

The Ghost Inside

Broken Bells

She sold your love to modern now
Cause solid currency's the hardest to love
All of the money hell's you cover your eye
Don't let the lady finger blow in your hand

Did it all
For that dollar
She's a star tonight
Without warning
She gave up the ghost inside

Just like a whiskey bottle drained on the floor
She got no future just a love to endure
This gives some matter to shaking her hide
"Too Late to Leave Him" are the songs in her car

Give it up
For that dollar
She's a star tonight
Without warning
She gave up the ghost inside

You call it chivalry
Never pull a punch for free
You ever wonder why they had to move on
This phony honor code
That puts you on your throne
A double standard
You invoke when you want

For that dollar
She's a star tonight
Without warning
She gave up the ghost inside

Was it all for show
Don't turn into one of them
Turn another page
Trust me darling
I'm carving them up through the dust in your town
Crawling over rubble
Just to sort it out
Now I tend to wonder why