

Ghosts "Mind Games"

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I don't have a game to give away
I'd take you home but the lock's been changed
Let me take you in my arms tonight
My hands are tied but we can improvise

I've broken promises I've never made
And ruined plans that I've never laid
But I will be there if you need my help
and tell you things I don't tell no one else

No you don't need those spies of yours
That is what your eyes are for
I hit my head but you're kissing it better now
I've made up my mind
I've made up my mind
But I'm still confined
By these knots that I have tied

Can I come undone with you?

No you don't need those spies of yours
That is what your eyes are for
I hit my head but you're kissing it better now

I've made up my mind
I've made up my mind
But I'm still confined
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Can I come undone with you?

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