

I met her on the boulevard  
She had skin that she swore to me just wouldn't scar  
Said she was fly like care free  
And So I told her we should link it up like sharebee  
Got it connected and what I expected  
It wasn't the message an now it's getting hectic  
I knew that she was lying  
And Underneath it all I was dying to see just what she was hiding

Ghost hunter, rum runner, the one stunna  
Met my match one kiss I lost that summer  
Every now and then it make me wonder  
If all the things she planned just made me lose my lover  
I summoned gods inside to help the feelings reside  
Say a little seance for the others on the other side  
And while my homes say it's suicide  
I play the Ouija overtime I with her just to pass the time

She don't know that she's haunted  
She don't Know that I see  
Tells me that she shees monsters  
And I pretend to agree  
But she don't know that she's haunted

I don't believe in haunted places  
Only haunted people with their backs against the pavement  
And it takes everything to face it  
And every bone inside of me to keep from trying to say shit  
She's trying to make me lose my patience  
Outer exterior hiding in a lacerations  
Same show different station  
No matter where she go she got the demons steady chasing

And rearranging every piece of the maze  
And trying to keep it from changing whether or not she caves in  
Baby seeing ghosts like Demi moore  
But looks them over like a kid up on a seesaw  
I'm ray stanz trapping ghosts with my shades on  
You got demons well we all can sing the same song  
Underground it's been dimmer there  
Linda Blair hope that u begin to hear

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