

Ghost

Mary Lambert

Isn't it easier
Isn't it easier to fall back into the past?
Isn't it funny how
Isn't it funny how we recreate
Memories in our mind?
Who are you these days?
Stare into the broken mirror
It's a heartache serenade
How long do I have to cry?
Curled on the kitchen tile cradling your ghost?
Ghost
Ghost
Ghost
Ghost

Touch them every day
None of them say what yours would say
When you gonna crumple to my path?
My hands are old and dry waiting for you to come on home
Ghost
Ghost
Ghost
Ghost

Ghost
Ghost

Ghost
Ghost
Ghost
Ghost

Ghost (I'm leaving you, I'm leaving you, I should have left long ago)
Ghost (I'm leaving you, I'm leaving you, I should have left long ago)
Ghost (I'm leaving you, I'm leaving you, I should have left long ago)
Ghost (I'm leaving you, I'm leaving you, I should have left long ago)
Ghost (I'm leaving you, I'm leaving you, I should have left long ago)

Ghost (I'm leaving)
Ghost

It can wait
I can't hurt any more

Your ghost