

# Ghosts

Ladytron

In the first days  
of the spring time  
made you a prince with a thousand enemies  
made a trail of  
of a thousand tears  
made you a prisoner inside your own frequency

There's a ghost through me  
who wants to say "I'm sorry"  
Doesn't mean I'm sorry

At the first hour  
of the springtime  
made you a prince with a thousand enemies

now I see you  
from the corner  
clock strikes  
and I know you will be drinking alone

There's a ghost through me  
who wants to say "I'm sorry"  
Doesn't mean I'm sorry.