

## 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

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