

# Ghost

Voxtrot

I'll be the one to let this roof cave in on me  
Buried in this house, this wooden graveyard by the sea  
We push away our families to understand our needs  
The love and all the hate I used to hold in front of me  
Restless nights, all dizzy spells, all sand between my  
sheets  
Showing signs of thirst I try down the boardwalk, all  
blistered feet  
And now I know I never knew about you, only me  
We carried this inside like some disease we couldn't  
beat  
But we could work, try to live and get by  
To make our family in the second-floor apartment  
Standing on a threshold, body out in flesh, cold  
Go ahead and celebrate the things you lost  
Try to breathe, to flex and release  
To cry and work out what underrate apartment (?)  
Moments are a lifetime  
Nothing in a straight line  
This will take a little while just to shake things off  
Down by water's edge, under the dying tree  
I let my body slip, so dead inside of me  
But when I came around some kind of milky face  
I don't ever want to be alone like this  
And I will tuck into you like I always want to be  
Shadows just a shade of black now, darkness in degree  
Oh it was you who knew we first saw this wasn't meant  
for kids like me

Some hoodoo natural force we only feel we never see  
But as we (?) in time, a brotherly sigh  
Their heads got small until they vanished into silence  
Sinking into white foam, running to a new home  
They can only understand the things we see  
Just cease, desist, and leave me like this  
Their eyes wide open, the beauty of the bright lights  
Standing on a threshold, body out in flesh, cold  
I don't ever want to be alone like this, no  
I have no choice but to be vicious on my feet  
I never sleep, I never eat  
I am learning how to be lost completely  
I want to be found, be craved like things we push away  
These patterns cut like every day  
I need you to reach, I need you to need me  
Down by water's edge, under a dying tree  
I let my body slip, so dead inside of me  
But when I came around some kind of milky face  
Shaking my bones, put me back in my place  
I don't ever want to be alone like this  
For me, by the presence of the things I miss  
I don't ever want to be alone like this  
For me, by the presence of the things I miss  
I am becoming a ghost of myself  
Oh I am becoming a ghost of myself  
Trapped little secrets, little things we never tell  
No I am becoming a ghost of myself