

# Sons And Daughters, Rebel With The Ghost

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...  
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...  
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  
I rebel with the ghost  
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