Ghost

Cailin Russo

Baby boy, you're a matador
Just the kind of trouble I adore
Your dirty Nikes still on my floor
Get a glimpse of you
That I can't ignore

We were really onto something good
Couldn't hold back, though I know I should
You were blue flames, I was firewood
But you were more removes
Than I understood

Reach out
But my hands can't feel you at all

We used to crash like waves
We used to hit like a love song
Shoot like a bullet train
But you've been gone for too long

I miss the mess we used to be
The whiskey dancing en suite
So if you're gone, then fade
But if you're in it, let me know

Blowing up my phone, now you in my ears
Temporary high, gold cigarette
Your secondhand smiles in full effect
I know I'm gonna cave
I know that I'll regret

Reach out
But my hands can't feel you at all

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Cause I
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