

# AFI, Where We Used To Play

I, I might seem a bit peculiar  
A bit not right  
For though, though I try, I remain a stranger  
Not of this time  
I swear I'm almost there  
Though I've been wandering for days  
I may, may be chasing ghost trains  
Hoping they'll arrive where we used to play  
I may, may be hopping ghost trains  
For they terminate where we used to play in those days  
I know I'm with strangers I recognize  
And I, I realize my own disowned me  
Were never mine  
I swear I'm almost there  
This is right where we used to play  
I may, may be chasing ghost trains  
Hoping they'll arrive where we used to play, oh  
I may, may be hopping ghost trains  
For they terminate where we used to play  
I, I never will let it go  
Until I find the place I called mine, oh  
I, I never will let it go  
I never was truly meant for this time  
I, I might seem a bit peculiar  
A bit not right  
I may, may be chasing ghost trains  
Hoping they'll arrive where we used to play, oh  
I may, may be hopping ghost trains  
For they terminate where we used to play in those days  
Where we used to play in those days  
Where we used to play in those days  
In those days, in those days  
In those days, in those days  
In those days, in those