

# Ghosts

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I'm sick and tired of hanging out my window  
To learn from past experience, rain can't make flowers grow  
And friends don't stick around, they go which way the wind blow  
You're never safe and sound until all the doors are closed  
Doors closed  
Doors closed

When you're awake on your own, shadows turn into ghosts  
When you're awake on your own, shadows turn into ghosts, oh

Soon it will all fall apart and their roads will have no way  
And you'll be the one laughing as their fences fade away  
And instead of being left there, feeling all alone  
Break down the house you made of match sticks and set fire to t  
heir throne  
To the throne  
To the throne

When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts  
When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts  
Some becomes what you're scared of the most  
Some becomes what you're scared of the most  
When shadow turns into ghosts just what you're scared of the mo  
st

I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall

I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall  
I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall  
Pulling pictures off the wall  
I'm pulling pictures off the wall, watching smiles as they fall

When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts  
When you're awake on your own shadows turn into ghosts  
Some becomes what you're scared of the most  
Home becomes what you're scared of the most  
When shadow turns into ghosts just what you're scared of the mo  
st