

Ghost To Me

Youth Lagoon

Follow me a sea of silhouettes
by your mother and your fathers bed
your father grins as he hears what you said
to me in the park on the blanket

Home is where I call the ghost my own
that haunts the basement where I sleep alone
its seen the burns on my skin showing bones
and asks me why I still sleep with my phone

Wandering back from campus half asleep
across the bridge leading to your keep
every minute is a memory
you don't exist you're just a ghost to me