

To Be Enchanted

Sleeping at Last

I believe I've seen a ghost
And I don't know who it is
It just follows me around
Pretending to exist

I've never related more
To anything or anyone before
I can't explain it

I see longing in its eyes
I can't quite put my finger on it
There's just something about its face
That makes me sad
It's as much afraid as it's haunted

I've never related more
To anything or anyone before
I can't explain it

Politely, I asked, "Are you real?"
It said, "Here, let me prove it"
It placed its hand in my hand
Neither one of us could feel it

"Don't kill the messenger," it begged
"You're alive. Quit acting like you're dead."
Like a mirror, it spoke so clear
"Don't you recognize the reason why you're here?"

"To be enchanted
To be enchanted"