

Small Town Ghost

Chris Kläfford

At every stop sign I see your car
At the jukebox at Mickey's bar
Then you're gone like shooting star
I don't really know where you are

No one else here seems to know
Where you stay or where you go
But I see you in every front row
Guess that's the trouble with a small town ghost

Though I don't wanna call it déjà vu
But my mind keeps on coming back to you
The same summer dress on that Saturday night
Dancing like that in the neon light

Your eyes lit up like an Exxon sign
Mouthing every word of strawberry wine
And the feeling when you catch my eye
When you were here and you were mine
You're a small town ghost in the neon light

Oh, I don't wanna call it déjà vu
But my mind keeps on coming back to you
The same summer dress on a Saturday night
Dancing like that in the neon light

I had a chance to smell the smoke
Of your Virginia Slims
As you go walking through the walls
Of any bar I'm drinking in

Oh, I don't wanna call it déjà vu
But my mind keeps on coming back to you
Oh, I don't wanna call it déjà vu
But my mind keeps on coming back to you
The same summer dress on a Saturday night
Dancing like that in the neon light
A small town ghost in the neon light