

Voices In The Halls

Neon Trees

I can taste your lemonade
Bittersweet like every summer fling
And keeping up with all your stories
Talking to your ghost when I'm asleep

No you're never really dead to me
Maybe that's the mystery of us
I use to think when you were gone
I would still hear voices in the halls

I could feel the red rain on me
I can see you shaking when I kiss
You still hit me like a buzz
Seventeen and drunk enough to wish

And you really got your hooks on me
Maybe that's the punishment for love
I still stay up late at night
Trying to hear your voices in the halls

In the halls
In the halls
In the halls

You could hear me late at night
Singing to the voices in the halls
Every time we drive the coast
Heading toward Las Vegas in your car?

Playing on your broken speakers
Me asleep and warm inside your arms
No it's never like what it used to be
Maybe it's just never really was

But every night when I get home
I can hear your voices in the halls
Every night when I'm alone
I can hear your voices in the halls