

Ray Charles, Me And The Ghost Upstairs

Once upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
From a long trip on the Erie
Comes a rappin' on my chamber door
It's an ectoplasmic tapping
That disturbs my nightly napping
Like a shroud that's gently flapping
Emanating from the second floor.
Buddies are we, me and the ghost upstairs
Sipping our tea, me and the ghost upstairs
But he's inclined to moan when left alone
So I think of things that'll tickle his funny bone
Lonely old ghost upstairs
Regular folks, droppin' our worldly cares
Swappin' our jokes, me and the ghost upstairs
And then she slaps his shroud and laughs out loud
And says "Oh boy, that'll paralyze all the crowd!"
Jolly old ghost upstairs
He's quite a cook
He serves a beautiful drink
He wrote a book
And in invisible ink
I took a look
And the title 'pon the page
Was "The Groups of Wraith"
Once in a while he brings a a gang of friends
Does it in style, careless of what he spends
And though the place is small we have a ball
'Cuz you know those spooks don't require no room at all
We have some mighty fine affairs me and the ghost upstairs
We have some mighty fine affairs me and the ghost upstairs