

# 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  
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