

I'm Not the Lonely Son (I'm the Ghost)

Electric President

I'm not the lonely son
I'm the ghost of what the world protected
I'm not the lucky one
I'm what happens when the world forgets we're here

And we stopped on the tracks
Caused a train wreck
But now they've come to point the finger
Lost in the wake of my own invention
I burned enough
And I learned to burn you back

'Cause when there's nothing to do
I'll come crawling to you
With my hopes on my sleeves
And scabs on my knees
And then maybe you'll smile
And I can dream for a while

I'm not the one to blame
For looking past all the calls for attention
They've got such heavy hands
They're forced to point when it's too much to swallow, dear

So break them off
I don't need their pointed words
It's more than enough
That they so gladly cut me down
We broke our teeth
On the ones who gave up first
And rest our hands into those who let us down

'Cause when there's nothing to do
I'll come crawling for you
With my hopes on my sleeves
And scabs on my knees
And then maybe you'll smile
And I can dream for a