

Bruised Ghosts

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Hold it up
You've lost enough
You've still got your luck
You're miles away
From the love you made
Even heaven gets rough

Ghosts were meant for bleeding
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When you see your wall
And you have it all
Broken apart
You follow through
If you bruise it
So eat your heart out

It hates to hope and leave it
It hates to hope and leave it

So the story rolls
And the golden boys
And girls get tired
You look for light
On the blurry nights
When home is hardly a word