

Fionn Regan

"Noah (Ghost In A Sheet)"

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There's nobody out there, it's just the noise of the wind
There's nobody out there and nobody getting in
I hope that happiness finds its way to your little house

'Cause while you were sleeping
I, I played a ghost in a sheet
When our frames collide
There's nothing left to be

There's nobody out there, the rain is just starting to
pour
You get so much there you weary yourself thin
I hope that happiness finds its way to your little house

'Cause while you were sleeping
I, I played a ghost in a sheet
When our frames collide
There's nothing left to be

The skeletal wings of birds, I'll take the stairs
The ghosts of tiny animals with the tiniest of feet
The forecast is going down a storm, a storm

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