

# Ghost

Yours Truly

My hands  
Feeling worn and real tired  
But I can't make it I can't trace it  
Painting pictures, to configure  
Our heart  
Stop beating for a second  
And you can't fix me you can't save me  
Painting pictures, to remember

That I'm a ghost  
To your noise  
And I can't pick up your clothes  
That you left on the floor, it's a mess

This time I'll learn to live without you  
In design  
And this time I'll reminisce the old you  
After all I've tried  
To find it easier to clear my mind but lately  
Seems like I'm nothing more than see through

These hands  
Feeling worn and real tired  
I can't create it if I fake it  
Painting pictures  
Of the skies that were red when I thought I was dead  
Am I feeling more alive now?  
Or is this just from the come down?

Yeah I'm a ghost  
To your noise  
And I can't pick up the clothes  
That you left on the floor, it's a mess

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In design  
And this time I'll reminisce the old you  
After all I've tried  
To find it easier to clear my mind but lately  
Seems like I'm nothing more than see through  
I'll see it through

Yeah I'm a ghost  
To your noise  
Oh I can't pick up the clothes  
That you left on the floor

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In design  
And this time I'll reminisce the old you  
After all I've tried  
To find it easier to clear my mind but lately  
Seems like I'm nothing more than see through  
I'll see it through