

## Mount Eerie "Great Ghosts"

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I had my hopes of how I would be  
After living in exile,  
After closing your eyes to me.  
I even wrote scenes where I re-emerged boldly,  
Bearded, alive and Eskimo eyed,  
New baby on my back.

But I didn't count the fact that I have ghosts in my  
mind,  
Stowaways,  
Great ghosts of my life, great ghosts of old wives.  
And they're howling!  
So I spent my wilderness time  
Pulling my hair and wrestling them off,  
Yelling at no-one,  
Punching snow.

I gathered ghosts and gave them a lecture,  
I bid them away,  
I pleaded and cried:  
"There's no room in my life for you, or you or your  
howling!  
Let me undo these ropes and go on living without you,  
not just change where I live.

Oh go on, get!" I said.  
I had my hopes, of how I would be after sending them  
off,  
After getting set free.  
But there's no such thing as living without their  
prowling.  
As you can see, having descended the hill,  
I still look like me,  
I still wallow like Phil,  
And forever will.

I'm teaming with ghosts and I'm still whining for wives,  
Bidding my brow, but now I've surrendered.  
In fact I've joined in.  
Listen close...  
You can hear us howling!

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