

The Ghost

Max Frost

It's the little things that break me down
Old shoes that are left around
Cobwebs in a haunted house
Could have sworn I saw you in the park
It was almost after dark
But I blinked and you were gone
So I
Yeah, I

I just hope your ghost
Keeps hanging 'round here
Ringing in my ears
And singing with me when I raise a toast
To all the good years
And all the dry tears
'Cause they're all gone and all I got's the ghost

It's the bigger things that break me down
Where the hell really are you now?
Raindrops going underground
Could have sworn I saw you in a dream
Like a '50s movie scene
You weren't a day older than nineteen
And I
Oh, I

I just hope your ghost
Keeps hanging 'round here
Ringing in my ears
And singing with me when I raise a toast
To all the good years
And all the dry tears
'Cause they're all gone and all I got's the ghost
They're all gone and all I got's the ghost