

# 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 brand  
new hook

Hey Hey, living up a hollow treehole  
Hey, making secret documents  
Hey Hey, taking pictures of the 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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Ghost writer in the heart of the duplicated system everywhere I  
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