

Ghost

Sam Brown

The same café, like everyday
Maybe she feels I'm there
I watch her smile, her perfect face
A secret I can't share

Only my soul will gently whisper
With breath icy cold I want to kiss her
A kiss that she knows not long forgotten
I tenderly touch I see she senses as much

Have I just become a ghostly shimmer
Her thoughts reminisce a distant glimmer
The life we once knew, but I am with her
Wherever she goes I'm watching over her now

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Comme tous les jours, au meme café
Peut etre sent elle my presence
Son beau sourire, son visage d'ange
Je garde mon secret a jamais