

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