

## **Piano Magic "Your Ghost"**

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Your ghost, a white candle in this night  
Smile broken, though eyes bright as carnival rides  
You wander these streets, punch-drunk on the stars  
As the lights are stubbed out in the neighborhood bars

Your voice, thin as smoke, barely exits your mouth  
There's blood in your hair and a fire to the south  
Your skeleton moves in a waltz with the stairs  
And the well of your heart, full of noone who cares

Your words, a white wreath at the cusp of the hill  
To mark of the kill, where the blood was spilled  
You're the back of the mirror, you're the ghost of the  
tide  
And i would die twice, if you stayed tonight  
(don't stay tonight)

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