

Ghost

Casey

What if you woke up to an empty bed, and a note that said
"I'm never coming home, I can't live with the person I've become"?
e"?

Would you even notice I was gone?

Or would you just carry on staring blankly into spaces that
I used to occupy?

I always fucking hated that distance in your eyes.

I'm a ghost; I'm a shadow on the wall of a house you don't go into
any more.

And though transparency is nothing new to me,

I guess I never thought you'd be the one to leave.

So what's there to say?

I know that "sorry" is what's expected, but what will that change?

I'm still sleepless in the bed that I have made, the grave, the
product of my selfish ways.

And I know that this would mean everything to someone but nothing
to you,

I never meant to be the boy who cried wolf,

There was just no other way to get through to you,

I mean how was I expected to tell you the truth?

You couldn't even look me in the face most days,

And it's taken me this long to work out why.

But I, I spent years feeling ashamed,

I spent years being afraid of something that wasn't there in the
first place.

Did you ever love me?

What if you woke up, and you'd forgotten everything I have said,
, could we be happy again?

If I can learn to live with myself, could you learn to love me
like you said you did?

I know that I hate the man I am, but I'm the man that you made
me.