

# Home Is Where the Haunt Is

American Football

Home is where the haunt is  
Those wounds won't lick themselves  
So good thing you're not alone  
He's been here all along  
You can't see him, but you know he's there

The ghost in the corner of the room  
Knows what you sleep in  
When you're dreaming, of who  
Some things never change  
Maybe that's okay

Home is where the haunt is  
The past still present tense  
Need more time to mourn  
But you shouldn't sulk for too long  
Because you look like hell  
An accidental version of yourself

You can't just forget all the other lives you've lived

The ghost in the corner of the room  
Knows how you're feeling  
'Cause you're dead to him, too  
Some things never change  
Maybe that's okay

'Cause I know how you hate to sleep alone