

Waiting For My Ghost

The Tallest Man on Earth

I said some kind of fog
Could be be helpful with this kind of sunset
When your eyes see too far
And so deep into life you don't know yet

Why do the hours disappear when I
Speak so loving of where I've been?
But then just stand right there and look at me
When I don't know where to begin, oh
Waiting for my ghost to return

I have faith in the night
That they show me what I need to master
I'll be ready, I'm here
Since so deep in the doubt, I've seen laughter

Why do the hours disappear when I
Speak so loving of where I've been?
But then just stand right there and look at me
When I don't know where to begin, oh
Waiting for my ghost to return

Why do I always disappear in thought?
I'm a captain so mad at sea
And this old room is now my ship somehow
In here waves crashing over me
Waiting for my ghost to return

I will dig where I stand
Though I'm tired and longing for pleasure
Then what comes up to me
I will teach them to look like some treasure

Why do the hours disappear when I
Speak so loving of where I've been?
But then just stand right there and look at me
When I don't know where to begin, oh
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