

Ghosts

VOLA

Take this roof away from me
I'm staying here till something picks me up
Call the boy we used to see
Running wild until he had to stop

Ghosts were rising high in the air
They've been hiding for so long
All these frightened eyes you have spared
They've been scared all along

Take this sertraline relief
I'm down but I have fled the enemy
Shake some prosperous belief
We'll steer towards its immortality

Boy, believe me
Boy, believe me

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