

Joseph Arthur, Nothing Wrong With The City

I don't need ghosts
They're impossible to see
Give me what you got
What's believable to me

You are my host
I come inside of you for free
In you I'm lost
Far beyond where you can see

There's nothing wrong with the city
There's nothing wrong with my love
And if you think I'm so very very pretty
Why don't you buy me a diamond ring?

I don't need love
It's disposable to me
Your suffering is safe
It's a habit that you keep

Give me your ghost
They're impossible to see
Hey let's hook up
Yeah that's the way we used to be

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