

# Ghost Machine, Headstone

Under your spell  
Haunted by your face  
Tattooed an image  
Of barbed-wire and lace  
and the deception  
Give me abrasion  
I want the real you  
I want the real you  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone  
Your silhouette  
Up on the mantle  
Your Sadist smile  
Painted on my lips  
Your pale flesh  
And your heartbeat  
They're always calling  
They're always calling me  
The thorn that's in my side (echoed)  
Resembles you (echoed)  
This hole that is my life (echoed)  
Is only here because of you, right!  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' should be written on your headstone  
You had it commin"  
The thorn that's in my side (echoed)  
Resembles you (echoed)  
This hole that is my life (echoed)  
Is only here because of you, Right!  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' Should be written on your headstone  
You had it commin', you had it commin' (oh)  
You had it commin' Should be written on your headstone  
You're the thorn that's in my side  
You're the hole that is my life  
Oh the thorn that's in my side (echoed this thorn that's in my side)  
Resembles you (echoed)  
This hole that is my life (echoed)  
Is only here because of you