Living Ghost

Joy Again

I'm sorry that, so sorry that, you took offense
The future years, our future years, just wasted dreams
Well, is this it, a rut, a pit, an abysmal bit of life
Will the sun rise up in the skies just to shortly return?

Oh, living ghost, I'll miss you most
I'll miss you most, my ghost
Oh, living ghost, I'll miss you most
I'll miss you most, my ghost

Out on the roof, is that just you, my other self?
And father asks, what was our past? Was it all a waste of time?
Don't walk too fast on broken glass, it's cutting up your feet
Quit holding up an empty cup, fill it up with something else

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I'll miss you most, my ghost
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