

Come Back And Haunt Me

Marit Bergman

He was just a schoolboy, but a prince in our home town
A backpack full of spraycans, and baseballcap for crown
We were never lovers, or I never loved him like I should
Sometimes I still see his paintings,
On concrete walls, on moldy wood,
Words are never really understood, oooh, oooh, oooh...

Come back, come back and haunt me
Come back, come back and haunt me
Take me back to blacker nights and brighter days
Come draw me one more tag, oh sweet B.H

We used to roam around the tunnels
Just to find a perfect spot
We used to run through field and meadows
Through daisys and forget-me-nots
Oh he had sad eyes like a puppy
And a smile that melt us down
And I could never think the thought
Of him not beeing around.
I never thought I'd let him down
Ooooh, oooh, oooh...

Come back, come back and haunt me
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Take me back to blacker nights and brighter days
Come draw me one more tag, oh sweet B.H

Climbed in through my window, kept me laughing for a year
I spread lipstick on his collar, he whispered sweet words in my
ear
Oh, I never got to ask him, and now our memories turn pale
But I still hear his mother crying from 87 miles away
I wish there was something I could say
I guess it doesn't matter now anyway