

# A Band Of Bees, These Are the Ghosts

You should think of a lesson  
As a weapon of love  
And teach your brother  
Teach your sister  
Think of a lesson as a weapon in love  
There's nothing you can do  
But let time tick  
Stay positive and show stiff lip  
Nothing you can do  
But let time tick away  
These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made  
I need twice as much space  
And half as many things  
A well written verse that I can sing  
Twice as much space  
And a new set of strings  
These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made  
We can bury the memory  
If we want to go back  
We're forward wanting  
Past the haunting, bury the memory  
We don't want to go back  
These are the ghosts  
I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made  
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I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made  
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I made myself, I made myself  
These are the ghosts I made  
These are the ghosts