

Jenny Owen Youngs

"Ghosts In Empty Houses"

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In this country at any given time there are two million
empty houses
And one of them once was mine

There were twelve million spirits drifting in twelve
million empty rooms
Waving their ghostly arms at the stars
And howling sad songs by the light of a crescent moon

Yeah
They claw at the air and they scream but they don't
make a sound
Should've exorcised the demons and their secrets
while they were around

Don't you think it's funny how quickly things can turn
around
All our lives are drifting like ghosts inside an empty
house
Everything is falling to pieces and it's just as well
Because every little piece of heaven brings a little
piece of hell

In my darkest hour when death is knocking at my door
I can feel the tug of a thousand fingers but what are
the ghosts here for

They say, "Beware
Be wary of secrets that you may keep
'Cause if they're any indication of what sorrow brings
you
Then don't take your demons to sleep"

And if you take a little time to think about yourself
You just might find
That the direction that you're headed is closer to hell

Don't you think it's funny how quickly things can turn
around
All our lives are drifting like ghosts inside and empty
house

Everything is falling to pieces and it's just as well
Because every little piece of heaven brings a little
piece of hell

So you might find yourself drifting like a ghosts
Inside empty house after empty house
Looking for someone but lately finding not a soul to tell

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