

Whiskeytown, Avenues

16 Days

Got sixteen days

One for every time I've gone away One for every time I should have stayed Should have wore my w

Got sixteen days

Fifteen of those are nights Can't sleep when the bed sheet fights It's way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running

Away from you, away from you, away Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running

Away from you, away from you, away

Got sixteen days

Got a bottle and a rosary God I wish that you were close to me I guess I owe you an apology

Got sixteen days

Fifteen of those are nights

Can't sleep when the bed sheet fights Its way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running

Well the ghost has got me running Away from you, away from you, away Well the ghost has got me

Well the ghost has got me running Away from you, away from you, away

Old tin cups, little paper dolls

All wrapped up in ribbons bows and hearts

Old tin cups and little paper dolls

All wrapped up in the ribbons of your heart

I got sixteen days

Sixteen days

I got sixteen days

It's like a fool I am