

Nightmares

All Time Low

There's a little house on a perfect little hill
Just short of a fairytale
There's a little child with a million ways to feel
Cought up in a hurricane

Paper-thin walls
Angry words from down the hall
Something changed then
I think about him every now and again

Now there's a ghost in the back of this room
And I don't like it
I fall asleep with my covers pulled up
And I try to fight it

I gotta say
It's hard to be brave
When you're alone in the dark
I told myself that I wouldn't be scared
But I'm still having nightmares
I'm still having nightmares

Never did I think I'd be coming back around
Digging up old memories
Always used to be the one to let it go
Kept my fears in a suitcase

I locked them away
in a place I wouldn't find
they still haunt me
I think about it every now and again

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