

ALL YOU GHOSTS

standard tuning

Down old county roads I'm driving, morning shining down
Round these hills and fields I'm winding, through these quiet towns
And old graveyards and village squares make me drive more slow
Because the air is crowded there with all you ghosts

I feel you around old barns and old mills, in these old stone walls
And all around these ancient houses where your babies crawled
I hear you in old taverns laughing, teasing, trading jokes
And standing in these churches singing, all you ghosts

I pass a thousand stories hiding in these oaks and pines
I see a thousand campfires shining on these riversides
And you on water gliding near me in your birchbark boats
I call to you as if you can hear me, all you ghosts

If I could meet you back in time, I'd raise to you a toast
And sing a round of Auld Lang Syne with all you ghosts

For though your faces and your names remain unknown to me
Your countless lives uphold me like the bedrock at my feet
Your inventions and your sacrifices, all your dreams and hopes
All the layers of all the lives of all you ghosts

Today I feel you all around me and I am glad to go
On this journey in company with all you ghosts