

I am starting to sense your location  
You are somewhere in the attic  
Looking something close to tragic  
Knitting T-shirts and your mattress  
I'm floating up the stairwell  
With my toes grazing the cedar  
Thinking softly what a tinder box we live in  
And what a flammable heart I've been given

You could be in several different places  
I am sensing your location

I am starting to sense your location  
You are somewhere in the basement  
Beating on a makeshift drum kit  
Songs that I can hardly stomach  
I'm floating up the stairwell  
With my fingers shaking frantic  
Thinking softly what a concrete mess we live in  
And what a icebox heart I've been given

You could be in several different places  
I am sensing your location  
You could be in several different  
I am starting to sense your locale now

I am starting to sense your location  
In an old abandoned mansion  
In the country side of England  
Spirits trapped inside the linens  
And you're feeling quite at home there  
Also feeling somewhat lonely  
No one sees you in your pixelated fishnets  
And your black and orange barrettes

You could be in several different places  
I am sensing your location  
You could be in several different  
I am starting to sense your locale now

Oh please believe the ghost in me  
is doing what I can to find you out