

Ghosts

Ladytron

In the first days
of the spring time
made you a prince with a thousand enemies
made a trail of
of a thousand tears
made you a prisoner inside your own frequency

There's a ghost through me
who wants to say "I'm sorry"
Doesn't mean I'm sorry

At the first hour
of the springtime
made you a prince with a thousand enemies

now I see you
from the corner
clock strikes
and I know you will be drinking alone

There's a ghost through me
who wants to say "I'm sorry"
Doesn't mean I'm sorry.