

Ghost Writer

Ed Harcourt

Hey, what's that sound in the bathroom
Hey, they're the voices in my head
Hey, put your money where your head lays
Hey, never sleep in your bed
Hey, organize random chaos
Hey, sinking deep in the sand
Hey, link your arm to span another
Hey, then you clap your clammy hands

Creepy crawlies makes the best of life they can
But I'm not overwhelmed, understand?
Days are dropping like a ripe tomato
And baby, I've grown into a different man

Ghost Writer in the heart of the duplicated system everywhere I
look
Ghost Writer makes a start in the duplicated system with a bran
d new hook

Hey Hey, living up a hollow treehole
Hey, making secret documents
Hey Hey, taking pictures of he suburbs
Hey Hey, you wonder where the money went
I've seen it, heard it all before
I've seen it, heard it all before

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