

Wolfgang Press**"Ghost"**

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Something hiding behind me

Something hiding behind me

I know what do you think of me

Tripping the line stuck in the mud

Somebody in my lane

Who who who I said freak

Somebody in this place

Has been put out to grass

I said it could be you

The ghost in my life

I WONT LIE I WONT HATE I WONT CRY I WONT SHAKE

I'M THE GHOST IN THE WAY

You sold me down the river, my friend

You said you were my best friend, never again

Where is England now?

Is it America?

Where is my home?

It's not where it was

Is that a stupid word

I found another day?

I WONT SHY I WONT SAY I WILL FALL IN THE WAY

SO SAY WHY I'M THE GHOST IN THE WAY?

What do I do and what do I say?

What do I know and what should I save?

I'm still playing at being a prayer

What do I know and what should I say?

Give me your smile to show me your faith

Prose in my head, I am the bird

And this obsession is turning back, turning back

Take me to the ladder and force me into place

Take me to the ladder and put me in my place

What do I do and what do I say?

What do I know and what should I save?

I am still playing at being a prayer

What do I know and what do I care?

What do I know and why should I share?

I'm still playing at being a prayer

At this unholy hour

At this unholy place

At this unholy hour

I AM THE GHOST IN THE WAY I AM THE GHOST IN THE
WAY

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