

Ghosts

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I'm sick and tired of hanging out my window
To learn from past experience, rain can't make flowers grow
And friends don't stick around, they go which way the wind blow
You're never safe and sound until all the doors are closed
Doors closed
Doors closed

When you're awake on your own, shadows turn into ghosts
When you're awake on your own, shadows turn into ghosts, oh

Soon it will all fall apart and their roads will have no way
And you'll be the one laughing as their fences fade away
And instead of being left there, feeling all alone
Break down the house you made of match sticks and set fire to t
heir throne
To the throne
To the throne

When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts
When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts
Some becomes what you're scared of the most
Some becomes what you're scared of the most
When shadow turns into ghosts just what you're scared of the mo
st

I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall

I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall
I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall
Pulling pictures off the wall
I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall

When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts
When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts
Some becomes what you're scared of the most
Home becomes what you're scared of the most
When shadow turns into ghosts just what you're scared of the mo
st