

# 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