Ghosts

Christopher Dallman

You drink right down To the bottom of the bottle Every night Whiskey or wine Will do you fine Get your blue flame burning bright

Or you're laying in bed With a haunted head And all these rooms to fill It's a sleepless trance When spirits dance all night and won't sit still

Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head

You're running from your lover Running from your best friend Running from your name You race through regrets Like cigarettes And you can't break this chain

Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head Maybe you should just count sheep instead Out of your head Out of your head

You try to hush your heart Try to hush your brain You're going to kill your love Trying to numb your pain Can't face these ghosts if you hide away Baby, own yourself don't hide away Hide away

Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head Don't keep the ghosts inside Get them out of your head Maybe you should just count sheep instead Out of your head Out of your head

You're running from your lover Running from your best friend Running from this town You don't know A seed won't grow If you don't plant it in the ground