

These Are The Ghosts

The Bees

You should think of a lesson
As a weapon of love
And teach your brother
Teach your sister
Think of a lesson as a weapon in love

There's nothing you can do
But let time tick
Stay positive and show stiff lip
Nothing you can do
But let time tick away

I need twice as much space
And half as many things
A well written verse that I can sing
Twice as much space
And a new set of strings

These are the ghosts I made myself
These are the ghosts I made

We can bury the memory
If we want to go back
We're forward wanting
Past the haunting
Bury the memory
We don't want to go back