

Jeremiah Freed, Ginger

Certain kinds of nights,
find me swimming alone,
inside my bed.

Certain kinds of songs
leave me without a sound
without a trace.

Now I know,
something ain't right
inside of her

Certain kinds of sounds
find me slippin' away.
Driftin' away.

Certain kinds of light,
find me falling into
her summer dress

Now I know,
something ain't right
inside of her.

It's not out of respect,
the door is closed but the walls still haunt me.
Still haunt me.

Now I know,
somethin ain't right
inside of her.