

John Spillane

"Ghosts"

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It had to happen, as these things do
That the ghost of me would meet the ghost of you
In the shadows of this haunted town
As the night came floating down

You look through me, I look through you
What do you see when you see right through?

You see nothing
Nothing but empty
Promises of plenty
Promises of you
Promises of you

It had to happen, as these things do
That the ghost of me would meet the ghost of you
By some thin thread that did not fall
When we thought love had broken all
We thought love had broken all

And left nothing
Nothing but empty
Promises of plenty
Promises of you
Promises of you

Nothing
Nothing but empty
Promises of plenty
Promises of you
Promises of you

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