

The Ghost Inside Our House

Cloud Cult

We saw a ghost inside our house
Or was it wishful thinking
Oh god, don't leave us by ourselves
Or we're bound to take up drinking

Please send us a miracle
So I know that there is meaning
Except I think that it's a miracle
Just to be breathing

So live on
Baby live on
Live on
Baby live on

Packed up my clothes
In a grocery bag
I'm going to find the creator

An old man in the clouds
Or a happy little alien
Whoever it is
I need to thank her

And even though I don't know god
I'm happy with the mystery
And I'm certain that I feel it
Every time that you sing to me

In songs
Life is like a song
It's a song
A humble song

I watched you sleeping until five am
Cause I want to be part of your dreaming
Oh love, don't leave me by myself
Or I'm bound to lose my meaning

We'll start a little family
And call it our religion
Hunt for ghosts inside our house
Because we'll never give up wishing

That we live on
Baby live on
In our song
A humble song