

Well, hold your covers
I'm around
In a different city
Still sending you my love
Do you miss the feeling
Of hanging out
And laughing at me?
Well God, you had me, and what now?

Well, I suppose that I'm only a ghost
And you never want to see me in your room
I'll see you in your room
And at the most, you'll hear scratching at your post
And you'll wonder if it's me who's haunting you
It's me who's haunting you

When I left you
You know I died
At least a version
You gave me back my spine
Do you miss the feeling
Of being proud
And staring at me?
Well God, you had me, and what now?

And I suppose that I'm only a ghost
And you never want to see me in your room
I'll see you in your room
And at the most, you'll hear scratching at your post
And you'll wonder if it's me who's haunting you
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I'll see you in your room

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