

Amy Millan, Bruised Ghosts

Hold it up
You've lost enough
You've still got your luck
You're miles away
From the love you made
Heaven gets rough
Ghosts weren't meant for bleeding
Ghosts weren't meant for bleeding
You see a wall
You have it all
Broken apart
You follow through
With your bruises
And eat your heart up
It hates to hope and leave it
It hates to hope and leave it
the story rolls
the golden boys
And girls get tired
We look for hooks (?)
In stolen looks
When home is hardly a word
Home is hardly a word