

# Girls from High School

Ball Park Music

If I ball my heart, my soul  
It doesn't mean my work will sell  
But breakthroughs in modern science  
Means that I can keep quite well

When my itch is fresh and oozing  
Oh I can sit around for hours in a day

Holy are ghosts, and girls from high school  
My phantom vibrations  
And the sweet believing superstitious  
Versions of myself  
I never got to say goodbye  
Never got to say goodbye

I like to watch you play  
And dick around with your cameras babe  
Like a song through the charts  
Or the fat through your heart, thought I was moving on up

When my itch is fresh and oozing  
Oh I can sit around for hours in a day

Holy are ghosts, and girls from high school  
My phantom vibrations  
And the sweet believing superstitious  
Versions of myself  
I never got to say goodbye  
Never got to say goodbye

Bye bye [x8]  
Yeah