

Shirt of a Ghost

Katie Melua

Mary at home, as always, was ironing a pale shirt of a ghost
Trying to straighten out every crease of his being and the emptiness where she was lost

Ten minutes before she had her man drying in the summer's breeze

Their love had been helped by a little red peg but it was just a moment seized

'Cause he flew away

On a memory where most

People fade away

But now she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Ten minutes before he ran away to a stranger's hands and feet
And as it turned she saw them play among the soap, water and heat.

'Cause he flew away

On a memory where most

Lovers just fade away

And she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Ten minutes before the shirt was stained in anger and greed
And it smelled of revenge from a broken heart and the shirt his body no longer did need

'Cause he flew away

On a memory where most

Bodies just fade away

But she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost

'Cause he flew away

On a memory where most

Lovers just fade away

But she's left with the shirt of a ghost

Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost

She's left with the shirt of a ghost