You Or a Ghost?

The Brobecks

Is that you or a ghost?
'cause I can't tell.
You've been such a gracious host,
But it's time to go.
I take my show on the road,
I'll be famous in a day.
But that won't mean a thing,
If my senses fail.

Well cut me to pieces,
And sort me out.
Is this all that love is about?

Well I got a photograph,
In a box inside my room.
With pieces left of you,
Beside my bed.

Well cut me to pieces,
And sort me out.
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is, whoah, whoah,
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is, whoah, whoah,
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is about?

Well I'm not made of stone,
And I don't wanna be alone.
I think I'm on my way,
To the very thing that I'm afraid of.

Well cut me to pieces,
And sort me out.
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is, whoah, whoah,
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is, whoah, whoah,
(Ooooh) Is this all that love is about?

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