

# These Are The Ghosts

A Band of Bees

You should think of a lesson  
As a weapon in love  
And teach your brother  
Teach your sister  
Think of lesson as a weapon in love

There's nothing you can do  
But let time tick  
Stay positive and show stiff lip  
Nothing you can do  
But let time tick away

These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made

I need twice as much space  
And half as many things  
A well written verse that I can sing  
Twice as much space  
And a new set of strings

These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghost I made

We can bury the memory  
If we don't want to go back  
We're forward wanting  
Past the haunting  
Bury the memory  
We don't want to go back

These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made

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