

# 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