

Haunted When The Minutes Drag

Collide

The word that would best describe this feeling
Would be haunted
I touch the clothes you left behind
That still retain your shape and lines
Still haunted

I trace the outline of your eyes
We're in the mirror hypnotized
I'm haunted
I find a solitary hair
[Incomprehensible] and still I reminisce
I'm haunted

Haunted by your soul
Haunted by your hair
Haunted by your clothes
Haunted by your eyes

By your soul, by your hair
By your clothes, by your eyes
By your voice, by your smile
By your mouth

By your soul, by your hair
By your clothes, by your eyes
By your voice, by your smile
By your mouth, by your soul

Haunted
Haunted

So this is for when you feel happy
And this is for when you feel sad
And this is for when you feel nothing

Ooh, when the minutes drag
Ooh, when the minutes drag

And this is for the tears that won't dry
And this is for a bright blue sky
And this is for when you feel lucky
And this is for when you feel lucky

Ooh, when the minutes drag
Ooh, when the minutes drag

Hide until you
Hide until you feel

So this is for when you're feeling happy again
And this is for when you're feeling sad
And this is for when you feel something

Ooh, when the minutes drag
Ooh, when the minutes drag

Hide until you

Until you
Hide until you feel

Haunted, haunted
When the minutes drag
Haunted, haunted
When the minutes drag
Haunted, haunted
When the minutes drag

Hide until you
Hide until you feel