

## Ghost To Me

Youth Lagoon

Follow me a sea of silhouettes  
by your mother and your fathers bed  
your father grins as he hears what you said  
to me in the park on the blanket

Home is where I call the ghost my own  
that haunts the basement where I sleep alone  
its seen the burns on my skin showing bones  
and asks me why I still sleep with my phone

Wandering back from campus half asleep  
across the bridge leading to your keep  
every minute is a memory  
you don't exist you're just a ghost to me