

# Cloud Cult, The Ghost Inside Our House

We saw a ghost inside our house  
Or was it wishful thinkin'?  
Oh god, don't leave us by ourselves  
Or we're bound to take up drinkin'

Please send us a miracle  
So I know that there is meaning  
I said, "I think that it's a miracle  
Just to be breathin'";

So live on  
Baby live on  
Live on  
Baby live on

Packed up my clothes in a grocery bag  
I'm going to find the creator  
An old man in the clouds or a happy little alien  
Whoever it is I need to thank her

And even though I don't know God  
I'm happy with the mystery  
And I'm certain that I feel it  
Every time that you sing to me

It's a song  
Life is like a song  
It's a song  
A humble song

I watched you sleep until 5 am  
Cause I want to be part of your dreaming  
Oh love, don't leave me by myself  
Or I'm bound to lose my meaning

We'll start a little family  
And call it our religion  
Hunt for ghosts inside our house  
'Cause we'll never give up wishing

That we live on  
May we live on  
In our song  
Our humble song