

Last Ghost of Assateague

Bill Troxler

Bm G6 Asus4 Bm

① Late in the night, when sleep should come cheap.

Bm G6 Asus4 Bm

I cannot find rest. I lie here and weep.

Bm G D Asus4

Through the mist of my mind comes everyone dear.

G D Asus4

They never speak. But I always hear

Bm Asus4 G Bm

The tales and memo - ries - of the ghosts of Assa - teague

② A man with a gun - and paper in hand

He sailed down the Bay - took away all the land

Some rich man from town - they say Baltimore

He staked out the land - cut us off from the shore

You know he made our village poor - now there's nothing left but sand.

Chorus

G D Asus4

Assa - teague, you're calling me home

G D Asus4

Assa - teague, you're lost in the gloam

Bm Asus4 G *tacet* Bm

You know he made our village poor - now there's nothing left but sand.

③ Paper can kill - just as sure as a gun

The weapon of choice - 'cause no one gets hung

Oh the rich man's greed - is easy to read

They have a creed - take more than you need

The village died because of his deed he was that kind of breed.

Chorus

④ Deep in my dreams - I remember my home

The place I was born - a candlelit room

That's all gone away - reclaimed by the pines

The lane where I lived - now covered with vines

When I die I know I'll be - I'll be the last ghost of Assateague

Final Chorus

Assateague, you're calling me home

Assateague, you're lost in the gloam

When I die I know I'll be When I die I know I'll be When I die I know I'll be -

I'll be the last ghost of Assateague