

16 Days

Whiskeytown

16 Days

Got sixteen days

One for every time I've gone away
One for every time I should have stayed
Should have wore my wedding ring

Got sixteen days

Fifteen of those are nights
Can't sleep when the bed sheet fight
sIt's way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running

Away from you, away from you, away
Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running

Away from you, away from you, away

Got sixteen days

Got a bottle and a rosary
God I wish that you were close to me
I guess I owe you an apology

Got sixteen days

Fifteen of those are nights

Can't sleep when the bed sheet fights
Its way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running
Away from you, away from you,
away
Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running
Away from you, away from you,
away

Old tin cups, little paper dolls

All wrapped up in ribbons bows and hearts

Old tin cups and little paper dolls

All wrapped up in the ribbons of your heart

I got sixteen days

Sixteen days

I got sixteen days

It's like a fool I am