

# Theory Of Ghosts

Piano Magic

I've a theory of ghosts and i'm a monster to girls  
I stick in their heart like a rusty spur  
But i've a theory of ghosts:  
They're alive and we're all dead;  
That they're trying to tell us is that it's this way  
around

And i've a theory of girls  
They always seem to leave in the spring  
As if they know that it hurts more  
To carry a heartbreak through the summer

In the calender storm, i circled a day and tried to hold  
on  
And in the last powercut,  
I whispered her name 'til the lights came on  
Smoked my indian pipe  
Listened to the static, the snow on the wire  
Smoked my indian pipe  
Listened to the static, the snow on the wire

I have one photograph that captures her smile  
But i don't have a tape of her laugh

Watercolors can't help me