

Giving Ghosts

Ben Harper

Lord won't you help me through the night
Won't you help me through the night
We will worry about tomorrow when it comes
And now it's all that I can take to sit and watch us break
Wishing into your arms I could run

In all of my days you mean the most
Now I've got to give up your ghost
We'll raise a glass, just one final toast
And we'll drink to giving up your ghost
Now I'm giving up your ghost

Every day I look a little more like my father
And every day I look less like me
Now how brave is your love?
Would a promise be enough
That some day again we would meet?

In all of my days you mean the most
Now I got to give up your ghost
We'll raise a glass, one final toast
And we drink to giving up your ghost
Now I got to give up your ghost

In all of my days you meant the most
Now I got to give up your ghost
We'll raise a glass for the final toast
And drink to giving up your ghost
Now I'm giving up your ghost
Got to give up your ghost