

A Band Of Bees, These Are the Ghosts (Undead

You should think of a lesson
As a weapon in love
And teach your brother, teach your sister
Think of 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 ghost
I made
We can bury the memory
If we don't 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
These are the ghosts
I made myself, I made myself
These are the ghosts
I made
These are the ghosts