

These Are The Ghosts

A Band of Bees

You should think of a lesson
As a weapon in love
And teach your brother
Teach your sister
Think of lesson as a weapon in love

There's nothing you can do
But let time tick
Stay positive and show stiff lip
Nothing you can do
But let time tick away

These are the ghosts
I made myself, I made myself
These are the ghosts I made

I need twice as much space
And half as many things
A well written verse that I can sing
Twice as much space
And a new set of strings

These are the ghosts
I made myself, I made myself
These are the ghost I made

We can bury the memory
If we don't want to go back
We're forward wanting
Past the haunting
Bury the memory
We don't want to go back

These are the ghosts
I made myself, I made myself
These are the ghosts I made

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