

# Ghosts

Robin Trower

Getting close to midnight  
[?]  
Could not say that I'm haunted  
But [?] kinda down

Like a cold wind blowing through me  
Ghosts from a killer's past  
Won't let me be

Tried to move it, push it out  
Same old thoughts pull me back  
Then come seeds, seeds of doubt  
Like a mist drifting down the track

There's a cold wind blowin' through me  
Ghosts from a killer's past  
Won't let me be

Think I'm gonna have to rise up  
Don't let the phantom play this game  
Keep up my guard and toughen up  
But I need to take some of the pain

Like a cold wind blowin' through me  
Ghosts from a killer's past  
Won't let me be