

## Susanna Hoffs "Ghost"

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Written by mark linkous  
Produced by matt wallace  
Previously unreleased (1994)

He don't get out much these days  
But I wouldn't call him lazy  
He sees the dogs lurk into the room  
And he knows the walls will be up soon.

And he felt like he was doin' all right  
And the sun sets down another night.

And days could read like the wild  
Of a river rushin' to the sea  
Here he comes again down the stairs  
Another passes without saying "hello".

And he thought that he was doin' all right  
And he says "hello".  
(can't) can't forget the ghost  
Oh, can't no  
No I can't (no I can't) forget the ghost  
Of this night.

Dogs who wag their tales  
And birds who sing  
The words are hardly  
Little things.

And he thought that he was doin' all right  
And so he wipes a tear.

(can't) can't forget the ghost  
No I can't, can't forget the ghost  
No I can't (no I can't) forget the ghost  
Of this night.

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