

Lydia

Her Space Holiday

I'm losing my mind in a record amount of time
Is it all in my head?
These ghosts in the hall ways, and mirrors, and under my bed

In each town I find there's always a graveyard near by
I'm taking here home
That girl from Glasgow whose father just left her alone

And I was moved inside that crooked room
I reached out my hand and shyly asked her to dance
She cried as we swayed and in my head that song continues to play
The saddest melody that just won't go away

And in my mind she's fully real
A little voice that helps me feel
And if they thought I was crazy then
Wait until they meet my friend