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.