

Ghost Stories

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Oh now hold me up hold me up I can see
Something tells me I should let this be
You see I was born with a chest that cursed
I buried it deep so no one gets hurt
So I buried it deep so no one gets hurt

The ghost of your enemy is your friend
Keeping track of the time till you meet again
And the ghost stories that keep me awake
As the ceiling caves and the floorboards shake
As the ceiling caves and the floorboards shake

Will you let me go
Will you let me go
When the time is right do you promise to let me go

Oh now hold me up hold me up I can see
Something tells me I should let this be
I can't remember how long I've known
I traded my heart for a wandering soul
So I traded my heart for a wandering soul

Will you let me go
Will you let me go