

Ghosts

Christopher Dallman

You drink right down
To the bottom of the bottle
Every night
Whiskey or wine
Will do you fine
Get your blue flame burning bright

Or you're laying in bed
With a haunted head
And all these rooms to fill
It's a sleepless trance
When spirits dance all night and won't sit still

Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head
Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head

You're running from your lover
Running from your best friend
Running from your name
You race through regrets
Like cigarettes
And you can't break this chain

Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head
Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head
Maybe you should just count sheep instead
Out of your head
Out of your head

You try to hush your heart
Try to hush your brain
You're going to kill your love
Trying to numb your pain
Can't face these ghosts if you hide away
Baby, own yourself don't hide away
Hide away

Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head
Don't keep the ghosts inside
Get them out of your head
Maybe you should just count sheep instead
Out of your head
Out of your head

You're running from your lover
Running from your best friend
Running from this town
You don't know
A seed won't grow
If you don't plant it in the ground