

# Katie Melua, The shirt of a ghost

Mary at home, as always, was ironing a pale shirt of a ghost  
Trying to straighten out every crease of his being and the emptiness where she was lost  
Ten minutes before she had her man drying in the summer's breeze  
Their love had been helped by a little red peg but it was just a moment seized  
'Cause he flew away  
On a memory where most  
People fade away  
But now she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Ten minutes before he ran away to a stranger's hands and feet  
And as it turned she saw them play among the soap, water and heat.  
'Cause he flew away  
On a memory where most  
Lovers just fade away  
And she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Ten minutes before the shirt was stained in anger and greed  
And it smelled of revenge from a broken heart and the shirt his body no longer did need  
'Cause he flew away  
On a memory where most  
Bodies just fade away  
But she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
'Cause he flew away  
On a memory where most  
Lovers just fade away  
But she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
Yeah she's left with the shirt of a ghost  
She's left with the shirt of a ghost