

Ghost Of What Should've Been

Owen

What else in this room, reminds me of you
The window sill with a crucified pit
Of an avocado still sits in water

What else in this room reminds me of
The relationship I have ruined
The tables, I made strong enough
To hold your magazines, but not your tired legs

One more week in this apartment
One more week of being haunted
By the ghost of what should' ve been

What else in this f**king empty room
Reminds me of f**king you
An orphaned couch where I spent some long nights
While you went out with our friends

What I wouldn't do to be a ghost like you
To be somewhere new
To leave everything, the way you left everything
Reminded you of me

One more week in this apartment
One more week of being haunted