

Your Ghost

Calabrese

She's into the paranormal
Black cats, and the occult
Her parents put her in an institution
To control her mind
They never listened, they never cared
When they did, they got scared

I hope I will talk to her again,
From the beyond
Every night, I lie and wait, to be taken away
Where your ghost is real
Every night, I lie and wait, to be taken away
Where your ghost is real

Down by her old house
She knows I've come for her
She'll dream of nothing
But cold hands
We made the words of love

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Ghost is real
Ghost is real