Whiskeytown "16 days, by whiskeytown"

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I got 16 days

One for everytime I've gone away
One for everytime I should've stayed
You should've worn my wedding ring
I got 16 days; 15 of those are nights
Can't sleep when the bedsheet fights
Its way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

Well the ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

I got 16 days
I Got a bible and rosary
God I wish that you were close to me
Guess I owe you an apology
Got 16 days; 15 of those are nights
Can't sleep when the bedsheet fights
Its way back to your side

Well the ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

Well the ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

Old tin cups, little paper dolls
All wrapped up in the ribbons bound our hearts
Ald tin cups and little paper dolls

All wrapped up in ribbons of your heart

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

Well the ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

The ghost has got me running (ghost has got me runnin')

Away from you, away from you, away

16 days Got 16 days Before I hang.

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