

Corinna Fugate "Chasing The Ghost"

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My eyes are tired from the things I've seen
My mouth is dry from tasting poisoned leaves
I've been in a haze of green
Like needles in my skin
Feels like I could bleed

Chasing the ghost
Feeding the fix
Ignoring our souls

Passing the cup
Making it last til the last drop
Passing the pipe
Oh my god we're losing this fight
Chasing the ghost
Feeding the fix
Ignoring our souls

In these chains I can't be free
I'm not doing drugs
The drugs are doing me
Sleeping in the streets
So cold I can't feel my feet

Chasing the ghost
Feeding the fix
Ignoring our souls

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