

Ghost, The Exhibition

We've got good minds in bad health
I think you know that
All our friends like us more than we like ourselves
Drinking in style like the laughing stock
We sing in the key of this door but we still knock
Set the clocks back and set my thoughts ahead
We could rewrite this old book stepping through chapters half dead
Someone said before, I'll say it again
It's not just how you play it's how your listenting
A head in the ground
Feet in the sky
You fell when no one watched as you learned how to fly
It's the simple things that have all gone wrong
When you stop to catch your breath your moving on
Graffiti just like a calendar
July ice, now it's melting there
Drinking in style like the laughing stock
We sing in the key of this door but we still knock