

# Come Back And Haunt Me

Marit Bergman

He was just a schoolboy, but a prince in our home town  
A backpack full of spraycans, and baseballcap for crown  
We were never lovers, or I never loved him like I should  
Sometimes I still see his paintings,  
On concrete walls, on moldy wood,  
Words are never really understood, oooh, oooh, oooh...

Come back, come back and haunt me  
Come back, come back and haunt me  
Take me back to blacker nights and brighter days  
Come draw me one more tag, oh sweet B.H

We used to roam around the tunnels  
Just to find a perfect spot  
We used to run through field and meadows  
Through daisys and forget-me-nots  
Oh he had sad eyes like a puppy  
And a smile that melt us down  
And I could never think the thought  
Of him not beeing around.  
I never thought I'd let him down  
Ooooh, oooh, oooh...

Come back, come back and haunt me  
Come back, come back and haunt me  
Take me back to blacker nights and brighter days  
Come draw me one more tag, oh sweet B.H

Climbed in through my window, kept me laughing for a year  
I spread lipstick on his collar, he whispered sweet words in my  
ear  
Oh, I never got to ask him, and now our memories turn pale  
But I still hear his mother crying from 87 miles away  
I wish there was something I could say  
I guess it doesn't matter now anyway