

## Fletch "Ghost In Chicago"

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Flashing red lights  
Show me what you're worth now  
Getting caught cold  
You're hands are shaking  
Look who's crying now?  
Take you away to a place that's worse somehow  
A waking dream  
That's hard to tell your reality from  
This fucking prison cell

Hold on only for a moment sir  
Let me explain myself  
I've been wrongfully accused  
You have got the wrong guy  
So turn around  
And let me go

You have found me out  
Where is your cover story?  
And I swear on me and everything that I can help  
You gotta be kidding me.  
Ah ah ah ah ah

Order order in the courtroom  
I swear to tell the truth and the whole truth and nothing  
but it  
So help you god

You've done nothing for me  
You were cold and lonely  
I've given you away  
It's the only way

I would never give into your temptation  
I'd never be the same  
So I will leave you waiting  
Leave you waiting for me  
It's open war  
This is open war

You have found me out  
Where is your cover story?

And I swear on me and everything that I can help  
You gotta be kidding me  
Ah ah ah ah

Order order in the courtroom  
I swear to tell the truth and the whole truth and nothing  
but it  
So help you god

(Insane laughing and coughing by Diego)

Now this is open war  
Now this is open war  
Now this is open war

Order order in the courtroom  
I swear to tell the truth the and whole truth and nothing  
but it  
So help you god

Order order in the courtroom  
I swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but  
it  
So help you god

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