instead of frowns.
No more gin house,
Smiles instead of frowns.

Came home this morning,
Found her crying by the door.
Came home this morning,
Found her crying by the door.

Make my promise,
Won't barrel-house no more.
You've got my word,
Won't barrel-house no more.

I can see the ghost,
Feeling like a ghost.

Came home this morning,
Looking half-way like a ghost.
Came home this morning,
Feeling half-way like a ghost.

Face looked like marble,

My blood burned just like toast.
Face looked like marble,
Blood burned just like toast.

Yeah....

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