

Fionn Regan, Noah

There's nobody out there, it's just the noise of the wind
There's nobody out there and nobody is getting in
I hope that happiness finds it's way to your little house

While you were sleeping I, I played a ghost in a sheet
When our frames collide there's nothing left to be

There's nobody out there, the rain is just starting to fall
You get some rest now you'll worry yourself thin
I hope that happiness finds it's way to your little house

While you were sleeping I, I played a ghost in a sheet
When our frames collide there's nothing left to be

The skeletal wings of birds, I'll take the stairs
The ghosts of tiny animals, with the tiniest of feet
The forecast is going down a storm