

Cursive

"Bloody Murder"

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There's a ghost in my bed
she cries in her sleep
she says I won't let her leave
I like perfectly still
as she stifles her tears
I don't want to disturb her.

'let go, let go-please let me be
Look at the ghost you've made of me'

Dusk dropped her starry gown
I whispered out
"Sweetie, are you here with me?"
the mirror crashed on the dresser
and she began to scream
"Bloody murder! let me rest in peace!
When I was yours, you fled the scene
now you can't wash your hands of me."
Bloody murder
You can't hear the screams
Oh, oh, oh

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