

Ghosts In Empty Houses

Jukebox the Ghost

In this country at any given time
There are two million empty houses
And one of them once was mine

There were twelve million spirits drifting
In twelve million empty rooms
Waving their ghostly arms at the stars
And howling sad songs by the light of a crescent moon

Yeah they claw at the air and they scream
But they don't make a sound
Should've exercised the demons and their secrets
While they were 'round

Don't you think it's funny how quickly things can turn around
All our lives are drifting like ghosts inside an empty house
Everything is falling to pieces and it's just as well
Because every little piece of heaven brings a little piece of hell

In my darkest hour when death is knocking at my door
I can feel the tug of a thousand fingers
But what are the ghosts here for
They say:
Beware, be wary
Of secrets that you may keep
Cause if they're any indication of what sorrow brings you
Then don't take your demons to sleep

And if you take a little time
To think about yourself
You just might find that the
Direction that you're headed is closer to hell

Don't you think it's funny how quickly things can turn around
All our lives are drifting like ghosts inside an empty house
Everything is falling to pieces and it's just as well
Cause every little piece of heaven brings a little piece of hell

So you might find yourself drifting
Like a ghost inside an empty house after an empty house
Looking for someone but lately finding not a soul to tell