

Great Ghosts

Mount Eerie

I have my hopes of how I would be after living in exile
After closing your eyes to me
I even wrote scenes where I re-emerged boldly, bearded
Alive
With eskimo eyes
New baby on my back
But I didn't count the fact that I have ghosts in my
Mind, stored away
Great ghosts of my life
Great ghosts of old wives
And their howling
So I spend my wilderness time, rolling on the ground
Pulling my hair and wrestling them of
Yelling at none, punching snow
I gathered ghosts and gave them my lecture, bid them
Away, I pleaded and cried
There's no room in my life for you or your howling
Let my undo these ropes and go on living without you
Not just change where I live
Go on get, I said
I had my hopes of how I would be after sending them of
After getting set free
But there's no such thing as living without their
Prowling
As you can see, having descended the hill
I still look like me, I still wallow as Phil
And forever will
I'm teaming with ghosts and I still whining for wives,
Unknitting my brow
But now I've surrendered
In fact I've joined in
You can hear us howling