

Ghost There Waiting

Daryl Braithwaite

The rain falls filling up holes
Then splashed away by country squires
And it's a warm rain that sticks to the skin
On the children by the window screens
It's a hometown scene

And a long, long time has passed me by
I see the autumn leaves falling down to the ground
Listen to the sounds of my ghost there waiting
My ghost there waiting

Oh the wind blows right through the bars
Of the warehouse keeping stolen cars
Oh that little girl, where did she run to
Did she grow up straight and marry a lawyer
Like her mother told her

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