

Tone Damli Aaberge**"Ghosts"**

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The coffee is cold
I'm all out of clean clothes
And the dishes are where you left them months ago
And there is the shelf
From where all of my dreams fell
The pictures you left, the books you all but stole

You said
Oh I'm taking this what's mine
But that's my heart, I think you'll find
And I need the both from you

Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?
Tell me, cause too many things remind me of our love
Too many ghosts
Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?
Cause there are, too many memories of the dream I
lost
Are you coming home?
'Cause I don't wanna live a life with ghosts

I stare at the cracks
Where the paint kinda peels back
Where you told me to fix it up a million times
So this is a tomb
Bust much like a shrine too
Ooh all of the life we lived before you died

You whispered
Take my key, unlock the door
'Cause I don't need it anymore
Now I am here alone

Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?
Tell me, cause too many things remind me of our love
Too many ghosts
Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?

Cause there are, too many memories of the dream I
lost
Are you coming home?
'Cause I don't wanna live a life with ghosts

Take my key, unlock the door
'Cause I don't need it anymore
Now I am here alone

Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?
Tell me, cause too many things remind me of our love
Too many ghosts
Are you coming home?
Are you coming home?
Cause there are, too many memories of the dream I
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Are you coming home?
'Cause I don't wanna live a life with ghosts

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