

Theory Of Ghosts

Piano Magic

I've a theory of ghosts and i'm a monster to girls
I stick in their heart like a rusty spur
But i've a theory of ghosts:
They're alive and we're all dead;
That they're trying to tell us is that it's this way
around

And i've a theory of girls
They always seem to leave in the spring
As if they know that it hurts more
To carry a heartbreak through the summer

In the calender storm, i circled a day and tried to hold
on
And in the last powercut,
I whispered her name 'til the lights came on
Smoked my indian pipe
Listened to the static, the snow on the wire
Smoked my indian pipe
Listened to the static, the snow on the wire

I have one photograph that captures her smile
But i don't have a tape of her laugh

Watercolors can't help me