

Bush, Headful Of Ghosts

I stand around at American weddings
I stand around for family
At my best when I'm terrorist inside
At my best when it's all me
I was there when you took all the people
I was alone in a mental ravine
You breathe life when you break the walls down
You breathe life when you set me free

Where is my head
Where are my bones
Why are my days so far from home
Where is my head
Where are my bones
Can you save me from myself
Can you save me from myself

Free-thinking renegade social
Mr. Moon a man now
In a slipstream of my possibilities
I got the boat so we don't drown
These are the days that are split down the middle
No words to calm me down
I'll be sure that what you dream of
Won't come to hunt you out

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Why are my days so far from home
Ghostman
Where is my head
Where are my bones
How come we get so lost
Ghostman
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