

# Ghost

**By Elva Jones-Hahn**

V1

I buy you clothes and wallets and paper to write on  
But the ghost in your closet is already gone  
She's the truest of colors, you'd love to love on  
Sweet as honey for your tea in the wake of the dawn

Chorus

She's like Santa Claus when you see her  
She's like candy for your mouth  
She's got a hard line opinion  
She's cool; she's from the South  
But you wake up in the morning' and she's slipped away from your dreams  
And the ghost in your closet is already gone

V2

You read your paper with your coffee or some kind of cool refreshing drink  
And gaze upon the glass top slow moving lake  
It's a pleasure; you're habit and some kind of cool loving break  
But the ghost in your closet is already gone

Chorus

She's like Santa Claus when you see her  
She's like candy for your mouth  
She's got a hard line opinion  
She's cool; she's from the South  
But you wake up in the morning' and she's slipped away from your dreams  
And the ghost in your closet is already gone

V3

You want to win but you're losing, wasting time on a mistake  
Love is throwing out her love, like some kind of love bait  
She's the truest of colors, you'd love to love on  
Sweet as honey for your tea in the wake of the dawn

Chorus (x2)