

The Ghost

The Cold Stares

Some fires never seem to burn, some lessons I guess I never learned

Sit in this house and stare at these walls, killing time until
Jesus makes the call

And I'm cold, Oh, and I'm growing old
Truth be told, that woman she stole my soul, and left me to live
with The Ghost

Some nights, I swear I hear her call, in the kitchen or maybe down the hall

Pour me a glass, swallow this hurt. Hanging around until they put me in the dirt

And I'm cold, Oh, and I'm growing old
Truth be told, that woman she stole my soul, and left me to live
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She left me to live with The Ghost