

Sam Jones

Andy Shauf

If you must you can call me Sam
Just leave me where I am
Smoking on the stairs
Freeing little white ghosts to the winter air
I'll take my precious time
I'm not going too far

I saw you in my dreams
You were shivering cold laying next to me
I wrapped you in my arms
You pulled away and said it did more harm than anything
So you left me where I lay
Freeing little white ghosts to waste away another day
I feed my demons well
So they don't go too far

Sam Jones, how'd you get so sad
Sam Jones, how'd you get so sad
They ask me, Sam Jones, how'd you get so sad
Sam Jones, how'd you get so sad
Well I feed my demons well
So they don't go too far

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