I'm doing nothing at all,
Stop the boredom, I'm sitting here staring at the walls
I don't mind at all, I don't mind,

I'll just gather myself from this lovers fall,
This planted suspicion that I've endured,
It seems tired, and I don't care
Do I want you
Do I need you
Everybody's talking but I don't understand

Back to the storm when the hits where drunk,
Narcotic intuition covered my gaze,
and I don't care
Do I want you
Do I need you
Everybody's talking but I don't understand
Are you feeling, what I'm feeling?
Cos it means to nothing to the ghost that we've become
(I was warned by little talks by my friends[?])
But for Christ sake don't I just know,

Do I want you
Do I need you
Everybody's talking but I don't understand
Are you feeling, what I'm feeling
Cos it means to the ghost
It means to the ghost
Oh it means nothing to the ghost that we've become!