

Sons And Daughters, Rebel With A Ghost

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na...

I can hear her late at night
Rattling along the corridor
Wearing my name around my neck
I'd long forgotten who I was

So I rebel with the ghost
Try to fight but my hands and feet are fading
Used to fall for it all
Now my weak insides are backed by gutless conversation

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na...

A spectre of your former self
No reflection in the mirror
When you least expect
Wearing my name around my neck
Apparently just self-possessed

So I rebel with the ghost
Try to fight but my hands and feet are fading
Holding on to the wall
Now my weak insides are backed by gutless conversation

Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na...

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