

Ghost

Pearl Jam

The mind is grey,... like the city
Packing in and overgrown
Love is deep,... dig it out
Standing in a hole alone
Working for something,.. that we can never hold
A place in the clouds.
Your place to hide oh my oh

I'm flying away, away
I'm driving away, away

The TV, she talks to me
Breaking news and building walls
Selling us, what I dont need
Didn't know soap made you taller

So I'm riding away, away
Hiding away, away

So much talk it makes no sense at all

So I'm flying away, away
Driving away, away

Passing old friends I don't miss at all

It doesn't hurt,.. when I bleed
BUT memories they eat me
I've seen it all before,..
Bring it on cause I'm no victim

Dying
Dying