

# Faker, Ghosts

im an addicted romantic  
i can feel the pins and needles up my back  
up my back

im consistantly tragic  
i can't touch you, if you fade in and out like that  
i want you back

'cause it brings me down  
like i've been hurt  
all the things i  
saw from death  
all the things i  
will not forget

you come home like a landslide  
i can feel the pins and needles  
sleep turned back, heart turned black

im particularly fragile  
if my head exploded, would you put up with that?  
dont do that

'cause it brings me down  
like you've been hurt  
all the things i  
saw from death  
and the weeks i'll  
not forget

and the wheels as they turn  
leave my heart and my head  
scared red  
and the weeks i  
saw your death

the things i  
saw from death  
and the weeks i'll  
not forget

and the wheels as they turn  
leave my head and my heart  
scared red  
and the weeks i  
saw your death