

Pretty Girls Make Graves, Ghosts In The Radio

It's on, and the ghosts
In the radio are signing along
And they go ohhhh
No stars out, just the city light
Well nothing feels as good as the night
Can you heard them go ohhhh?

Ghosts are in the radio,
They sing along, they sing along

This city is quiet, it feels like we own it
But nothing really lasts forever
And we know it

It had started to rain, but we didn't care
Every word that was spoken
Held onto the air
Like a ghosts and floated towards the sky
I pulled my jacket tight,
And the city lit up the night
With the green glow of the Camlin Hotel

Ghosts are in the radio,
They sing along, they sing along (x2)

It's on and the ghosts in the radio
Are singing along
And they go ohhh
No stars out, just the city light
Well nothing feels as good as the night
Can you hear them go ohhhh?

Ghosts are in the radio,
They sing along, they sing along (x2)