

Seven Mary Three, Was A Ghost

There was a ghost, here in my house
Who talks just like it knows
Everything about, the road that we went down
As it underlines
Everything I kept, I know inside
My mind is numb,
A counterfeit my nerve
And tell me are you sick
Of haunting me like this?
And I R-U-S-T, rust on your version of the truth
I carefully cut out empty space for friends I knew
Another suitcase of scar shaped souvenirs
That I've collected every day that you're not here
Another closet of busted up skeleton bones
Chasing off your ghost
Books stacked three stories high
Between the pages they will find
Picture of you
Am I in them too?
Scar shaped souvenirs
Something in the sound
Of car wheels at night
On a straight shot black-top road
Where I thought I'd find
The ghost I used to know
It's all in my head
I never said I'd want to see you again
But that ghost was me
And who I used to be
I can't let it go
I won't let it go
Another suitcase of scar shaped souvenirs
That I've collected every day that you're not here
Another closet of busted up skeleton bones
Bones