

Customs

"We Are Ghosts"

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The place
It's eating me
It chews me playfully

It's her again
I wave theatrically
I should have taken leave

We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
A subliminal phantasy
We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
Almost

The syren sings
It's almost over now
My ship is about to wreck

I smell her scent
There's no ignoring her
She smiles and turns her back

We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
A subliminal phantasy
We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
Almost

She walks in so graciously
And reads me like a book
She reminds me of
The chances that I never took
She looks like she understands
She talks like she knows
How these things go

We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
A subliminal phantasy
We are ghosts
Singing a melody
We are ghosts
Almost

We are ghosts
We are ghosts

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