

## **Tanya Donelly**

### **"My Life As A Ghost"**

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This perfect day we make our way to the end of it  
With perfect grace I lay my head in your lap and walk  
away

These days are sweet and strange  
We're happy in our star scattered way, always

In this my life, in this my life as a ghost  
In this my life, my happy life as a ghost

I've been lifting out the stains from the stones  
Planting flowers, where you'll never find my bones

Seven sisters, seven stars shooting home  
Shouts and whispers of a better fight, a better time

A day for the sweet and strange  
And happy in some star shattered way, our way

In this my life, in this my life as a ghost  
In this my life, my happy life as a ghost

This perfect day I lay my shield at your feet and beg to  
stay

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