

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"?

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 in 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.